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INDEX

- Abyssinia**, Humours of Trek Life in. By *H. C. Maydon*, 35.
- Africa**, Wild Life in. By *N. M. S.*, 241.
- Angola**, Bush Whacking in. By *H. C. Maydon*, 325.
- Arm**, The Fourth. By *Reginald Hargreaves*, 117.
- Baden-Powell**, Lord (*Illustrated*), 139.
- Badges**, Cavalry, Part III—Dragoon Guards (*Illustrated*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.*, 59.
- Badges**, Cavalry, Part IV—Dragoons and Hussars (*Illustrated*). By *Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.*, 155.
- Balaklava**, Nolan and (*Illustrated*). By *Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.*, 273.
- Beaux Sabreurs** (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O.*, 423.
- Big Business** and the Responsibility for War. By *Aiguillette*, 403
- Blitzkrieg** Over London. By *Major E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C.*, 170.
- Cavalry Bell**, The. By *Lieut.-Colonel C. C. R. Murphy*, 296.
- Cavalry Regiments**, The Resuscitation of Early (*Illustrated*). By *Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.*, 107.
- Cavalry Spirit**, The. By *Reginald Hargreaves*, 6.
- Coaching**, Old and Modern (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel Ernest Ryan, T.D.*, 306.
- Divertissement**. By *Reginald Hargreaves*, 204.
- Dragoon**, The Armoured. By *Captain F. R. C. Stewart*, 164.
- Germany's Blind Spot**. By *Aiguillette*, 301.
- Great Feats** in the Saddle. By *E. R. Yarham*, 429.
- Hog Hunt** in an Indian State, An Unorthodox. By *Colonel F. A. Hamilton (late 3rd Cavalry I.A.)*, 123.
- Horse Comes into its Own Again**, When the (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O.*, 31.
- Hussars**, The Old (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel Ernest Ryan, T.D.*, 45, 187.
- Kincsem**, The Wonder Mare (*Illustrated*). By *Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.*, 179.

- Lancers, The Fifth (Royal Irish) (*Illustrated*). By *Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.*, 376.
- Letters to the Editor, 271, 373.
- Master of his Craft, A (*Illustrated*). By *Colonel F. A. Hamilton (late 3rd Cavalry I.A.)*, 23, 226, 415.
- Magazines, Home and Dominion, 133, 262, 364, 476.
- Mechanized Jam Roll (*Illustrated*). By *Major A. G. Wade, M.C.*, 390.
- Men Like These By *Reginald Hargreaves*, 434.
- Million to One Chance, A. By *Richard Clapham*, 421.
- No Man's Land, On Patrol in. By *Richard Clapham*, 102.
- Obituary, 371.
- Old Veteran, Death of, 186.
- Pitman, Major-General T. T., C.B., C.M.G., 137
- Poland, The Chivalry of (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O.*, 234.
- Proportion, A Sense of. By *Reginald Hargreaves*, 341.
- Publications, Recent, 127, 267, 367, 480.
- Royal Creams, The (*Illustrated*). By *Lieut.-Colonel R. D. Jackson*, 456.
- Subaltern to Sirdar, From (The Centenary of Lord Grenfell). By *J. Paine*, 399.
- Tanks (*Illustrated*). By *kind permission of the Globe and Laurel*, 1.
- The War, The Fifth Quarter of. By *Observer*, 77.
- The War, December, 1940–March, 1941, 247.
- The War, April–June, 1941, 347.
- The War, July–September, 1941, 461.
- The Irish Yesterdays (*Illustrated*). By *Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.*, 92.
- War Time Scrounger. By *Richard Clapham*, 336.

AUTHORS

Aiguillette :

- A Sense of Proportion, 341.
- Germany's Blind Spot, 301.
- Big Business and the Responsibility for War, 403.

Baker, Lieut.-Colonel B. G., D.S.O. :

- When the Horse comes into its Own Again (*Illustrated*), 31.
- The Chivalry of Poland (*Illustrated*), 234.
- Beaux Sabreurs (*Illustrated*), 423.

Clapham, Richard :

- On Patrol in No Man's Land, 102.
- War Time Scrounger, 336.
- A Million to One Chance, 421.

Edwards, Major T. J., M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S. :

- Cavalry Badges, Part III (Dragoon Guards), 59.
- Cavalry Badges, Part IV (Dragoon and Hussars), 155.

Hamilton, Colonel F. A. (late 3rd Cavalry I.A.) :

- A Master of his Craft (*Illustrated*), 23, 226, 415.
- An Unorthodox Hog Hunt in an Indian State, 123.

Hargreaves, Reginald :

- The Cavalry Spirit, 6.
- The Fourth Arm, 117.
- Divertissement, 204.
- Men Like These, . . . , 434.

Hitchcock, Captain F. C., M.C., F.R.Hist.S. :

- The Irish Yesterdays (*Illustrated*), 92.
- The Resuscitation of Early Cavalry Regiments (*Illustrated*), 107.
- Kincsem, The Wonder Mare (*Illustrated*), 179.
- Nolan and Balaklava (*Illustrated*), 273
- The Fifth (Royal Irish) Lancers (*Illustrated*), 376.

Jackson, Lieut.-Colonel R. D. : The Royal Creams (*Illustrated*), 456.**Maydon, H. C. :**

- Humours of Trek Life in Abyssinia, 35.
- Bush Whacking in Angola, 325.

Murphy, Lieut.-Colonel C. C. R. : "The Cavalry Bell," 296.**N. M. S. : Wild Life in South Africa, 241.****Observer :**

- The Fifth Quarter of the War, 77.
- The War, December, 1940–March, 1941, 247.
- The War, April–June, 1941, 347.
- The War, July–September, 1941, 461.

Paine, J. : Subaltern to Sirdar, From (The Centenary of Lord Grenfell), 399.**Sheppard, Major E. W., O.B.E., M.C. : Blitzkrieg Over London, 170.****Stewart, Captain F. R. C. : The Armoured Dragoon, 164.****Ryan, Lieut.-Colonel Ernest, T.D. :**

- The Old Hussars (*Illustrated*), 45, 187.
- Coaching, Old and Modern, 306.

Wade, Major A. G., M.C. : Mechanized Jam Roll (*Illustrated*), 390.**Yarham, E. R. : Great Feats in the Saddle, 429.**

M180281

ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Facing page</i>
The Kettle Drummer of the 1st Irish Horse, 1752 ...	<i>Frontispiece</i> 1
105 Brake-Horse Power Petrol Tractor	2
Little Willie	2
" Little Willie " Fitted with the first Set of Tank Tracks	4
" Mother " alias " Big Willie," the Original Tank	4
The " Whippet "	5
The " Hornet "	5
The Gamest of Sporting Fish	24
Gendarmes of Former Days	32
The Duke of Orleans, Colonel-General, French Hussars, 1787	50
The Barracks, Birr, King's Co., The Depot, Leinster Regiment	93
Leap Castle, Roscrea, Co. Tipperary (Destroyed by Fire, 1922)	95
Charge of the 23rd Light Dragoons at Telavera, 1809	111
A Squadron Guidon, 24th Light Dragoons	116
Lord Baden-Powell, O.M., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., LL.D. <i>Frontispiece</i>	137
Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell in the uniform of the Mounted Infantry, 1899	150
Kincsem (by Cambuscan—Water Nymph)	179
At the Göd Stud, Alag, Budapest	183
His Excellency Sandor De Kiss unveiling a memorial tablet to Kincsem	183
Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., and his Wife at the Băbolna Stud	183
International Bloodstock Congress at Băbolna	183
" Lauzun Hussars," 1788	196
A Very Sporting Gentleman... ..	232
Pike, 31 lbs., 3 ft. 9 ins. long ; girth, 23 ins. ; caught December 13th, 1940	232
Polish Lancers, 1808	234
The Roll Call (Balaklava)	<i>Frontispiece</i> 271
Preparing to Pick up a Basket Head	277
Throwing up the last Head, and bringing the Horse to a canter	277
" Reining In "—The Horse Yielding	279
The Battle of Balaklava (sketch map)	280
The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons) Coach, Cologne Races, 1920	312
General Degoutte (French Commander-in-Chief) Driving to Wiesbaden Races, 1920	312
York Royal Mail, Period 1820–1840	312
Paris-Strasbourg Diligence, Messageries Royales, 1820–1845	312
Mr. Vanderbilt's " Venture," Brighton, 1908	312
Derby Day, Coaches Arriving	312
American Concord Coach	313
Bavarian " Post Kutsche "	313
Concours-Hippique, Saumur, 1939	340
Charge of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers at Elandslaagte, October 21st, 1899	<i>Frontispiece</i> 371
Battle of Elandslaagte	382
Cavalry before Arras, April, 1917	387
In Action	397
" Most of the craters were in soft ground "	421
" A birch and oak were shattered "	421
" One of them already full of water "	421
" Where the hare died "	421
Austrian Cavalry, 1914	424
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, June 22nd, 1897	456

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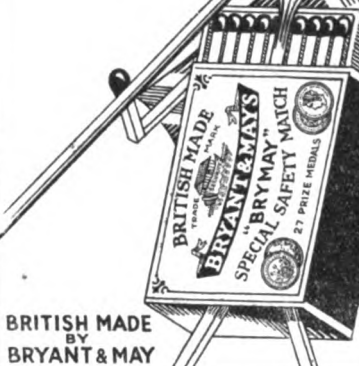
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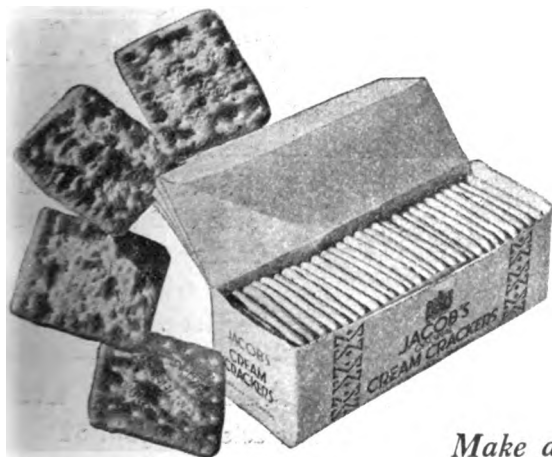
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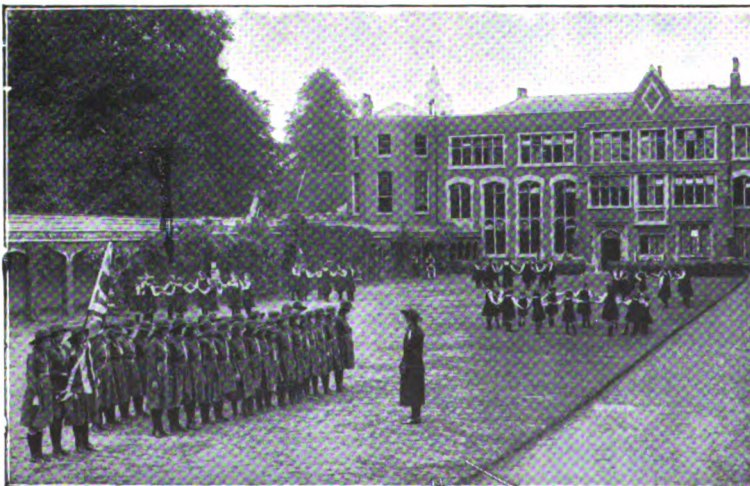
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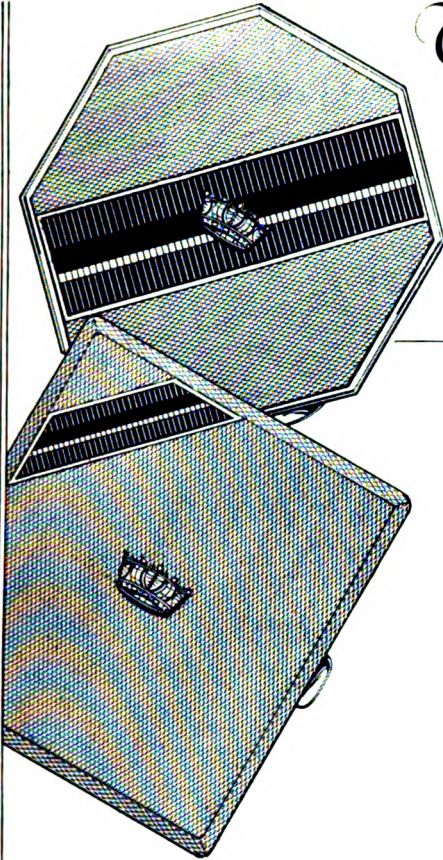
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE KETTLE-DRUMMER OF THE 1ST IRISH HORSE, 1752. In 1788 this Regiment became the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards <i>Frontispiece</i>)	
TANKS. (<i>Illustrated</i>). (By kind permission of the <i>Globe and Laurel</i> ") ..	1
THE CAVALRY SPIRIT. BY REGINALD HARGREAVES	6
A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT. ABOUT SEA TROUT FISHING. (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON (late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.)	23
WHEN THE HORSE COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN. (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY LIEUT.- COLONEL B. G. BAKER, D.S.O.	31
HUMOURS OF TREK LIFE IN ABYSSINIA. BY H. C. MAYDON	35
THE OLD HUSSARS. (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY LIEUT.-COLONEL ERNEST RYAN, T.D.	45
CAVALRY BADGES, PART III. DRAGOON GUARDS. BY MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.	59
THE FIFTH QUARTER OF THE WAR. BY "OBSERVER"	77
THREE IRISH YESTERDAYS. (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.	92
ON PATROL IN NO MAN'S LAND. BY RICHARD CLAPHAM	102
THE RESUSCITATION OF EARLY CAVALRY REGIMENTS. (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.	107
THE FOURTH ARM. BY REGINALD HARGREAVES	117
AN UNORTHODOX HOG HUNT IN AN INDIAN STATE. BY COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON (late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.)	123
RECENT PUBLICATIONS	127
HOME MAGAZINES	133

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THE KETTLE-DRUMMER OF THE 1st IRISH HORSE, 1752.

In 1788 this Regiment became the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards.

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANICAL

JANUARY, 1941

712842

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With acknowledgments to Messrs. Vincent and George L. Johnson, for references and photographs furnished for "The Birth and Development of the Cavalry Vehicle."

The speed of the German advance against the resistance of the population of that country was the most startling example of the use of motor vehicles of all time. What is still more remarkable is that the success was due to a relatively small number of vehicles that were reasonable for the money then available for the great war.

As the new machines were of simple design, they could be employed without being in the hands of the vast majority of the population and development may be anticipated.

The general conception of an armored vehicle or land ship is based on antiquity, and the evolution should be traced, if so permitted, from the old time chariot to the more modern armored car, all of them wheeled vehicles of limited cross-country performance, and, except for the means of propulsion, differing little in essentials.

Introduction of the crawler-tracked vehicle led to development of the almost any type of vehicle and led to development of the tank.

▲



OWNER OF THE 1st WEST HORSE, 1752

at the end of the 1st, Royal Irish Dragoon Guards.

THE
CAVALRY JOURNAL
HORSED AND MECHANIZED

JANUARY, 1941

TANKS

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[With acknowledgments to Messrs. William Foster & Co., Ltd., Lincoln, for references and photographs from their book "The Tank, Its Birth and Development" (Published in 1919)].

THE speed of the German advance into France and the rapid subjugation of that country provided one of the greatest surprises of all time. What is still more surprising, however, is that their success was due to superiority in tanks, the very machines that were responsible for their own downfall in the previous war.

As these machines were of British invention, with a strain of Royal Marine blood in their veins, a short history of their origin and development may be of interest.

The general conception of an armoured vehicle or land ship dates back to antiquity, and many examples could be traced, if space permitted, from the old time chariot to the more modern armoured car, all of them wheeled vehicles of limited cross-country performance, and, except for the means of propulsion, differing little in main essentials.

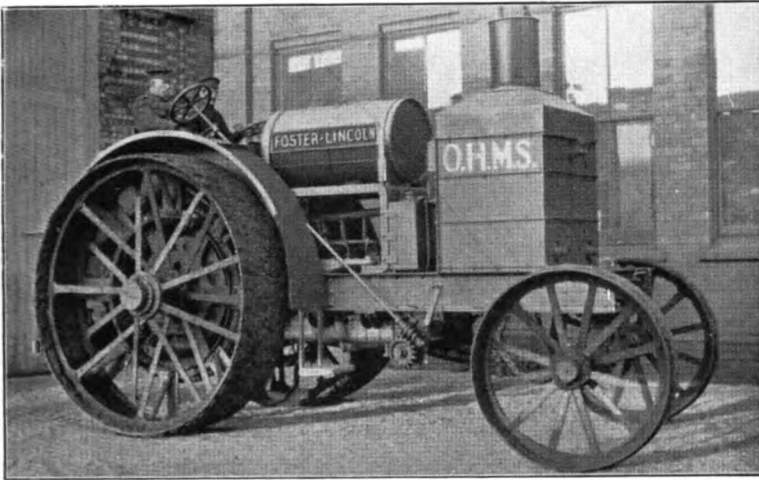
Introduction of the caterpillar track enabled vehicles to negotiate almost any type of ground and led to development of the tank.

A

How the vehicle came to get this peculiar name will be told later, and we may now pass on to the early days of September, 1914, when the Royal Marine Artillery Howitzer Brigade was being formed and equipped. The guns were being manufactured at Coventry Ordnance Works, under the direction of Admiral Bacon, and the transport of these huge 15-inch weapons presented a problem of some magnitude. The Government, therefore, requisitioned the services of William Foster & Co., Ltd., of Lincoln, who were known to be experts in heavy haulage. After visiting Coventry to obtain the necessary particulars, Sir William Tritton, Managing Director of Fosters, prepared a scheme of transport which was accepted by the Admiralty. As a result his firm received an order to supply ninety-seven petrol tractors, each of 105 h.p., and with 8-foot driving wheels, together with 291 special waggons for carrying the guns and their mounting and dismounting gear.

In a short time the first tractor was completed and ran its trials, and by drawing heavy loads over rough ground entirely fulfilled the stated requirements of the Admiralty.

These tractors may be said to have been the starting point of the Tanks, for during the trials a large ditch was crossed by the tractor and waggons by the use of a portable bridge. Fully alive to the needs of the Army, Admiral Bacon remarked to Sir William Tritton that it would be a good thing if a machine could be constructed capable of laying its own bridge, and which, being equipped with means of offence and defence, would be of assistance in trench warfare. This suggestion was typical of many at the time ; all sorts of people knew what was wanted, but nobody would indicate how it should be done. It was Fosters who showed how it could be accomplished, and not only invented and drew up the plans in detail, but provided in concrete form the machine known as the Tank. Before that was done, however, there was a long way to go in a short time, and an experimental machine, adapted from the type of tractor built for hauling the 15-inch howitzers, was made. It was not an attempt to make a military machine, but was rather an experiment of a rough-and-ready nature. It carried an automatic



**105 Brake-Horse Power Petrol Tractor, designed for Hauling
15-inch Howitzers.**



“ Little Willie ”

**It will be noticed that the machine was kept closely
tarpaulined.**

portable bridge and succeeded in crossing a trench 8 feet wide. The weight of the bridge and the armouring necessary ruled it out for travelling over the quagmire which the Western Front was fast becoming, and the idea of using an endless chain track was adopted.

At about the same time the Landships Committee of the Admiralty, who were making separate, but unsuccessful, investigations, sent for Sir William Tritton and requested him to take over the whole problem and deal with it as best he could, utilising in the work the experience of Major W. G. Wilson, who had previously visited Lincoln in connection with the "Bridge" machine.

The problem as put to Sir William officially was "to design a machine, strongly armoured, carrying powerful guns, capable of negotiating all reasonable impediments of the battle area and of crossing the opposing trenches."

The only engineering provision specified by the Admiralty was that a pair of American caterpillar tracks which they placed at his disposal were to be used. Further, the general principle was adopted that "life" measured in miles was of little account, as an advance of a few hundred yards at that period was a victory. Consequently the design was to provide for a useful life of fifty miles and no more.

Having received these instructions they went to work, and as there must be the minimum of delay, stock parts had to be embodied. Accordingly—and here comes the early connection with the Royal Marines—a Daimler engine, gear box, and the general power plant of a Howitzer Brigade type of tractor were incorporated in the design.

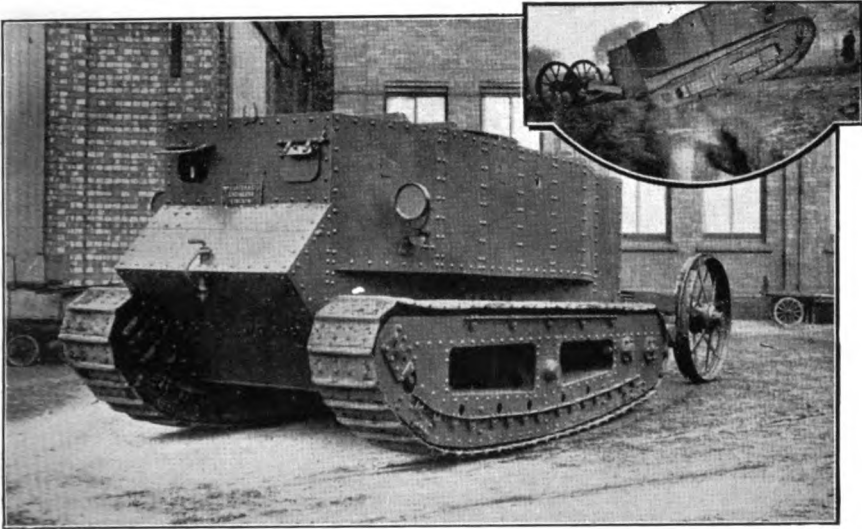
The work of designing began on 2nd August, 1915; building started on 11th August; and "Little Willie," as the first tank was called, was able to move under its own power on 8th September. The trials were unsatisfactory, because the machine could not keep on its tracks (the American ones) and, consequently, a radical change in design of track was essential. A new type of track, designed by Sir William Tritton, was then fitted and proved successful, but as more information came to

hand, it appeared that the German trenches were wider and deeper than had been foreseen, and it became evident that a different type of machine was required. The centre of gravity would have to be lowered for stability and the machine would have the properties of propulsion at every point where it could touch the ground up to a sinkage of 15 inches. The final solution was reached by an idea of Major Wilson ; the track should be carried all round the machine instead of on two side girders, thereby enabling the use of a forwardly projecting nose for climbing, and at the same time accommodating the guns in a sponson on each side, between the upper and lower run of the tracks.

This general scheme was accepted by the Director of Naval Construction, and the designing of "Big Willie," or "Mother," as the machine later became known, began on 24th August, 1915, and the wooden mock up was completed by 25th September. Actual building commenced on 28th October, and the first real tank was completed on 6th January, 1916. After preliminary canters at Lincoln, heavily tarpaulined to conceal it from prying eyes, was conveyed by rail to Hatfield for its official trials.

The name "Tank" arose thuswise : The first machine was built under two separate Shop Order Numbers, so as to discourage inquisitiveness. The driving mechanism—radiator, engine, gearing, etc.—was constructed as a unit called "Instructional Chassis," ostensibly for the purpose of training the Royal Marines in the handling and repair of howitzer tractors. The hull, of quasi-rhomboidal shape, was made with the legend on the drawings of "Water Carrier for Mesopotamia." Foster's boilermakers found this rather a mouthful, and very quickly it was called that b y tank. The name seemed most advantageously to convey nothing in particular, so the military adopted it for good, and it has spread universally.

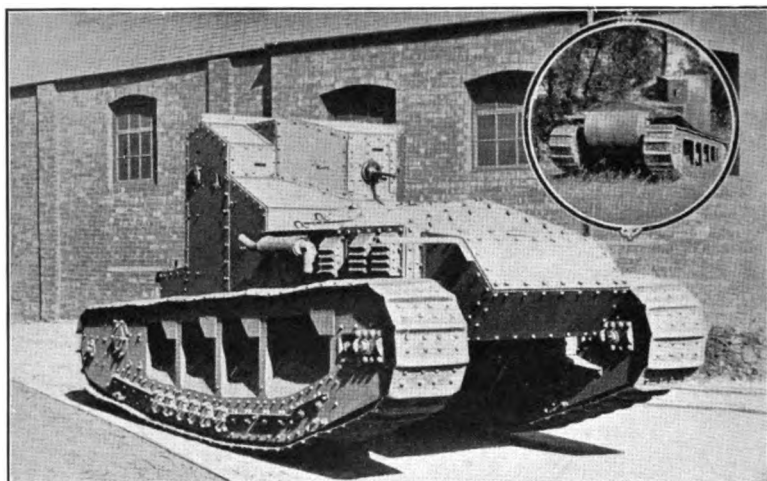
The trials, which were completely successful, were witnessed by a distinguished gathering of senior officers of the Services and leading Cabinet Ministers, and orders were given to proceed with production in large numbers. Drawings were sent to other large engineering firms, and three months later a steady stream



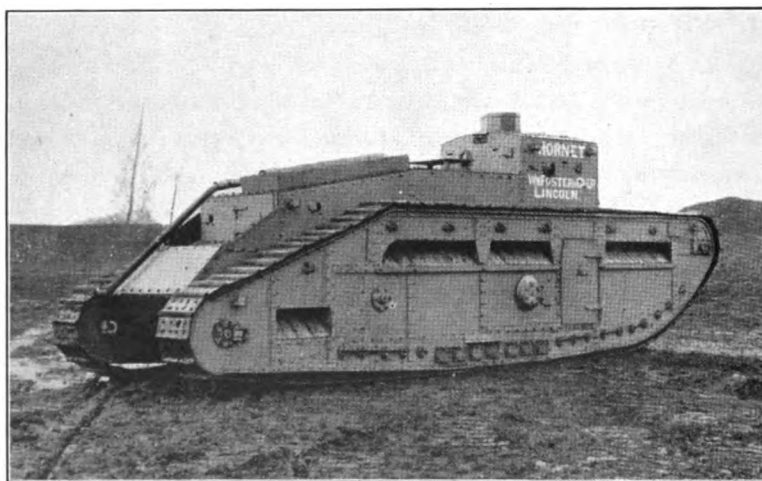
**“ Little Willie ” fitted with the first set of “ Tank Tracks ”
Inset : “ Little Willie ” crossing a trench.**



**“ Mother ’’, alias “ Big Willie ” the Original Tank.
Conceived, Designed, Built and Tested by Fosters in 141 days.**



The “ Whippet ”



The “ Hornet ”

of Tanks started towards Elvedon in Norfolk, where the first Tank Training Camp was founded, and which afterwards was moved to Wool.

They went into action in France for the first time on 15th September, 1916, with machines all worn out as the result of training, but with results so well known that no further elaboration is needed here.

In anticipation of a return to open warfare, which was fast coming, attention was turned to the production of a faster and lighter Tank and the "Whippet" made its appearance on 11th February, 1917. The "Mother" type weighed 27 tons and ambled along at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, whereas the "Whippet" scaled only 12 tons and touched nine miles an hour over broken ground. To attain this speed two 45 h.p. engines were installed, each having an independent drive, which gave the "Whippet" a more facile turning capacity than the "Mother" type. These machines made their first appearance in France at Villers-Bretonneux on 26th March, 1918, delay in construction having occurred through failures in the supply of certain component parts.

An improved design of Medium Tank was completed on 19th April, 1918, and these machines, known as "Hornets", made their appearance shortly afterwards, but the Armistice came too soon for them to go into action. They were a great improvement on the previous type and maintained a speed of nine miles an hour without difficulty.

Further developments have continued in this country and abroad, but censorship regulations forbid the publication of further details at present.

G. C.

“THE CAVALRY SPIRIT”

By REGINALD HARGREAVES

“Je suis un peu partisan de l'esprit et de la méthode, et je tiens que, sans ils, aucun grand ouvrage ne passe à la postérité.”—VOLTAIRE.

“HE'D got good hands for a horse, so he could handle a 'plane or the steering wheel of a car. It's all a matter of hands ; and the eye for country you cultivate in the saddle comes in mighty useful too.” So wrote the late John Buchan in one of the most stirring and best-observed of his romances. And those characteristics he attributed to his fictional character are the very qualities in which our airmen and mechanized Cavalry of to-day excel. “Cavalry of the Skies,” the former have been described ; and in their ownership of good hands, an eye for country, and, above all, in their possession of that dash, initiative and intrepidity which have been recognized as constituting the true “cavalry spirit,” they qualify for the term without thought or question ; as do, for the same reasons, the personnel of armoured car and light tank regiments which nowadays form the bulk of our Cavalry of the Line.

Thus the immutable workings of heredity translate to new and even more hazardous planes the qualities which enabled the men of our Island race to attain supremacy in an earlier technical sphere. Yet, curiously enough, that “cavalry spirit” which inspires all three circuits of activity is a thing of comparatively recent genesis.

Rome garrisoned her English dependency almost exclusively with Infantry, the *limitanei* or *ripenses*, as they were known. And here these solid Infantry garrisons sat for more years than is sometimes realized. Thus, with the ultimate departure of

these splay-footed "Old Sweats," the infantry tradition they left as their legacy was faithfully adopted by the horde of little Saxon kings who followed them in queasy supremacy ; as much by virtue of the respect they entertained for a long-standing institution as through their inability to come by animals of reasonable quality upon which to mount a corps of Cavalry. Even with that last struggle at Hastings, which saw the Saxon hegemony go down before the assault of the invading Norman, although some of the wealthier Thanes took the line of march to the coast a-horse, they fought dismounted, as did their leader. For democracy—truculently flourishing even in 1066 !—is ever jealous of the privileges of others ; and the rank and file were countenancing no equestrian advantages in their betters who, truth to tell, were so accustomed to fighting *pied-à-terre* by the side of their followers, that they had come to regard their steeds as no more than a convenient means of getting from one place to another.

With the arrival and growth in England of what is loosely termed "the feudal system," or, alternatively, "the days of chivalry," the military importance of the mounted knight might have been expected to put something of a premium upon mastery of the art of equitation and the cultivation of that "cavalry spirit" which transforms the horseman from a mere rider into a formidable mounted warrior. But, although no one can impugn the intrepidity with which the English mediæval chivalry of Chandos and the Black Prince went into action, to affirm that their ideas of horsemanship constituted anything but a grave handicap to their warlike prowess would be to flout the mass of evidence existing most emphatically to imply the contrary.

The tournament, for instance—that combined school of arms and equitation—could rarely be indulged in by the English knight, since, with the poor quality of indigenous "cattle" and the difficulty of replacing any steed that might suffer injury, it was necessary for the would-be contestant to think twice before committing his mount to the hazards of the lists. Without practice in the necessary horsemanship, when it came to "shock

action " in battle, even the podagrical amble at which a mediæval charge was performed—with the steed weighted down with his own protective armour of *mainfaire*, *chanfron* and *crinet* in addition to the heavy burden of his metalled rider—called for a better seat than many of the *miles* taking part in it had at their command. Writers from Köhler to Oman have drawn attention to the custom of lashing themselves in the saddle quite openly indulged in by certain of the contemporary English Captains ; while Monstrelet, writing in 1416, comments on the amazement occasioned among the onlookers when certain Italian visitors actually achieved the astonishing feat of turning their horses at the gallop without incontinently "parting company." Jusserand, furthermore, recounts an illuminating story of the quarrel between the Earl of Crawford and Lord Wallis, the Ambassador to the Scottish Court. The two noblemen, having fallen out, arranged to fight a duel on, of all places, London Bridge. The meeting "solemnly came off at the place fixed, in the presence of a vast concourse. The first shock was so violent that the lances were shattered ; but the Scotsman remained immovable in his saddle. The people, fearing for the success of the English diplomat, shouted that his adversary was tied to his horse, against the rules." Against the rules of single combat, *bien entendu*, although not against the convention of ordinary warfare ; a distinction upon which the onlookers were unanimous in insisting.

The difficulty in maintaining a steady influx of good foreign breeding stock persisted right through to the reign of Henry VIII; and even the desperate efforts of that admirably equestrian-minded monarch—himself quite prepared to pay up to £40 for his mount, a great sum in those days—did little to improve the situation. Incidentally, it must be borne in mind that "the days of chivalry" were characterized by the importance placed upon individual prowess and personal renown, rather than by the cultivation of disciplined *regiments* of Horse. And this tradition persisted long after "the days of chivalry" had virtually ended.* In any case, so far as this country was

* See Denison's "History of Cavalry," Chapter V, wherein he states roundly that "organisation into tactical divisions was, comparatively speaking, unknown."

concerned, regiments of Horse could hardly be said to exist even so late as the latter Tudors. Such sketchy formations as might be accepted as constituting an embryonic Cavalry *force* moreover, were of such indifferent quality as to suffer and, it is feared, deserve, complete neglect. For example, the fostering of any true "cavalry spirit" among the wretched *hobelars*—as the few light horsemen existing under Saxon Alfred had first been termed, and as they were still named under Bluff King Hal, mounted on their shaggy little *nags*,* never more than thirteen to fourteen hands high—would have been beyond the power of any man. So, despite the passing of three Acts, in one of which it was decreed that every owner of a park should keep from two to four brood mares of not less than thirteen hands, and that no stallions under fourteen hands should be employed for breeding, and in the teeth of the King's untiring efforts to import bloodstock from the Low Countries, Italy and Spain, the art of equitation languished for want of decent "cattle" upon whose backs to pursue it. And with horsemanship itself in the doldrums, it is small wonder that the birth of the proper "cavalry spirit" still lingered by the way.

Even smaller chance for its generation characterized the Elizabethan era. With a monarch whose love for the pieces was almost as great as her tumescent self-esteem, men's eyes had been encouraged to turn to the golden harvest to be won by overseas conquest and an activity little to be differentiated from plain piracy, upon the blue waters. Even then, the Navy to essay these ventures† was grudged every penny that Majesty could deny it; so, as Fortescue has put it, "the woman who in her imbecile parsimony starved the fleet that went forth to fight the Armada, could not be expected to show better feeling towards the Army." And since the mounted branch admittedly imposes a greater standing cost than its brethren of the line, it is small wonder that, in any effective sense, the Cavalry under "Gloriana" had practically no existence.

* "Nag" was at that time a term peculiar to the North Country: the contemporary "hand," incidentally, being reckoned at four inches.

† Elizabeth infinitely preferred to rely upon the hardihood and enterprise of the gentlemen adventurers who subsidized their own expeditions: occasionally—on the very best security!—receiving from their Sovereign a modest sum for investment in the voyage.

James I was himself a horseman of some skill—despite his record for “tosses,” one of which landed him head foremost in a mud-filled pond, wherein he ignominiously stuck, with his legs waving helplessly in the air!—and he was no less a passionate devotee to all that pertained to horse breeding in particular and to the whole art of equitation in general. But, as one historian has austere put it, “James was not fond of soldiers”; and it never occurred to him that had his devotion to things equine been given a military turn, he would have rendered his country a benefit both perdurable and substantial. The outcome was that, despite the equine activities of the King and his immediate circle, where the generality was concerned, riding as an accomplishment and a habit had fallen into such desuetude as to render the recruitment of such small Cavalry as existed a work of infinite difficulty and discouragement.

The first tiny seeds that the future was to see proliferate so splendidly into that “cavalry spirit” ever afterwards to be associated with the British Horse, may be discovered, slowly germinating, throughout the long years of the war between the King and Parliament.

It is a platitude to assert that troops reflect many of the qualities of their Commander; but never more profoundly can the truism be said to have applied than with the Royalist Cavalry under Rupert. At twenty-three, this courageous son of the Winter King had already seen action at the siege of Breda, in 1639, and with the Swedes the year following. An apostle of “shock action,” his belief in the virtues of the whirlwind charge would have been admirable had it only included sufficient concern for what followed after the ranks of the enemy had been penetrated. As it was, his neglect to rally his Horse after the initial clash, his laxity in permitting pursuit to continue to the point of complete disorganization, coupled with the extremely sketchy notions of battle-discipline entertained by the bulk of his followers, paved the way for the ineffectiveness to which the Royalist Cavalry were eventually reduced.*

* It was, perhaps, unfortunate for the conduct of future operations that Rupert's first encounter with a body of Parliamentary Horse under Colonel Sandys, should have been terminated after one whirlwind charge in flank, by the complete collapse of the rebels.

Unlike Cromwell, whose impetuosity was always bridled by judgment, the fiery Rupert painfully lacked that farsightedness, grip and wise prudence essential to important command; although it is to be admitted that in the Cavalier Horse he possessed a force peculiarly difficult to bring under control. As Fortescue comments, "The mounted service had become strangely unpopular with the English at this time; whether because the eternal sieges of the Dutch war afforded it less opportunity of distinction, or because missile tactics had lowered it from its former proud supremacy, it is difficult to say." This denigrating view is supported by the evidence of a much earlier chronicler. For, writing of conditions as he found them just prior to the outbreak of the Parliamentary War, Sir Edward Harwood observed, "As for the Horse, this kingdom is so deficient that it is a question whether or not the whole kingdom could make 2,000 good Horse that might equal 2,000 French." Such riders as Rupert could come by were recruited from among a minority of the more equestrianly-inclined country gentry, plus a few veterans who had fought under the leadership of that admirable Cavalry leader, Edward Cecil, Lord Wimbledon. High-spirited, resolute, chivalrous, personally courageous to a man, their defect lay in their inexperience in Cavalry combat and the absence of those elements of both discipline and instruction by which they might have been turned into a sound if narrowly delimited body of professionally-competent Horse.

Edgehill witnessed their most resounding triumph, as it marked the beginning of that decline in their usefulness which was attributable, as much as to anything else, to those defects which were an ineludible accompaniment of their qualities. High courage, dash, good horsemanship and a mastery of the weapons in their employ—all these were theirs; as a certainly acutely observant enemy, yclept Oliver Cromwell, duly noted. But the potent ingredient of discipline which would have welded them into a formidable weapon, and without which the true "cavalry spirit" rests upon an insecure and titubent foundation, was lamentably absent; a fact no less carefully taken note of by the aforesaid Parliamentary Captain.

It was not immediately, however, that Cromwell could turn the results of his thoughtful observation into practical effect ; and in the interim, buoyed up by their innate *esprit* and inherent feeling of superiority—and, incidentally, unimpeded by anything very much in the way of organized equestrian opposition—the Royalist Cavalry had things very largely their own way. Where all were “amateurs,” the side which could claim the greater number of enthusiasts was bound to attain at least to temporary dominance.

But, by the turn of the year 1643, the knell of the high-tempered but indisciplined amateur had been sounded. For the most difficult reforms, if untiringly persisted in, have a way of struggling through to recognition ; and Cromwell’s dream of organizing a Cavalry which would combine all the qualities for which the Royalist Horse was noted, but minus the defects which to his discerning eye were equally apparent, at last was beginning to be realized.

II

Cromwell was perfectly clear in his mind as to the sort of raw material upon which to draw to build up a thorough-going force of Cavalry. “Your troops,” he had said to John Hampden, after the Royalists’ brilliant exploit at Edgehill, “are most of them old, decayed serving men and tapsters : their troops are gentlemen’s sons and persons of quality. Do you think the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen who have courage, honour and resolution in them ? You must get men of a spirit that is likely to go as far as gentlemen will go, or you will be beaten still.” That he could reconcile this pronunciamiento with that subsequent exhortation, directed to William Spring and Maurice Barrow, of the “Eastern Association,” in which he counselled them to “be careful of what Captains of Horse you choose ; what men be mounted. A few honest men be better than numbers. If you choose honest, godly men to be Captains of Horse, honest men will follow them, and they will be careful to mount such. . . .

I had rather have a plain russet-coated Captain that knows what he fights for and loves what he knows, than that which you call 'a gentleman' and is nothing else," must be attributed to the fact that a man who combined the profession of arms with the career of a political opportunist would necessarily possess the ability to set his sails to any momentarily predominant wind. For in the absence of such convenient spiritual flexibility no demagogic leader can hope for sustained success.

It must also be borne in mind that although hundreds of "gentlemen" had espoused the Parliamentary cause, their numbers had proved entirely insufficient for Cromwell's purpose. It is not unlikely that it was partly for this reason that he had re-oriented his view as to the nature of the raw material he would be prepared to admit as suitable for acceptance. In the event, he turned for the bulk of his recruits to the Puritan farmers and yeomen of the Eastern Counties; long the home of those extremist sects from which the Parliamentary cause drew so much of its more fanatical support. Such men, he knew, were already devoted heart and soul to that religious struggle which, to them, epitomized the causes of the war; it was his task, while subjecting them to rigorous military instruction, to smelt their zealot exuberance and re-forge it into the weapon of a rigid, invincible discipline.*

It was, in many respects, a task to breed dubiety in the most resolute of men. Religio-demagogy has consistently been notable for its self-assertiveness; the self-righteous invariably exhibit a preference for giving orders rather than for obeying them; while the type of mind which professes its belief in mental and spiritual equality can seldom refrain from attempting the demonstration of its own superiority. Cromwell, however, set about the ticklish business with a drive and determination which, if it envisaged the obstacles to be overcome, only regarded them as so many stepping stones to ultimate success.

* Among many other embarrassments with which Cromwell had to contend, not the least troublesome consisted of those "Preaching Soldiers" who, esteeming the efforts of the orthodox Puritan pastors to denounce "the malignants" as far too tepid, hustled them bodily from their pulpits ere embarking upon the congenial task of thunderous vilification themselves. The practice became so widespread, indeed, that Parliament, in April, 1645, passed a law forbidding it. It was a law which continued to be distinctly more honoured in the breach than in the observance!

By now the precarious financial condition in which the Parliamentary party had embarked upon hostilities, although still confused and involved, had shown considerable improvement. The City "money-bags" were ranged solidly behind the Puritan leaders, and the erstwhile haphazard conditions under which the initial operations had laboured were being replaced by a strongly-founded organization. The services of a few experienced soldiers, men who had learned their business under Pappenheim and the great Gustavus, could be hired to lend a hand in training; while terms of service for the rank and file could be offered which, if not lavish, were at least susceptible to relatively punctual fulfilment; a condition wherein the Royalist party was easily outmatched. In these freshly formulated terms the new Parliamentary Horse—a small body as yet, but one which, none the less, had already demonstrated its growing efficiency at Grantham and Gainsborough—with the general reorganization which accompanied the formation of the "New Model" Army, were given especial recognition.

To begin with the question of pay; since the soldier of the "New Model" was responsible for his own subsistence and that of his steed, that of the trooper of Horse oscillated between two shillings and two and sixpence a day; that of the dragoon between one and sixpence and two shillings, according to whether the price of a quarter of wheat touched rock bottom at 35s. or rose to its top figure of 67s. Making all allowance for equine demands, these rates compared very favourably with those for the Foot soldier, which averaged eightpence a day, to include subsistence.

Clothed in a brave coat of scarlet,* the trooper of Horse was further furnished with an iron "pot" headdress and steel cuirass and carried a brace of pistols in addition to that sword whose vigorous use was particularly recommended to him. The Dragoons, being regarded as mounted infantry pure and simple, were provided with a musket in addition to sword and

* It is impossible to ascertain why red should have been given preference over all other colours, especially in the days when the increasing accuracy of missile-dealing weapons put a new premium upon inconspicuousness. Perhaps on the Committee of the "Eastern Association"—whose responsibility it would appear to have been—there existed a preponderance of cloth merchants with a goodly stock of material in this particular hue. . . !

pistols. Mounting the eleven Regiments of Horse and ten (subsequently eleven) Companies of Dragoons, owing to the continued dearth of an adequate supply of good "cattle," presented something of a problem. Prices for mounts for the Horse were anything from £10 upwards, while the Dragoon, who used his steed merely to facilitate speedy movement, perforce had to rest content with the best that could be provided at an average cost of £4. In addition "Persons well affected to Parliament undertook to provide a horse and a man to serve in the Army." If they furnished the horse only, they were remunerated at a flat 1s. 4d. a day; if the rider also, they received 2s. 6d.; which serves to support the contention that bipeds were easier to come by than the quadrupeds upon which to mount them!

As will have been inferred, no place was retained in the "New Model" for that quondam "fashionable" among the mounted branch, the horse-harquebusier, nor for the heavily-armoured cuirassier, such as at one time had formed Sir William Waller's lifeguard. In the same way the lancer, such as had fought with fair distinction at the Parliamentary triumph of Marston Moor,* under Thomas Fairfax, was also discarded. Furthermore, in place of the erstwhile formation of four ranks deep, the cultivation of that self-reliance and individualism which constitutes an integral part of the true "cavalry spirit," was encouraged by the reduction of the ranks to two—sacrificing depth to frontage, and trusting to speed and initiative to overcome weight—and the adoption of the "rank" in place of the "file" as the tactical unit of the Troop. Finally, by efforts which did not disdain that "empressment" against which, a few years earlier, the Puritan element had fulminated so vehemently, the numbers of the Horse were increased until they approximated to what Monck always insisted was the right proportion for a field army—i.e., one mounted warrior to every two who went afoot.

* Marston Moor, perhaps the first great day in the history of British Cavalry, is also notable for having witnessed examples of three entirely different schools of military thought in operation on the same field: that of the old school of the lance, under Fairfax; that of mixed Horse and musketeers, under Goring; and that of sword shock-action, under both Rupert and Cromwell.

Horse and Dragoons, "without frills or fancy-work," was Cromwell's aim ; men proficient in their arms, disciplined and full of the ardour of battle ; men of dash, initiative and *esprit*, in whom horsemanship was nothing less than second nature. It was a high aim and a difficult one ; and it is small wonder that the first half of it was achieved long before much in the way of progress could be noted in the attainment of the second.

Solid, obedient and swiftly reactive to command as the Parliamentary Horse of the "New Model" proved itself to be in battle action, detailed investigation of its activities reveals that in reconnaissance and in affairs of outposts and patrols, it lacked the true "cavalry spirit" which, animating small bodies of men under subordinate leaders, can transform these minor brushes and encounters from perfunctory touch-and-go contacts into brilliantly successful local affrays. Furthermore, the study of the steadily mounting and disproportionate demands for remounts reflects even more upon the prevailing standard of Roundhead horsemastership than it demonstrates the indifferent quality of the "cattle" involved. In which particular, a quotation from a contemporary set of instructions for horse-management—recommending a cure for a jibber—provides a sufficient commentary on the very elementary stage to which the gentle art of horsemastership had advanced with Britain's first body of regularly-organized Cavalry :

"If your horse be resty so as he cannot be put forwards, then let one take a cat tied by the tail to a long pole, and when he (the horse) goes backward, thrust the cat within his tail where she may claw him, and forget not to threaten the horse with a terrible noise.

"Or otherwise take a hedgehog and tie him strait on by one of his feet to the horse's tail, so that he may squeal and prick him."

Elementary, to say the least of it, and infected, moreover, with that queer touch of sadism so often to be detected in the more untutored type of religious fanatic, bent, at any cost, on the performance of what he conceives to be his duty.

III

When, in 1658, a regiment of Horse was required for service in Flanders, "it was enough," we are informed, "for the Captains to advertise the fact to have the ranks filled up right speedily." And, it may fairly be inferred, in the ranks of that now forgotten regiment of Horse was for the first time to be found that perfect amalgam of Puritan discipline and Cavalier dash which, blended, was to produce the true "cavalry spirit" which, carefully fostered during the Restoration,* was to achieve a perfection, never subsequently excelled, in the mounted service under John, Duke of Marlborough.

For "Corporal John" was not only a magnificent Commander and a consummate diplomat, he was, in addition, a great leader of Cavalry; and the list of his victories is no more nor less than a scroll recording the prowess of the warrior ahorse. The Greys and the 5th Dragoons at the Schellenberg; the struggles around the marshy Nebel and the final glorious charge which decided the stubborn tussle of Blenheim; the clever feinting and the hard-pressed pursuit of Ramillies; the beautifully-timed flank attack on the French right at Oudenarde; the unorthodox but effective smashing of the entrenched defensive system by the Horse at Malplaquet; the tireless, meticulously-executed manœuvres—carried out with faultless precision despite the depths of despondency into which the troops had been plunged through their inability to understand and appreciate the subtlety of the stroke they were engaged upon—which led up to the triumph of Bouchain—here was cavalry work on the veritable classic model, infused with a "cavalry spirit" so invincible as to carry all before it.

The accession of the House of Hanover was followed, in Army matters, by wholesale retrenchment and an "almost ferocious parsimony"; and of all things Cavalry suffer the most when the public purse falls into the hands of a niggard administration. The Stuart rebellions of '15 and '18-'20, however, demonstrated that the old spirit only slumbered, and

* It is very easy to overlook the good work done by the British Horse in pre-Marlborough days at Maestricht and Sedgemoor and in Tangier.

Dettingen offered ample proof that its awakening only waited upon the propitious moment. Furthermore, if Minden must always remain, through the criminal pusillanimity of "the great incompetent," a day upon which the *arme blanche* must look back with a sense of furiously indignant frustration, and Fontenoy an occasion upon which the Foot achieved such difficult laurels as were to be won, the spark struck at Dettingen had unquestionably ignited something more than a mere flash in the pan. For although Wolfe's operations had afforded the horse-soldier as meagre an opportunity for distinction as had come his way at Plassy, Emsdorff sharply demonstrated that the Cavalry had for long been taking stock of itself and had thoroughly succeeded in putting its house in order. The newly-raised "Elliott's Tailors,"* embarking upon their first general action, thoroughly justified the "experiment" of instituting a body of Light Dragoons, capable of sabre as well as fire-action, which had called the 15th, 16th and 17th into being. Warburg, where the British Horse and Artillery attacked unsupported—ten regiments of Cavalry against 20,000 opponents was almighty heavy odds—triumphantly confirmed the fact that the erstwhile "cavalry spirit," brought to tempered heat by "Corporal John" and smouldering under banked fires with his immediate successors, had burst into sweeping flame with Elliott and that gallant if bald-pated *beau sabreur*, the Marquess of Granby.† Frederick the Great's injunction, "They (the Cavalry) will move off at a fast trot, and charge at the gallop, being careful to be always well closed together," had been taken to heart by other riders than those of the Prussian Commander; with the result that the promise, "His Majesty will guarantee that the enemy will be beaten every time they are charged this way," found even wider fulfilment than the soldier-monarch can have anticipated.

* The contemporary nick-name bestowed upon the 15th Light Dragoons by virtue of the fact that their Commanding Officer had recruited his ranks very largely from the London "snips" and chairmen, then out on strike.

† A small point, but one not without illumination, of the contemporary fame achieved by the Hero of Warburg, is the number of "publics" which blossomed out under the title of "The Marquess of Granby"—including that immortal Inn where Mrs. Tony Weller had her being and the Reverend Stiggins performed such prodigies with the pineapple rum!

Cavalry was not sent in force to the War of American Independence, and the apparently insoluble difficulty with regard to the provision of remounts prohibited even its reasonable reinforcement. For all that, the record of "the Death or Glory Boys" in conjunction with the horsemen of the Legion under Banastre Tarleton affords ample proof that, if only on a microcosmic scale, the—by now—traditional "cavalry spirit" burned as brightly as ever in its history.

The new Dragoons and Light Dragoons, moreover, were as versatile a set of fellows as ever sat the pigskin; quite competent to take part in a combined sea and land enterprise, as the 11th did at St. Cas and Belle Isle, or to assume the rôle of Ghurkas and engage in a little mountain fighting, as did the 16th against the Maroons in Jamaica in 1795; or even, as did another detachment of the ubiquitous 16th, serve aboard ship—H.M.S. *Hermione*, to be exact—as Marines!

It will easily be appreciated that all this had not been accomplished without a good deal of hard, gruelling work. Drill movements, having very largely shed the stiff ballet-like precision which approximated much more closely to a solemn game of dumb-crambo than to a military manoeuvre, had been practised assiduously, while considerably more attention had been devoted to weapon training.

Most important of all, the serious study of the technique of horsemastership—without which your Cavalryman-in-the-making is no more than a perversely pedestrian-minded "Foot-slogger"—suddenly committed to the mastery of Pegasus—had engaged many of the most acute and perceptive minds in the Service. Of these, Hinde—the principles of whose *Discipline of the Light Horse* still leave scope for remarkably small improvement—was among the first and best. Over and above his insistence upon the benefit to be derived from giving the regimental "cattle" a regular, seasonal "grass time," the methods he recommended for breaking and training the animals for the particular purpose for which they had been acquired, exhibit a humanitarian understanding for the temperament and characteristics of "the better half of the trooper" in extra-

ordinary contrast to the ignorant brutality which had marked so many of his predecessors.

For instance, Hinde recommended that the actual breaking-in process—by the employment of a *caveson*, “headstall, earband and throat-band of leather, a nose-band of iron, jointed and buckled under the chin in the same manner as the nose-band of a curb bridle,” having “three rings, one in the middle and one at each side,” which were “for reins either to be fixed to the saddle to keep the horse’s head in the proper place, or for the rider to manage the horse with his own motions” . . . “the middle ring being for a long rein to be buckled to, of eight or ten feet, which the riding-master holds in his hand to longe him with or cause him to go round in a ring”—should be followed for a time by daily saddling-up, with cloak, holsters and valise, “to ensure them standing quietly at their putting on and taking off.” During this gradual schooling, the animals were “to be made much of* and cherished, to use them to the appearance of those things.” The next step was to accustom the equine recruit to taking “the curb chain even and smoothe in its proper place.” The trooper was particularly instructed not to “cut or chafe the horse’s mouth”; while “holding on by the mane” was sternly discountenanced, “even when at the sword practise”! Rules, bearing all the marks of a sympathetic approach to the problems involved, were laid down for mounting and for bringing the charger to the halt; while no horse was to be allowed to trot “until quite easy at a walk,” nor gallop until “he do trot properly.” Lastly, Hinde recommended that “to use a horse to firearms, first put a pistol or carbine in the manger with his feed; then use him to the sound of the lock and pan; after which, when you are upon him, show it to him, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other; when he is reconciled to that, proceed to flash the pan; after which, put a small charge in the piece, and so proceed to augment it by degrees to what is commonly used. If he seem uneasy, walk him forward a few steps slowly, and then stop, back, and caress him.”

Throughout the whole of Hinde’s instruction, the same note is struck as in the companion work by Colonel Dalrymple, who

* The genesis of the well-known instruction, “Make much of your horses.”

laid it down as an incontrovertible axiom that "young horses ought to be gently used"; Bland and Lesley also adopting the same *leit motif* in their respective volumes.

Thus, with vastly improved horsemastership to supplement and support the disciplined valour which was their heritage, the growing body of British Horse could confidently court comparison with the Cavalry of any other Power the wide world over. All that was lacking was reasonable opportunity to put the standard of perfection it had painstakingly achieved to the test of action in the dimension of a full-scale battle action. For Pitt's money-changer's policy of "ships and subsidies," allied to his pernicious *penchant* for wasting and predominantly amphibian "side-shows," denied the mounted branch all reasonable chance for intervention in the earlier years of the wars begotten by the French Revolution. Even when "the Peninsular" got into its stride, Wellington—authoritatively described as "eminently an Infantry General"—took small occasion to employ what, despite the denigration of certain shallow critics, may be fairly described as the admirable mounted branch by which he was served. For all that, the "Battle Honours" of Talavera, Albuhera, Salamanca, Orthes and Vittoria, shared by more than one regiment of British Horse, imply the presence of that combination of intrepidity and iron discipline which invested the "cavalry spirit" so abundantly displayed at Waterloo, with an irresistible quality before which even the little Corsican's brave and glittering array recoiled in headlong confusion and defeat.

Thereafter, with the memory of the Lancers at Aliwal, the Light Dragoons at Chillianwallah, the Heavy and Light Brigades at Balaclava, the 21st at Omdurman, the 9th, 10th, 12th and 16th at Paardeberg, Lancers and Dragoons again at Elands-laagte, the smashing break through of French's Cavalry at Klipdrift, which led to the relief of Kimberley, the 1st Cavalry Brigade at Néry in the early September of '14, and the horsemen of all calibres who swept their way to the gates of Damascus in Allenby's triumphant advance—who shall not say that the

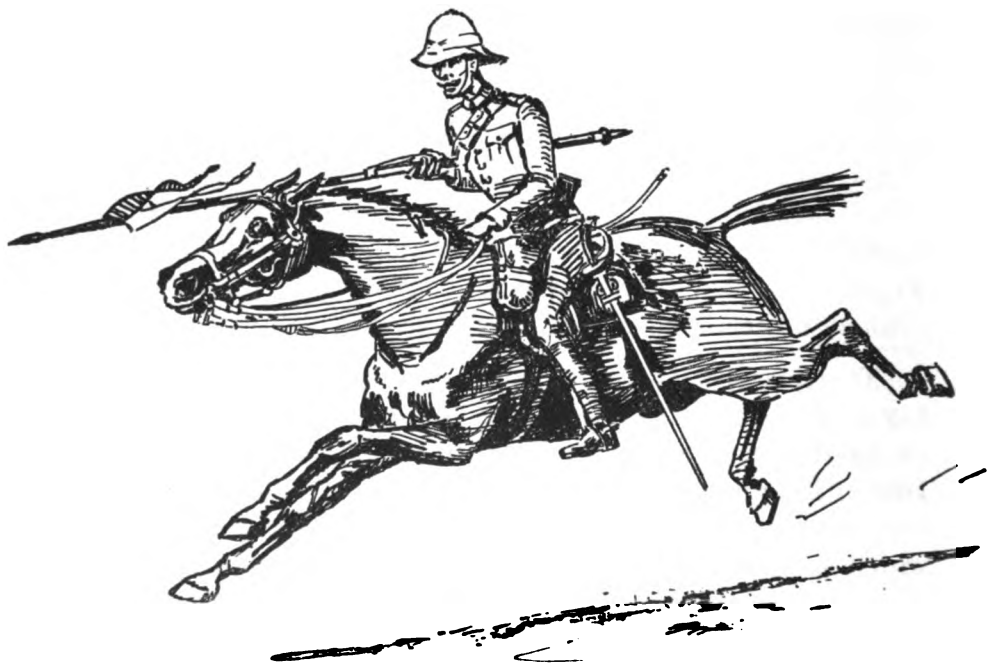
glorious "cavalry spirit" they inherited from their forebears did not shine in them with even brighter lustre.

And now—?

Armoured again as heavily as ever were Roundhead Haslerig's "Lobsters"*—save that in these days their armour carries them instead of their carrying their armour—or else riding a high-metalled stallion of the sky, the same fervent "cavalry spirit" which inspired the men who came before them, has been and will continue to be at call to uphold and inspire our modern Paladins, whether they fight on land or in the air.

For as the wise old Eastern poet phrased it, "They are born of men of an ancient race, who were forward in the fight, wielding their swords; men who stood in the mellay as some mountain top rises above the flood. And their glory, and the glory of their son's sons, shall live when all dissemblers shall have passed away."

* So nicknamed by the Royalists on account of the prodigious metal battle harness with which they were garbed from head to foot.



A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT

(Continued)

ABOUT SEA-TROUT FISHING

By COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

SEA-TROUT fishing, about which expert branch of angling Freeman is about to tell you something, is to be experienced mainly during the late summer months on those rivers, of for instance, South Wales which are sufficiently tidal to allow of these most sporting fish getting up the water far enough to give us a chance of killing them. The best time is often during the hours of darkness.

One night late in the summer of 1938, Freeman and the writer were fishing on the Usk. At about 12.30 a.m. I moved up river to where he was wading in the middle of some roughish and fast water. I heard him, contrary to his wont, convulsed with laughter. On enquiring the reason for what appeared to be somewhat untimely merriment, he replied that for the last ten minutes one or more large fish had been and still were "boiling" up all round him and hitting him so hard on his waders that he could with difficulty retain his footing. He could do nothing with them as they were presumably taking nothing, but seemed to be annoyed that he had trespassed upon their lawful preserves. They managed to prevent any other fish from going near him, and soon after we were compelled to pack up our rods and away.

On that same river the swans are numerous in places and, during a certain season, the male birds are given to attacking one another ruthlessly, the younger birds attempting to kill off the old ones and take their wives, who are very beautiful. One evening there was an almighty scrap going on some distance

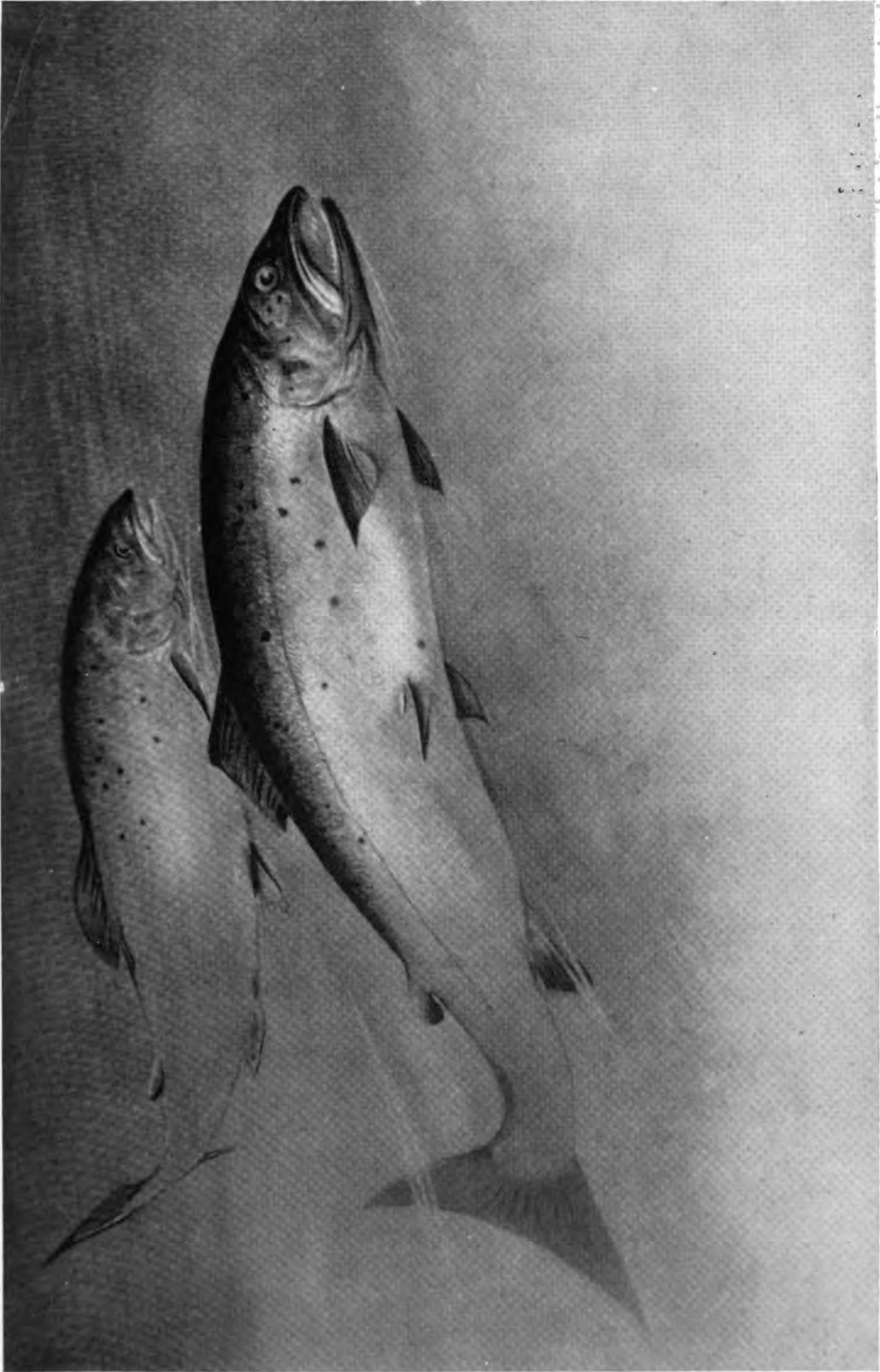
above where I was fishing. Not long afterwards a magnificent old bird came down stream, high up over my head, giving forth peculiar and not unmusical notes ; about half a mile below where I was fishing he crumpled up as if shot and was found stone dead in the long river grass. He had been very badly knocked about by the younger birds, and was evidently singing his " swan song " !

Here is " Freeman " to tell you something about " Sea-Trout Fishing " :

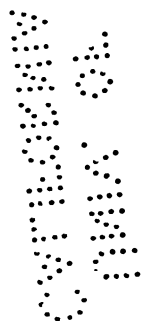
Mr. Freeman :

It was about ten years ago that I had my first introduction to this, to my way of thinking, most sporting of all our Game fish. I was happy to have as my mentor one of the locals at the small seaside town that has been my headquarters for the last nine years. He, alas, has gone to fish in the Great Beyond, if there is an after-life, this angler should have a rosy path before him, he was one of nature's gentlemen if ever there was one, was thought much of by all his fellow-anglers and townsmen of all classes, " what more could a man wish for ? " Always ready to extend a hand to every new visitor who was interested in the gentle art, and although he was short-sighted, to see him moving about up and down the river bank, at night on moonless nights was an eye-opener to anyone unacquainted with this kind of fishing. It was all the same to Alban, fly, minnow or bait fishing, he was a past-master at all the arts, caught his share of salmon whenever there were any to be had in the little river as well, and sea fishing had attracted him for a time, but when the sea-trout began to run up the little river it was the sea-trout that held first place every time, and rightly so, as they are such good fighters.

One has to re-learn fly casting, as ordinary casting for trout will not succeed in this kind of fishing, larger flies are used and the slower the flies are drawn across, down stream or up stream, the more likely is one to catch the wily sea-trout, providing



THE GAMEST OF SPORTING FISH.
Sea Trout full speed ahead up a Tidal River.



they do not catch the stones at the bottom of the stream, and this sort of knowledge is only gained by an examination of the river to be fished. Look around in the daytime, judge the depth in this and that pool, and if the river is a narrow one, and you are going to fish it at night, do some experimental casting straight across the stream. Get the right length of line out, tie a bit of wool around your line fairly tightly, reel up, now you are less likely to cast your line on the far bank, and very likely lose fly and cast into the bargain. Unless the angler is pretty expert, and can tell fairly accurately the amount of line he has drawn off his reel, the above method is strongly recommended to help the beginner only ; the bit of wool acts as an indication, it is felt against the smooth surface of the line.

Having chosen the pool or pools, you and your friend intend fishing, let me add, it is much pleasanter to fish with a companion than alone during darkness. There is the sense of companionship at night, you pool your experiences from time to time, your friend may be fishing a smaller fly than you are, and has caught a few trout. On the other hand, it may be your larger flies that have given better results, but I am sure one enjoys the whole thing so much better in company than alone.

On a fairly large pool I had thought to fish with a friend, I asked him which he preferred to fish, the head of the pool, or the tail part. My friend said he preferred the head of the pool. I had a hunch (as the Americans say) that it was the tail part that would produce a fish, but what made my friend take the upper part was the noise of a good fish throwing itself out of the water in the neck of the pool.

I had a large claret and Mallard as tail fly, as dropper a Peter Ross, both good flies, and totally different in aspect. We had arrived at the pool just as the light began to fail ; as I have found from previous experiences that this is about the most likely time to catch a Sewen, they have been lying like logs all through the daytime for those to see who are good at this kind of work. It needs practice to spot them as they are camouflaged with their surroundings so very cleverly. We began on the pool at our different stations, I casting almost squarely across the

pool, and as there was very little, if any, current to fish my fly, I started to pull in a bit of line practically as soon as my fly fell on the water. This pulling in of line about an inch at a time is about the most killing method there is, where sea-trout are concerned. You keep in touch with your lure so much more easily, the least touch being felt either from small trout even ; but if it is a sea-trout he snatches at the fly much more savagely, and look out for squalls if it is a good fish, he is here, there and everywhere, out of the water most of the time. He practically kills himself with his frantic efforts to escape. Keep a good strain on your fish all the time, good quarter drawn to 1X gut will stand a lot of strain or 1X and 2X casts may meet the case, it depends on the size of the fish expected ; in some rivers they run large, in others a 4-pounder is a monster. Personally I have never been able to afford to fish rivers like the Dovey in North Wales, where fish of 10 lb. to 12 lb. are fairly common. It must be a grand river to fish, as the run of sea-trout every year is very good, also quite a lot of salmon enter the river.

To get back to our pool with the sea-trout waiting for someone to catch them ; I had covered about half of the lower part of the pool when a good fish laid on to one of my flies. My friend heard the scream of my reel, and reeled up himself, came down to me to see if he could render any assistance as I did not know the lie of the land any too well, and he being a local angler who knew the river thoroughly, my friend told me that if I could take the fish downstream for about 50 yards, there was a place where I could get down close to the water to use the net. Switching on my torch now, I was able to force the fish towards the spot where it could be netted. This forcing of the fish downstream took a lot of the ginger out of our sea-trout. Slipping my net well down in the water, I gradually drew the fish towards and over the net, the victim slipped in nicely ; then up the bank and about 10 yards from the riverside to give him the *coup-de-grace*—nothing like making sure. Do not attempt to kill a good fish on a slanting bank, it has been known to slip back into the river again. I saw a salmon of about 22 lb. lost like this, and a doctor friend lost a pike of about 14 lb. in the same manner.

My fish weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and that was all our bag for that evening. We were enveloped in hoar frost directly afterwards ; anyone knows that that sort of weather is all wrong for sea-trout fishing, warm muggy nights are the most favourable nights for them, and it is much more enjoyable to fish until the small hours of morning in comfort ; cold nights are better spent in one's warm bed. July is one of the best months for this kind of fishing, most of the large sea-trout are in the river then, frost is unlikely, but it is not impossible in late August, as I found on this occasion.

Some nights are much better than others. A strong moon is not to be desired by many ; although helpful to the fisherman to get about to the different pools, it is not recommended to wander about from place to place too much. I find that to concentrate on one or two pools is a much better plan, it is wise to keep as still as possible, cast all around you, sooner or later you will have an offer. Try to place the flies on the water with as little commotion as possible. On some dark nights a black fly kills best, when one would imagine a light one best, therefore the best plan is to have a few casts made up beforehand with different flies on each. For instance, a Connemara Black for Tail Fly, coachman dropper, would do for a good combination. Claret and Mallard tail, and Peter Ross dropper, for another. There are umpteen flies one could recommend, but again some anglers use three flies, all of one pattern, in different sizes ; this often proves good business, the end fly about an inch in length, first dropper $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, top dropper $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. If one fails with this method there is another one that is almost infallible if sea-trout are in the pool. Fly purists will not want to read the next line—always carry a few gentles in an old aspirin bottle, perforate the cap of the bottle with small holes, not large ones, otherwise they will find their way into one's pocket, or bag, whichever place one carries them in. It is surprising what a difference this makes to the bag if a couple of gentles are impaled on the flyhook. They are much more noticeable on a dark fly than on a silver-bodied pattern, the contrast is much greater on such flies as Hardy, Favourite, Zulu, Connemara Black, Mallard and Claret, Golden Olive, etc.

The Silver Invicta is a good fly at times, and I have caught quite a lot of sea-trout sticking to this fly on medium dark nights. It is well to try fly with silver bodies most nights, beside the red and dark bodies of other patterns, one is sure to succeed if persisted with.

There are some exciting happenings on some nights, for instance, there may be quite a lot of sea-trout in a pool if the river is low, they have to await a spate before ascending the river; then is the time to stick at them, the best way to my thinking is, keep on ringing the changes as regards to the flies until you find one to their liking. After hooking a fish the sport is likely to go off for ten minutes or so, because they make such a fuss with their leaping about the pool, so it is well not to expect another fish to take too quickly, although this may happen if they are really taking well. I am afraid I am very hard on one if it comes my way, no quarter, and it is surprising how few fish one loses, through being hard on them. I do not mean yank them out as soon as they are connected with, this is an impossible feat to perform with fine gut.

My fishing friend who spends his holiday with me each year, got into what he thought was a good fish, he could not do anything with it for some time, so I went to his assistance to help him, more with advice than anything, as we were both fishing a pool about 60 yards long. This fish was foul hooked near the dorsal fin, and anyone who has hooked a trout of a pound in this manner will agree with me when I say it seemed like a 3 lb. fish. The pull is not direct, it is a side pull, and it is difficult to make any headway for a time, this fish weighed 2 lb., and felt like a 6-pounder. I once hooked a 23 lb. salmon in the small part of the body, next to the tail, with a minnow. I was fishing from a boat alone at the time, talk about the Grand National, you would have thought that this fish was a candidate the way it took out the line and jumped this way and that, to try and rid himself of the spur sticking into it. My luck held good, however, and after a hectic twenty minutes to a half hour, I finally got the gaff home and the fish into the boat, but this was not brought about without a bit of thought.

At first the fish got below for about 70 yards ; I had to get my anchor up and drift down to be nearer the fish, so that I could get on better terms with it. I dropped my anchor again, and the fish took its way back up river again, making for the bushes lining the side. This would never do. Putting on all the strain the line would stand, I turned it somehow, the fish in the meanwhile coming down towards the boat and myself ; reeling in like steam, I tried hard to pump the fish up towards the surface, so that I could gaff it as it passed close to the boat. It beat me. I brought it back up to the stern of the boat, tail first, as soon, however, as I took a step towards the stern the fish's tail came into play again. Off it went again. I realized that if I was to get my fish down below it, I should have to go. It was getting pretty well cooked by this time, and, starting to pump it up to the surface as hard as I dared, I was able this time to get the steel home. It had happened before, and has happened since, and is likely to happen to any of us who fish a lot, one remembers these sort of fights until the end comes.

If one intends fishing by day for sea-trout, smaller flies may succeed. I have caught them on wet fly fairly often, and they take the dry fly also ; it depends how much the water is fished. If fished hard, one's chances are remote unless well rested, trout-sized flies are best, and fine gut to match. A small dark mackerel fly is pretty useful, especially on bright days ; give it a trial, it is well worth it.

Worm and gentle fishing is followed up by most local anglers who live near sea-trout rivers. It is interesting and amusing to see them turn out after or during a spate they all get their fair share of fish in this kind of fishing ; one need not be afraid to move when the water is coloured. Every small eddy should be fished well, as if there is a 2 feet or 3 feet river, most of the fish are to be found in easy water to the side of the main stream, eddies and backwaters.

The shotting of the bait is very important ; do not overdo it, try a couple of shot, if this is not enough, try one or two more. I have been fishing in company with perhaps a dozen local anglers, a lot of them good fishermen, others, who chuck in their

worm or gentle, let it stop on the bottom, hoping for the fish to come along and pick up their bait. If you want to catch fish, move your bait about every few minutes, if it is only to lift it off the bottom a foot or a yard to the side of where you had it resting before. I have caught fish when most other anglers have failed, and my luck has come because of moving the bait about a bit. One gets that little nibble, push rod point towards it, give about 4 to 6 seconds, then strike ; he is generally fast if this is adopted.



WHEN THE HORSE COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN

By LIEUT.-COLONEL B. GRANVILLE BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S.,
F.R.Hist.S.

THE little market town held its annual horse-fair a week or so ago. It was simply pathetic. Prices were low and so were spirits both of man and beast. It seemed as if both felt that the old fair symphony were sadly out of tune. Certainly the weather was such as to make coats look rough and uncared for. It is no use trying to argue that the war depresses us, it does not. On the contrary, we feel that we are all in it and that things are moving. When we say all, this refers to men, not to the beasties ; the horses are being left out of the great crusade at least in this country, for the first time in their history. True, we have several regiments that are still "horsed" serving their useful purpose somewhere worth-while, and at least one sporting lot of Home Guard has vaulted into the saddle. It is a very small band of horsemen yet under encouragement, it could assume handsome proportions and again bring renown to the men and their mounts that come out from England, Scotland and Ireland as they always have done, when there is true and just cause.

Some of those mounted Home Guard must have ridden in the ranks of famous British regiments of Horse. The steeds they bestrode were sold to foreign countries that do not trust to internal combustion engines alone. We may, perchance, meet some of these horses when we get into Germany, as we evidently propose to do. It will be interesting to note the reaction on the captured horse-transport if somebody sounds our cheery old trumpet call "Feed." Germans and other Continental troops still use horse transport in the back areas. They also have another use for the horse, namely, to convey burly men who look very fierce, but are nevertheless generally

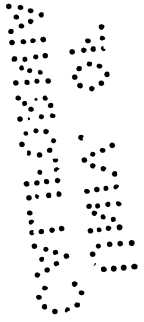
kindly ; they enjoy the respect due to ex-warriors functioning as Gendarmes. There are other titles for these functionaries, the romantic Guarda Florestal of Portugal and the Carabiniere of Italy, but however he is styled he earns the goodwill of his neighbours, yea even their affection. You may estimate the extent of that sentiment by the many quaint stories told about the Gendarme in divers languages.

Now we are told to our complete satisfaction, that we will "not let our sword rest in its sheath" until we have set free those who called to us for help in the sacred name of Freedom. We may, therefore, envisage the progress of our armed forces, indomitable, trained to the highest pitch of martial perfection, and masters of much complicated machinery, forcing its way where Marlborough went, perhaps, and with the same determination if with greatly enhanced speed. Now, Marlborough and other conquerors of civilized warfare, left behind him his lines of communication, a number of strongholds containing the stores he required under guard of detachments which could be kept relatively small, because war was conducted decently and in order. As no one bombed civilians any more than he could help, the latter left warfare to the soldiers, and all went well, causing little bitterness or even confusion.

All this has been changed. On its way across Europe, a British army would presumably be pushing before it the troops of the aggressors, leaving behind it a population freed from oppression, but ruined and distracted. In such conditions anything may happen, most likely the unexpected which has so far characterized this war. Tact and understanding, with patience, will be required when dealing with people who have passed through great tribulation, and those qualities the British Sailor, Soldier, and Airman has in full measure. But troops engaged in pursuit of an active and cunning enemy will have no time to devote to those that have been over-run. Happily, we have many men whose days of active campaigning are over, yet who are fit and able for just that work of restoring confidence and hope among those whose kin have been massacred, whose country has been ravaged, whose sanctuaries have been



GENDARMES OF FORMER DAYS.



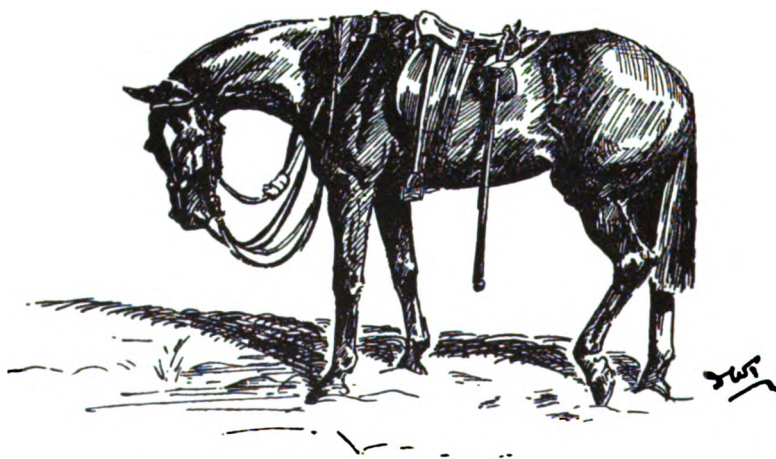
desecrated. These men for the most part are they who have acquired high quality in Navy, Army and Air Force in many parts of the Empire. They are those who always volunteer for any service in which they may help others. Little more than two years ago some fifteen thousand comrades of the British Legion volunteered to help the Czechs through a plebiscite, one of those curious Continental expedients for confusing the issues. Only two thousand were required, and though they started and "braved the perils of the deep" off Southend pier, the fact that they did not fulfil their mission was none of their fault. Herr Hitler, after consenting to the arrangement, made his customary *volte face*. Still, the fact remains that men trained, disciplined, experienced, were forthcoming and in sufficient numbers, must stand as guarantee that you will find them again whenever you want them. And they are of the kind that does not argue about wages. All were treated equally in that respect, each was satisfied with a small weekly sum. The same principle is maintained in the Home Guard of to-day, all are treated alike—to nothing! And no one has any complaint to make anent this irreducible minimum.

So much for the men from among whom a force of Gendarmerie could be formed for the purpose of restoring order, confidence, and hope to those whose countries have been devastated, whose social life lies in ruins. A few thousand or even tens of thousands, taken from out of our reserve of manpower would still leave our country adequately protected while the enemy is being moved further and further from our coasts. And among these men there must be a number of horsemen. Here that good friend and servant of man, the horse, comes in at his best, and without any fear of the sufferings his kind endured so patiently in the last war. There will probably be a great shortage of motor fuel and other things upon which mechanized transport depends, moreover, transport of that order would bring back memories of the German advance as it crushed a fugitive population of old men, women and children under monster tanks. Motor transport may take some time before it regains its former popularity, whereas the horse alway

exerts a soothing, homely influence upon people who, like the peasants of France, live close to Mother Earth and her offspring. Let the horse then come into his own again, and in his old accustomed way serve as civilizer, and with him the horsemen and horsemaster from anywhere and everywhere in the British Isles.

Some folk are pleased to describe the British fighting-man as our Empire's best ambassador. His methods, his approaches, may not fit in exactly with those of the old diplomacy, but they are effective, and aided by the horse, the combination should prove irresistible.

Out of the obscenity of modern warfare and its aftermath, as practised by our enemies, let our horses and horsemen help to bring in a new Age of Chivalry.



HUMOURS OF TREK LIFE IN ABYSSINIA

By H. C. MAYDON.

It is curious that only in retrospect does the humorous side of misadventure occur to one. The sufferer is far too upset at the time to feel anything but annoyance.

Ten years before the Italian occupation, Abyssinia was still one of the "mystery" lands and Blaine and I were not so optimistic as to expect to trek its length from north to south without adventures.

One of the most embarrassing features of this mediæval journey—for it was all done by pack-mule and riding pony, accompanied by its semi-comic escort of local soldiery—was the receipt and giving of presents.

Wherever you camped you were generally in the precincts of some local chief's domains, and for the sake of prestige it was incumbent on him to send a suitable gift to these unaccustomed travellers. These mostly took the shape of a train of slaves bearing loads of local produce. A dozen gourds of wheat, barley or millet; half as many burmahs (clay pots) of milk; a few chickens, eggs, and bundles of hay for one's animals; of firewood in the barren regions and, to cap all, a never absent *bonne bouche*, half a dozen burmahs of Tej—the local strong drink. This last was a doubtful blessing, since, as we detested it ourselves, all our body servants waxed exceeding merry, our dinner became a farce, and, worse still, an early start next morning was unpopular.

But worst of all was the unique and costly gift of a young bull, meat on the hoof. Such liberality is common enough in the Sudan, where one has a large staff and is the sign for a halt and a great feast; but in this particular case it was embarrassing. We had already shot enough game to keep our few retainers in meat for a week, and we were too hurried to dry biltong, and too

over-loaded to carry it. Our distant host was influential, and it was tactless to offend him by refusal.

Grudgingly we spared one of our over-worked men to drive the bull with us. Now, there are bulls and bulls, kindly and aggressive. This was one of the latter. The start next morning was delayed an hour, a tent was wrecked, our baggage-mule train scattered, and eventually four men were required as bull escort to the direful cost of speed in the pack train. Exasperated and heated with the warmth of the sun increasing every moment as the day aged, we pushed ahead at last.

Mid-day camp was reached two hours too late, men and animals thirsty and exhausted. There was no sign of the bull. It was not till nightfall that our "larder" arrived with four tired and sweating natives, whose language round their camp fire could not have been complimentary to gift-dealers.

Next day was a repetition of the first, with this exception. The bull escort arrived in camp on our tails, minus their charge.

"Where is the bull?" we demanded.

"Wallahi," grunted my particular henchman, Mahommed Zeyn, wiping the sweat out of his eyes, "God knows. Bolted home maybe. Zae zift (wash out) that bull, saatak, let him go."

We jumped at the chance, but it was not to be so easy. As we packed up next morning a party of the big chief's—the donor's—retainers arrived, dragging the recalcitrant bull. They were munificently rewarded, but firmly refused to drive the bull any further even at the same scale of recompense.

For three days that bull remained a nightmare; our followers were on strike, our marches delayed, and an ever-increasing expense was for rewards paid in unwelcome retrievings of the bull. The inhabitants of rare villages passed would have nothing to do with it even as a gift. It bore the great chief's brand-marks, they might be charged with stealing the bull from us. If they only would!

Finally, in desperation, nearing the confines of the great chief's domains, we bribed a very young boy to take it away. He must have been a wizard, for the bull followed him like a lamb!

In return for such hospitality a call on the local chief and the gift of a bottle or two of Italian vermouth or brandy, a roll of cloth, a clasp knife, a torch, or even a twopenny mirror, was acknowledgment enough. But the Dedgasmatch Ayale, ruler of Semien Mountain district, was a great man and a power in the land. We were summoned to his palace, and a parade of his bodyguard, some 400 horse and foot, heralded our approach. He received us in his "salon" with vermouth and more doubtful drinks and his interpreter addressed us in broken French. We had puzzled long for a suitable acknowledgement of his too ample generosity—about fifty slave loads of local produce and a permit to shoot ibex in his mountains. We had decided to part with an expensive and spare telescope. He accepted it disdainfully, remarking that he had a dozen such, and tossed it behind him to his wazir without a glance. He coveted our firearms, but we fortunately, from motives of policy, had left them all in camp. I believe that a cheap four-bladed pocket knife presented to his young son, was far more highly treasured than the telescope. Incidentally, I suspect that even Dedjatch Ayale did not know which end to peep through, with the natives' usual scorn of field-glasses.

A difficult problem this gift business.

While on the subject of chiefs—or feudal lords, which would describe them better—we had one amusing experience, the humour of which did not occur to us at the time.

The Fitaaurari Makonnen was squire of a small estate about 100 miles south of Axum. We had been trekking for a fortnight when we crossed his frontier. Each landlord had his own private system of custom posts, picqueting the only possible track which crossed his estate. We ourselves were free of dues, by virtue of our special passport from Ras Tafari—future King of Kings—at Addis Ababa, we and our train of thirty pack mules and six retainers; but other travellers, nagadis, or itinerant merchants, were not. We had noticed lately that our caravan had increased marvellously, a dozen nagadis and their laden mules had attached themselves to us, for mutual protection from roving bandits, we were told.

We camped that mid-day hard by the Fitaurari's "hilla," in a convenient grove of trees, which harboured a burn of clear water. We awaited in confidence the arrival of the chief's emissaries with supplies either by gift or barter. Nothing happened ; no one came near us. Our transport was late arriving and we rode back to enquire. At the post, a mile out, was a great crowd of loaded mules, including our own mild quota, whose owners were just concluding a heated argument with the local officer. On our approach a gesture seemed to clinch the discussion, and the whole mob surged forward. Tents were pitched at last, but we still lacked essential commodities. Our retainers despatched a-marketing, returned with empty baskets and blank faces ; no one would deal.

In desperation, sinking our pride, we had notice conveyed to the Fitaurari that we wished to call on him. Convention in Abyssinia is just as strict as in our County society, it is up to the home people to make the first call. Permission came none too politely

At 4 p.m., dressed in our best khaki shirts and carrying the indispensable in the shape of two bottles of vermouth, we were ushered into the presence. The Fitaurari sat on a raised dais at the far end of his finely thatched beehive hut, surrounded by a group of courtiers. He was not an imposing old man, and wore a fretful look. His wazir, or chief councillor, appeared shifty and sly. We conversed through our Amharic speaking interpreter.

Conversation was stilted at first. The old autocrat was suspicious, poison being doubtless poured in his ear by the councillor. They examined our passport, fingering it, passing it from hand to hand, scrutinizing it back and front, upside and downside. It was quite obvious that not one of them could read even his own Amharic. One scribe apparently recognized Ras Tafari's signature, but this good omen was badly shaken by Mr. Shifty's equal recognition of the Italian visa stamp added at Asmara. "This is Italian work," he must have blustered "This is a clever forgery. They are probably Italian spies."

The Fitaurari was torn both ways, by fear of offending his great over-lord at Addis, by suspicion of all white men from the north. There was yet another motive, at present hidden from us. He procrastinated, unbending enough to order his own Tej bottle to be passed. According to custom he drank first, his face carefully veiled during the process by a boy slave attendant. This was ritual. We sipped, passed the flask and sat in awkward silence. All efforts at conversation were nipped in the bud stonily. It was very embarrassing; I suppressed a nervous desire to giggle. We waited for something to happen, keeping our vermouth as a last card.

The denouement came from an unexpected quarter. We owned an Italian half-bred pointer, a harmless inoffensive beast until provoked, when his less gentle strain obtruded. The Fitaurari also possessed a dog, a nondescript, of the genus best described as "lap," pampered, but by no means fat. Sensing perhaps a rift between their masters, these two canines had been sparring and feinting for minutes past, according to the habits of their kind. They stalked amidst legs and stools, growling and bristling with a show of ivory. Suddenly, amid brooding silence, they closed in a brawl of fur and dust and writhing limbs, the air filled with ferocious clamour.

Natives are nervous in a dog fight, and the brawlers needed space and took it. Stools upset in the twilight, and even the sacred dais was crowded out. The less courageous, forgetting etiquette, made a rush for the narrow exit. Blaine and I, stifling our laughter, rescued the old Fitaurari, eventually stopped the dog fight, and restored order. Now was the occasion for our vermouth.

The Fitaurari unfroze miraculously. We shall never know whether it was the effect of our vermouth or of a surreptitious message from one of his officers. News perhaps from a neighbouring lord that we were genuine. Hobnobbing over our friendly drinks and Mr. Shifty well in the background (he had not shown up well in the dog fight), the final fly was extricated from the ointment. "Did we really possess a caravan of 300 loaded mules? It seemed excessive even for two lordly white

men. Our passport, it seemed, said free passage for the white visitors and their possessions, but the number of their mules was indistinct, the eyesight of his clerks was not perhaps what it should be, but some had murmured thirty." The reason of our inhospitable reception was clear at last, and small blame to our host so nearly filched of his just dues. As we disclosed the truth to the future discomfiture of a score of scheming nagadis, I have no doubt our interpreter kicked himself. For once he had overreached in his plan for commission.

From that moment the Fitaaurari became the perfect host.

The servant problem had been a trial from the beginning. We had left Asmara with two Sudan servants, fat Abdullah, the cook, and my own insolent and drunken body servant, Mahommed Kheir. Four Asmaran men; Tuku, a clerk-like interpreter; sly Ahmed, Blaine's body servant; and two undisguised corner boys, enlisted at the last moment as syces. For once the unexpected happened, and the two despised corner boys were to prove the gems of the party. Mahommed broke into open mutiny at Adua, his fall hastened by free alcohol, and was returned to rail-head under escort.

Abdullah, the cook, was fat and jovial, a fine bibber in a state of perpetual fuddledom, but such a good cook when sober, so imperturbable under stress, and so everlastingly cheerful, that we bore with him till the end.

Tuku was too clerk-like, not too honest, as proved by the Fitaaurari incident, soft and hopeless in emergency, but indispensable for his translater duties.

Ahmed, trained and be-chitted body servant of Asmara town, proved himself a true Machivelli, plotting unrest and mutiny at every turn, plying fat honest Abdullah with the drink he himself was cunning enough to refuse, and only caught out and sacked half way through our journey as an arrant thief. We carried a double load of 2,000 Maria Theresa dollars, cartwheels the size of 5s. pieces and worth 2s. 6d. apiece, so that on pay days theft was easy.

There remain Mahommed Zeyn and Rustu, rough gems of the purest worth. They were both young, of mixed parentage,

and world-wide (from their viewpoint) experience. Mahommed Zeyn, my own henchman, had served as waiter in a native coffee-house, and had been born in Yemen. He should have possessed every bad quality, he was a street arab and a born cockney, trained in repartee and every vice ; but he proved loyal, sober, quick-witted and a tireless worker, a treasure beyond price.

Rustu was a farmer's son, honest, loyal and adaptable, and saved Blaine many a grey hair.

By journey's end these two ran the camp. Body servants, cooks at a pinch, masters of horse and far from mean shikaris. They also had the knack of acquiring a new dialect or its essentials in the inside of a month, no mean acquisition in a land of Habishes, Gallas and Danakils.

Mahommed Zeyn was with me when I shot my best Walia ibex. He wept when the body rolled over a precipice to apparent destruction after days of barren hunting. It was he, and he alone who led the string, who with long ropes and at imminent risk of their necks retrieved it. On a forty-mile front of 10,000 feet precipice, one does not take a false step twice in a lifetime.

But my warmest recollection of Mahommed Zeyn is in lighter vein. We were down in Arusi country after Mountain nyala, where in the dense wooded country alternating between a vision of the Scotch highlands and the New Forest, game is hard to see.

Time and again I had jumped nyala in the forest only to fail in the stalk. Then one day I spotted a large grey shape in a clearing, and, leaving Mahommed Zeyn behind, made the stalk of a lifetime. It lasted an hour at least, but when I neared the glade the grey shape still lingered, feeding. I raised my rifle, and, as I sighted, I had a bad shock, for it was a homely donkey !

Mahommed Zeyn was nearer behind me than he ought to have been. His expression might have denoted surprise or despondency. But when he asked me innocently, " had not the animal big enough horns ? " I caught the faintest twinkle in his eye and his mouth twitched. How many dozen times in the trip had I held my fire and told Mahommed Zeyn not to be

impetuous, that the head was too small ? He had his own back at last.

Abdullah, the cook, with all his semi-drunken quips, and some were humorous enough, despite their irritation at the time, crowned it all with one well-meant effort.

On Semien's heights thrive lines and groves of that queer, palm-like growth known as Giant Lobelias. We were anxious to carry seeds of these to England to see if they would flourish at Kew. We had carried an old cocoa tin full of their seeds for so many weeks that we had forgotten them. Somehow this treasured tin got mixed up in our store boxes. One day Abdullah ran short of coffee beans, replenished at almost any halt from local Galla produce and stored in any receptacle (no empty tins are ever thrown away on safari). The result was as sure as Fate. I can never blame Abdullah for making the mistake and for roasting and grinding the beans, although it nearly killed me one early morning breakfast, when life is at gloomiest ebb, but I do blame him for throwing the rest of the tin away. I remember I was not polite, and I suppose he merely ensured against future accidents. No one suspected that my coffee was made of Giant Lobelia seeds, until we sought for them a month later.

The conundrum of barter was ever difficult. No lesser coin than the dollar was in circulation north of Addis, and, worse still, it must be a true Maria Theresa dollar, minted first in the eighteenth century, or an exact counterfeit, date and all complete. No Menelik dollar would pass, nor even the Theresa dollar with some faint blemish, as the lion with two twists in his tail, the crank of some ancient joker. A nagadi would spend an hour examining his pay critically, piece by piece, and always one in ten would be rejected. But in any case to be limited to a half-crown piece in a country where your requirements were seldom worth more than 3d. caused difficulties. I did not envy our cook caterer. Picture our daily marketing, for we were not always in the realms of free gifts—say, two chickens at 3d. each, a dozen eggs at 2d. a dozen, a burmah of milk at 1d., 20 lbs. of native flour at 2d. Total 11d.

By no subdivision can a dollar be brought into play. If there were a 2d. margin one could make it up in eggs or flour, but 1s. 7d., why, it was a week's table money. That is where local custom came to our help. From twelve to eight bars of rock salt went to the dollar and bars were splitable. When salt was off, empty brass cartridge cases were used at ten to the dollar. It did not much matter what bore the cartridge case was, but Lebel's and Gras (Martini size) were the most popular. Soldiery or disbanded soldiery—and the whole male population seemed to consist of these, plus priests and acolytes and a few humble peasants—all carried bandoliers stuffed full with cartridges. They were generally empty cases, and even as such betokened wealth. Our chief step to fame was the day when we went duck fighting on Lake Tsana. The birds—spot-bill—were so plentiful that we exceeded our monthly ration and fired over twenty shots each. There was quite a crowd of villagers round us at the end, who, to our amazement, refused the duck even as a gift. "What did they come for, then?" we demanded. "To see the white madmen throwing away good money," was the answer. They had never seen shot guns before. We were apparently firing away good cartridges and the husks our guns ejected were valueless paper makeshifts. Imagine our own rustics' feelings if some rich profiteer insisted on lighting his pipe with treasury notes!

But the best articles of barter in Northern Abyssinia were needles and thread. I was surprised that Abdullah's demands for packets of needles were so negligible, until I found that he dealt not in packets, but in individual needles, and that one such was always worth a chicken and possibly a sheep, if you gave him time to haggle. It was the village women who brought the camp provender, and in Abdullah they met their match. We had issued for barter two bottles of cheap scent, and with these any day Abdullah might be seen performing his conjuror's hat trick. Those bottles seemed inexhaustible, and for each whiff our cook demanded a suitable wherewithal.

We hired our transport mules by contract from one large town to the next, sometimes 100 miles or more; but we bought

our own riding ponies. My best trek pony cost seven dollars (17s. 6d.), and my most expensive 25 dollars, while a mule cost anything from 30 to 60 dollars. It was considered *infra dig* by the best society to ride anything save a mule, but we were never proud.

The Abyssinians were good horse copers, not only in the more familiar methods, but in ways of their own. They would sell you six beasts to-day and loot your camp at dead of night on the morrow, removing a round dozen animals. A very profitable method of trading. We tried knee-haltering, foot picquetting, double sentries and everything, but the best precaution was a round of buckshot fired at uncertain intervals nowhere in particular. But it is a tiresome safeguard.

The whole country was reputed to be full of brigands, not surprising when each feudal chief kept his own private army, whose pay depended entirely on their luck in raiding forays. In a lean year bands of them would desert to the mountains, carrying their firearms and existing on plunder. Happily, they left us unmolested, unless half a dozen animal raids lay at their door, in which our nagadis were the worst sufferers. I fancy we were too well armed, and the story of our prodigality in ammunition may have preceded us. But I have a strong suspicion that my best hunter in Arusi country was a robber chief on vacation. He was too uncannily well versed in the secrets of the country side; too much of an autocrat among the rather sullen shepherds to ring quite true in any other guise. Moreover, the head of our government escort deferred to him so respectfully that I can only place him as the local Robin Hood. In any case, he was a fine hunter.

It was a land of serio-comic melodrama and as long as you viewed it in lighter vein, you were never likely to be disappointed.



THE OLD HUSSARS

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ERNEST RYAN, T.D.

To the many cavalry soldiers who are interested in the history of their arm, some account of the exploits and extraordinary changes of fortune of those contemporaries in real life of Conan Doyle's legendary hero, Brigadier Gerard, may not seem amiss. These French Hussars whose origin was so foreign, played a conspicuous role under the *Ancien Régime*, and their traditions which it seemed would not survive the Revolution, instead of suffering eclipse rose to unprecedented heights of glory under the Napoleonic Empire, when their fame was known on all the battlefields of Europe.

The number of hussar regiments existing at the time of the Revolution was six, and five of these survive to the present time. As the original hussars of Western Europe their history has touched that of our army at several points.

BERCHENY (1ST HUSSARS), 1720.

Hussars as deserters from the Imperialist (Austrian) Army had existed in the French forces from the time of Louis XIII and his great minister, Richelieu, but it was under his successor, Louis XIV,—the "*Grand Monarque*"—that the first regiment was raised in 1692.* It was the property of an impostor calling himself the Baron de Corneberg, who gambled it away. In 1701 the Elector of Bavaria, being defeated by the Imperialist forces, could no longer pay his regiment of Rattzky Hussars and made a gift of it to his French allies, with whom it fought on the Rhine under Marshal Villars and then under the Duke of Berwick on the Spanish frontier. Ladislas, Comte de Berchény,

* The early history of the French Hussars was alluded to in an article entitled "Hussar!" in the January, 1940, CAVALRY JOURNAL.

the son of a Hungarian magnate was its second-in-command till 1720, when he raised a new regiment recruited in Wallachia, which he later commanded as the first regular hussar unit on the French establishment.

The Berchény Hussars saw its first active service in the Polish War of 1733-1735, followed by that of the Austrian Succession, during which it was shut up in Prague but, making a sortie on the 22nd November, 1742, brought back as prisoners 150 of its besiegers including the Imperialist Chief Engineer. Later during the famous retreat of Marshal Belle-Isle, it fought a prolonged rearguard action, covering the French army against the incessant attacks of the Austrian cavalry. The regiment was in the following year to encounter British cavalry on 27th June at Dettingen, which day was known as that of the "*Bâtons rompus*," as two of the French generals did not win the title of marshal on which they had counted.

During the campaign of 1744 in Flanders the reputation of the regiment was further enhanced, but ten years of war had not altered the primitive characteristics of these early hussars. The lightest punishments were the stirrup leather and the bastinado, while for serious offences a rope attached to a way-side tree enforced discipline without pity. Officers under arrest were marched in the rear of the column with an escort.

In 1751, the Comte de Berchény being then in his sixty-second year and feeling the strain of a lifetime of campaigning, obtained permission from the king to hand over command of the regiment to his eldest son, Nicholas, he himself as a lieutenant-general maintaining the role of counsellor. Nicholas was then fifteen years old ; he had begun his service as a cornet at the age of six, and had obtained his captaincy after Saxe's victory at Lauffeldt in 1747, in which engagement the Greys and Inniskillings fought under Ligonier.* His second-in-command, André de Totte, was then fifty-six and the future and last colonel-proprietor of the regiment, Francois Antoine

* See article "Field-Marshal The Earl Ligonier," by Captain Donald Anderson in the July, 1938, CAVALRY JOURNAL, and "A Forgotten Charge"—The British Cavalry at Laffelt," by Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Burne, D.S.O., in the April, 1937, CAVALRY JOURNAL. These regiments had also met the Berchény at Roucoux (11th October, 1746).

Berchény, was a cornet eight years of age. With subalterns and captains differing in age from twenty to over sixty, the regiment nevertheless distinguished itself in the Seven Years War, capturing on one occasion at Gosfeld in the Bas-Rhin, a park of artillery in the camp of "Milord Granbis." It was also present at Emsdorff on 16th July, 1760, and at Corbach in the same month it inflicted heavy losses on the King's Dragoon Guards and the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

On the death, in 1758, of the King of Poland, to whom he was Master of the Horse, the old count, now a *Maréchal de France*, retired to his castle at Luzancy near La Ferté-sous-Jouarre,* a town on the Meuse between Chateau Thierry and Meaux, "le seul petit trou de terre que lui restait pour sa demeure." In his *retraite* he continued to follow in thought the deeds of his hussars in the midst of pictures of his old officers. Chopin relates: "On raconte qu'il avait fait représenter, dans une salle de son château, par des portraits en pied, les principaux officiers de son régiment. Un jour, un prélat le surprit dans la contemplation de cette galerie et des souvenirs qu'elle lui rappelait. 'Vous voilà' dit le prélat au milieu de vos chanoines. 'Oui, Monseigneur,' répondit le maréchal, 'et ce qu'il m'en plaît, c'est qu'ils n'ont jamais été à matines sans que j'y allasse avec eux.'"

He died in 1778 at the age of eighty-nine. His son, Nicholas, was not destined to remain long at the head of his regiment dying of the small-pox at Mulhausen in Alsace in 1762. He was succeeded by his younger brother, François-Antoine, who commanded it for thirty years, till during the Revolution in 1792. During this long period of peace the character of the regiment was completely changed, the Hungarian element dying out and being replaced by German-speaking Alsatians. Intensely loyal to his king the third Berchény remained in command of his father's old regiment even after his castle of Luzancy had been sacked by the revolutionary mob and his wife made a homeless fugitive. But when the king was arrested

* Here is erected the British Memorial to the Retreat and Pursuit to Mons. The monument is stated to be undamaged though it was in the midst of heavy fighting last summer.

at Varennes during his flight in his travelling carriage, he knew that the cause of the monarchy was lost and made a solemn farewell to his regiment mounted on parade. Most of the regiment followed him across the frontier into Germany, but refusing to take up arms against France he died in destitution in London in 1811.

Like all the other Royalist regiments the Berchény lost its title officially by an ordinance of the 1st January, 1791, and became the 1st of Hussars. Its lot under the Revolution was full of glorious encounters with the enemy mingled with democratic tirades and threats pronounced in a language which "les vieux moustaches" understood badly or not at all. During the initial defeats and panics of the new *regime* the persecutions against its officer nobles redoubled and many more of them emigrated with their commands. Nevertheless, between April, 1792, and twelve months later, it took part in nine battles, including Valmy and other combats such as the charge at Jemmapes, which two engagements are the earliest to be commemorated on regimental colours in the French army. At Jemmapes General Dumouriez, placing himself at the head of the regiment, captured three forts which were harrying his infantry, the Hussars sabring the gunners on their pieces, of which eight were taken with a number of infantry. A hundred cavaliers were left on the ground.

This splendid charge had an extraordinary sequel, for in the following year Dumouriez became suspect to the Convention. So attached had he become to the 1st Hussars from the day of Jemmapes, that he selected them as permanent guard at his headquarters. One day a delegation consisting of the Minister of War and four attendant revolutionary commissars arrived at the château occupied by the general, in front of which the regiment was paraded, mounted and with drawn sabres. Summoned by the commissars to go with them to Paris, Dumouriez refused with indignation, "ne voulant pas faire la folie de porter sa tête aux tigres qui la réclament." When threatened with arrest, crying "C'est trop fort !" and addressing in their native German his hussars, he had the delegation

packed into their carriages and handed over as hostages to the Austrians, and then with his staff and practically the whole regiment, he went over to the enemy.

With the hundred men left, the regiment was reformed at its depôt at Givet in the Ardennes and sent at the end of 1793 to the region of the Pyrenees, where in two years it captured 10,000 men, 20 guns and 14 flags. In 1796 it was in Napoleon's Army of Italy, where it crossed the river Po on rafts under fire and then remounting, successfully charged the Austrians. Other furious charges were delivered at Fombio, Lodi and Borghetto, before the glorious day of Castiglione which is also inscribed on the standard. In four months the 1st of Hussars had had two colonels killed at its head !

Shortly after the pursuit of the Austrians at Arcole an incident occurred which shows the extraordinary lack of animosity between ex-combatants in these times. Reduced to a quarter of its effectives, the regiment was put into rest at La Favorite. Here it was actually reviewed by the old Austrian Marshal, Wurmser, who born at Strasburg had served in its ranks during his youth and fought the Austrians in Bohemia.

In 1797 the 1st Hussars were in the march on Vienna, but after the unfortunate campaign of 1799 returned to France, a squadron only being present in the following year under Murat at Marengo.

During the four years of peace which followed Marengo, the regiment was fully trained and equipped for its arduous campaigns during the First Empire. In the pursuit after Albeck (15th October, 1805) it had its revenge on the Austrians, who were followed for five days till the legs of the horses could no longer carry them, many cannon and thousands of prisoners being taken. The regiment was not, however, at Austerlitz as it was taking part in the occupation of Vienna, nor was it at Jena in the following year, as it was replacing the Mounted Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard as escort to the Emperor.

The winter of 1806-1807 saw the old Berchény, who in the meanwhile had been chasing the Prussians at Wismar, again campaigning in Poland. At Eylau which is also commemor-

D

ated on its standard, the regiment made three successive charges against 6,000 Russian grenadiers who had established themselves in the cemetery, losing eight officers and fifty-five hussars.

In 1809 the 1st of Hussars was in Spain, where it took part under Soult in the capture of Vigo. Then came defeat, Soult having to retreat before Sir Arthur Wellesley, while the population rose behind him. On 10th May the 1st Hussars forming the rearguard of Franceschi's Division, was charged by the 16th Light Dragoons (now the 16th Lancers) in Cotton's Division, near the river Vouga in Portugal, and put to flight. Worn out by fatigue the survivors of the regiment amounting to not more than a squadron of mounted men, were two years later remounted and brought up to strength in France, and returning to Spain, met again our 16th Light Dragoons at Rio Hermanza, where they claimed to have had their revenge, capturing the colonel with two of his officers and thirty-three Light Dragoons.

The 1st of Hussars was in Italy when news came of the abdication of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. Renamed the *Hussards du Roi* at the first Restoration, it was in garrison at Metz when Napoleon disembarked at the Gulf of St. Juan on the Riviera. During the Hundred Days it rejoined the forces of the Emperor, being in Pajol's Corps of Light Cavalry, which was detached under Grouchy to pursue Blücher. In the retreat of Grouchy after the battle of Waterloo, it took part in the rearguard actions to allow the repassing of the Sambre.

During the second Restoration the 1st Hussars was known successively as the Hussars of Jura and Hussars of Chartres, being commanded by the Duke of Chartres eldest son of the Duke of Orleans. It was in Spain in 1823 and in Belgium in 1831.

The Crimean Campaign (1854-1856) was the next scene of the exploits of the old Berchény. The regiment mobilized at Marseilles on the 12th June, 1854, only the officers taking their horses, the troops being remounted at Varna. It was on reconnaissance with three divisions of infantry in the Dobruja, when fate played it another of her peculiar tricks, cholera breaking out and all the horses being requisitioned for the transport of the sick. After an interval at Adrianople and Constantinople,



THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.
Colonel-General, French Hussars, 1787.

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it disembarked in the Crimea in May, 1855. The honour, Sevastopol, on its standard commemorates hard service in this siege.

Much active service in Algeria preceded the outbreak of the disastrous Franco-Prussian War. There followed a period of orders and counter-orders from Paris, during which the regiment was worn by long marches without corn or other forage. On the 31st of August, Margueritte's Division, in which the 1st Hussars formed with the 6th Chasseurs, Tillard's Brigade, fell back with the rest of Marshal MacMahon's Army under the walls of Sedan.

At six o'clock in the morning on the following day, the battle began. The Cavalry Division of Brahaut retired under a terrific cannonade and formed up on the left of Margueritte's Division. The two generals having no orders and seeing the Prussian infantry to be advancing rapidly, decided towards 10 o'clock to charge together, but having to fall back, the divisions were immobilised under a murderous fire till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The brigadier, Tillard, was killed being replaced by the colonel of the 1st Hussars, whose lieutenant-colonel took his place in command. General Margueritte was also mortally wounded by a ball in the throat, when reconnoitring the ground, being succeeded by General de Galliffet.

Another charge led by the 1st Hussars ended by its rallying at half strength. Called upon for a final supreme effort for the honour of the Arms, de Galliffet replied: "*Tant que vous voudrez, mon général, tant qu'il en restera un !*"

The hussars rode over the Prussian skirmishers lying on the ground, cut down a battalion and hurled themselves against infantry formed in square. Then the remnants charged the enemy scouts. The losses were eleven officers and 327 men out of 490.

After the Franco-Prussian War, the 1st Hussars was re-organised and sent on active service in Algeria, and in 1881, it took part in the expedition to Tunisia. Before the Great War it had like the other Light Cavalry regiments, the rôle of corps cavalry, this service being regarded as entailing the hardest

work on the horses which were classed as "*très résistants*." Cuirassiers and dragoons were preferred for the cavalry divisions on account of their weight in a charge.

The uniform of the Berchény was during the first 150 years of its existence, light blue with white braiding. Only the head-dress differed as in the other hussar regiments, the original red cap bordered with fox or bearskin, being changed in 1752 for the brimless felt hat or *mirliton*, which was red at first and later black. During the Revolution this was fitted with a peak and under the First Empire developed into a black bell-topped shako.* With the Bourbon Restoration this black shako was replaced by a red cylindrical one, which in 1845 under Louis Philippe became smaller and conical with a drooping plume. Under the Second Empire the vogue was for small lambskin busbies called *talpacks*—rather like those worn by our rifle regiments in the 'seventies—with upright swan-feather *plumets*. During the Third Republic till the Great War, the "*culotte rouge*" was introduced for the French cavalry, booted-overalls being worn till early in the present century when breeches and boots were adopted. In 1907 the braiding disappeared from the tunics of the Light Cavalry, the only remaining Hungarian feature of the uniform being the knot on the low shako. Kettle drums were abolished for hussars in 1762.

CHAMBORANT (2nd HUSSARS), 1733.

No name has greater honour in the French military annals than that of the Chamborant Hussars. Formed at Strasburg on the 21st January, 1733, by Comte d'Esterhazy, grandson of Prince Esterhazy, Viceroy of Hungary, it was known by his name till 1743, when it passed to his lieutenant-colonel, David,

* I am informed by the celebrated Hungarian authoress and etymologist, Földes Yolanda, that the origin usually given for this word as being from the Magyar for "peaked cap" (*csakós süveg*)—see the New English Dictionary—is incorrect, the term for "peak" being not "*csák*"—a word which does not exist in Hungarian—but "*csucs*" or in a modern military sense, "*ellenzo*." A "*cséko*" (pronounced "*chako*") means a stiff felt cap in contrast to "*süveg*" or "*főveg*" which is a pointed cloth forage cap, the word for an ordinary cap being "*sapka*" (pronounced "*shapka*"). If the cap is partly or wholly of fur like our busby, it is a "*Kucsma*" (pronounced "*Kutchma*"). In French works the term "Shako" is similarly used to cover either the peaked felt cap or the brimless one or "*mirliton*." The origin of the word "shako" is therefore unknown.

also a Hungarian. In 1747 a French colonel, Turpin, took command till 1761, when the Marquis of Chamborant succeeded.

Its early campaigns were similar to those of the Berchény, comprising the siege of Prague and Belle-Isle's retreat to the Main in the war against Austria and later the Flanders campaign. As David Houzards, it was in April, 1745, at Fontenoy and on the 2nd July, 1747, at Lauffeldt, as Turpin Houzards it charged our infantry, breaking through to the reserves. For this success Turpin was nominated brigadier though permitted to remain at the head of his regiment. In the Seven Years War (1756-1763), which was disastrous for the French arms, it added to its laurels at Crefeld, when by repeated charges it saved the retreat. At Minden also, in 1759, the Turpin Houzards distinguished itself. A few years previously their commander, who was renowned for his wit, being at Berlin was shown by Frederick the Great a map of his somewhat scattered kingdom. Asked what he would do with it if it belonged to him, Count Turpin replied : " Sire. Je le vendrais pièce a pièce pour aller le manger à Paris ! "

Vellinghausen (20th July, 1761) was one of the greatest battles of the Seven Years War, about 150,000 troops being engaged on the two sides. Chamborant at the debut of his command, in company with the Regiment of Auvergne, was charged with the duty of protecting the French forces under Rochambeau occupying Vellinghausen. The British forces engaged with the Austrian army included thirteen cavalry regiments. The French being surprised, were retreating in great disorder when Chamborant intervened with his hussars, making five successive charges delivered with such *élan* that Rochambeau was enabled to collect his army and halt the pursuit. On the occasion of this battle Chamborant showed a truly humane and chivalrous spirit, for hearing through a trumpeter of Hungarian hussars made prisoner, that his opponent the Prince of Brunswick, was lying seriously wounded and unattended in front of the enemy outposts, he sent two surgeons to succour him and had him then carried into the Austrian lines. In the same year Chamborant saved Rochambeau's army for a

second time near Homburg, when the latter was attacked by superior forces under the Marquess of Granby. At Warburg also, at the beginning of July, 1762, the regiment was successful in destroying the baggage train of our army and in carrying off by a ruse an important convoy of munitions. So high had become its reputation for dashing gallantry that the Duc de Lauzun, who later commanded another famous hussar regiment, offered to buy it from Chamborant for the then fabulous sum of 800,000 livres, but the latter though he had been promoted to the post of Inspector-General of Hussars, refused the offer as he desired to remain its chief to the end. Fate, however, was to decide otherwise, as at the Revolution he was like Berchény, obliged by circumstances to emigrate.

Though now officially the 2nd Hussars, the fame of the old regiment was so great that it continued to be known to all by its old name of Chamborant. La Fayette awarded it the title of "régiment modèle" and under the Revolution it fought the Prussians at Valmy, and with the Berchény, charged the Austrians at Jemmapes. In the following years with Latour's Dragoons it measured its prowess on many occasions in the Low Countries against the cream of the Austrian cavalry, including their cuirassiers and Wurmser's Hussars. It took part with the 5th Hussars in the celebrated capture of the Dutch fleet icebound in the Texel Sound. In 1797 the 2nd Hussars for the first time became part of a cavalry division under General Ney and showed the same fine qualities as it displayed as corps cavalry. Its renown attained its apogee in 1800, on the day of Hohenlinden, when it made a series of charges on the heads of the columns of the Austrian Archduke John debouching from the forest of Ebersberg.

Unlike the Berchény, the Chamborant was present at Austerlitz and Jena. In 1805, when Napoleon having abandoned his projected invasion of England, turned the *Grande Armée* away from the Channel ports to Central Europe, the 2nd Hussars were brigaded with the 5th Hussars in the Light Cavalry Division commanded by General Kellermann in Bernadotte's army corps. At Austerlitz (2nd December, 1805) this division was

reinforcing Prince Murat's Reserve Cavalry. Kellermann resolved to charge the right flank of the enemy but through a mistaken order turned the brigade so that for some minutes it was facing with its back to the foe. This extraordinary error did not escape the attention of the commander of a Russian cavalry division, who charging with six regiments threw the brigade into disorder, which in its turn carried away with it the supporting brigade. Kellermann was however able to rally the two brigades and in the course of a charge in which he was wounded, the 2nd Hussars captured a Russian flag.

The pursuit of the Prussians by Murat after the battle of Jena (14th October, 1806) lasted twenty-four days and covered 500 miles. The 2nd Hussars was now in a Light Brigade with the 4th Hussars and 5th Chasseurs. Eight guns were taken from the retreating Prussians on the 17th October, and on the following day the Chamborant charged Prussian hussars putting 300 men *hors de combat*. On the 29th October, Colonel Gérard, the commanding officer, attacked Blücher's rearguard with two squadrons only, bagging 400 prisoners and the baggage train. The 1st and 3rd November saw further large captures of Prussian dragoons and the wounding and taking prisoner of the 2nd Hussars colonel, who was however rescued with fifty of his men. At the end of the pursuit, Gérard was chosen by Bernadotte to deliver to the Emperor at Berlin the sixty flags taken by his army corps.

During the winter of 1806-1807 the 2nd Hussars were on outpost duty in Poland facing hordes of Cossacks. On the 20th January, they discovered that the Russians, taking advantage of a sudden intense frost which had made passable the flooded ground, were about to surprise Ney and Bernadotte and attempt the relief of Danzig. Through the alarm given by the hussars the attack was repulsed.

In the following February the Chamborant had many skirmishes with a Prussian hussar regiment as famous as itself—the Death's Head Hussars. This regiment was commanded by a French emigré, La Roche-Aymon. The uniform of the Chamborant was brown; that of the Death's Head Hussars

black. La Roche-Aymon having penetrated into the town of Bromberg and taken in the citadel the French guard, instead of making them prisoners sent them into their lines accompanied by one of his trumpeters. They were received by a main guard of the 2nd Hussars, who sent the trumpeter back with this note: "Les frères bruns saluent les frères noirs." Under the Restoration La Roche-Aymon became a French general and the 2nd Hussars was one of the regiments in his command.

1809 found the Chamborant in Spain with the Light Cavalry Division commanded by the famous General Lasalle, which with Latour-Maubourg's Dragoon Division joined the cavalry of the army of Marshal Victor. This army was opposed by the Spaniards under General Cuesta, aided by a British Expeditionary force under Wellesley. On the 27th March, 1809, the regiment took part in the defeat of the Spaniards at the Cerro de Medellin. Later at Albuhera (16th May, 1811) and at Villagarcia (April, 1812) it was to encounter British troops. At Albuhera it claimed in conjunction with Polish lancers to have broken into three brigades of our infantry, while at Villagarcia it was charged by the 16th Light Dragoons in Ponsonby's Brigade forming part of Stapleton Cotton's Division.

The disasters of the Russian campaign compelled Napoleon to withdraw a part of his cavalry from Spain. The 3rd and 4th Squadrons of the 2nd Hussars were thus present at the bloody battle of Leipsic (16th-18th October, 1813). The decimated squadrons were remade with new recruits from Spain who could neither ride a horse or wield a sabre. In the presence of the Emperor these raw levies charged the Wurtembergers at Montereau, the enemy artillery tearing great gaps in the galloping mob. Yet they reached and overwhelmed all and retook the bridges. During the First Restoration the 2nd Hussars became temporarily the *Hussards de la Reine*. It was not present at Waterloo, being in the corps defending Belfort.

When Louis XVIII remounted for the second time the throne of France, the 2nd Hussars were reconstituted as *Hussards de la Moselle*, but later these titles were suppressed and it

regained its old number. Its next serious active service was in Algeria, in 1844, under Bugeaud, where it had three years of hard fighting. Following this came the Italian campaign of 1859, when on the 24th of June at Solferino it charged the Austrians to such effect that the whole supporting division was enabled to advance and consolidate its position.

In the Franco-Prussian War the old Chamborant brigaded with the 7th Hussars under Montaigu was in the army commanded by Marshal Bazaine. It took part in the great cavalry battle of Mars-la-Tour (16th August, 1870). With their sabres bound to their wrists with handkerchiefs and shouting "Charge ! charge !" the hussars fell upon the enemy cavalry. Nearly all the officers including Montaigu were killed or wounded. At a critical point of the struggle the Lancers of the Guard were sent as reinforcement. Their lance caps being mistaken for those of Prussian uhlans, a *mêlée* in which French troopers sabred each other, took place. At the end of this indecisive battle, Bazaine's army fell back on Metz where it later capitulated.

Before the last Great War, the 2nd Hussars brigaded with the 4th Hussars was stationed at Verdun. Two such famous regiments naturally gave a tremendous *cachet* to this garrison town of 20,000 men. All vied with each other in organising steeplechases, tattoos and tennis tournaments on the ramparts, while in winter skating took place on the frozen Meuse, lit up by the searchlights of the citadel and to the music of fanfares played on the hunting horns of the hussar trumpeters. All was suddenly changed in August, 1914, the 2nd Hussars being directed on Arlon in the Belgian Ardennes. Marcel Dupont in "Sabre au Poing" (Berger-Levrault, 1939)—which incidentally has a preface by General Weygand—gives a vivid account of an affair near Vance in the forest between the Chamborant still wearing their shakos and red breeches and green clad *Jäger zu Pferde*.

The uniform of the Chamborant from 1776 till 1870 was brown, this distinctive uniform having, it is said, been jestingly chosen by Queen Marie-Antoinette on seeing a Franciscan friar

crossing the courtyard at Versailles. During the Revolution bearskin busbies* were worn by officers and trumpeters of hussars instead of the *mirliton*, while under the First Empire the *élite* companies of hussars had a similar headdress.

* In one of the great halls of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris, which was formerly a refectory of the pensioners, was installed in 1916 the paintings and a collection of historical uniforms belonging to the celebrated military artist, Detaille. Here also was placed for the State visit of our King in 1938, the unique mounted figures of cavaliers of the 1st and 2nd Empire on horses moulded by a well-known Russian sculptor. Conspicuous amongst them are a Chasseur of the Imperial Guard and an *élite* hussar, both with bearskin busbies.

(To be concluded).



CAVALRY BADGES

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PART III*

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DRAGOON GUARDS

Research work at the present time is difficult to pursue, which accounts for the lapse of time since Part II of this series appeared. A good deal of history centres round Regimental Badges and it is hoped that the following record, brief as it is, will be of some assistance to those interested in the subject.

Up to the middle of the 18th century clothing matters were very much in the hands of the Colonels of Regiments, but in 1751 a Royal Warrant was published which brought them under official control. In 1768 another warrant appeared giving fuller details of clothing, standards, Guidons, horse furniture, and similar matters, and in order to avoid constant repetition of these details in the following regimental lists, the main items from the two warrants are given below :

Royal Warrant of 1751.

Standards and Guidons of Dragoon Guards, Standards of Regiments of Horse, and Guidons of Dragoons :

First, or King's.—To be crimson : in the centre the Rose and Thistle conjoined with the Crown above and the motto

“ Dieu et mon Droit ” below. In the first and fourth compartments The White Horse and in the second and third the Rank of the Regiment.

Second or Third.—To be the Colour of the Regimental facings with the badge of the regiment or the Rank of the Regiment within a wreath of Roses and Thistles in the centre. The motto “ Dieu et mon Droit ” below. The White Horse in the first and fourth compartments and the Rose and Thistle conjoined in the second and third.

Those regiments which have a badge in the centre are to carry their Rank in the second and third compartment within a small wreath of Roses and Thistles.

Note.—Ireland did not join the Union until 1800 which accounts for the absence of the shamrock from the badges.

Coats.—Dragoon Guards lapelled to the waist.

Horse Regiments lapelled to the bottom of the coat.

Dragoons, no lapels.

Housings and Holster Caps.—The Rank of the Regiment within a wreath of Roses and Thistles, or the badge of the regiment, to be embroidered upon the housings. The King’s Cypher with Crown above and Rank of the Regiment, to be embroidered on the holster caps.

In dealing with the coats for Cavalry the warrant states: “ The whole to have long pockets, the button-holes to be of a very narrow yellow or white lace, as hereafter specified, and set on two and two or three and three, for distinction sake.” Attention is called to the last three words, “ for distinction sake.” As badges and other devices are intended to facilitate rapid identification the list given in the warrant is reproduced below, from which it will be seen that little distinction was in fact really achieved. The 10th Dragoons (10th Hussars) appears to be the only regiment to depart from the general arrangement of the buttons, for they were authorized to wear them “ 3, 4, 5.” As some assistance was obtained from the colour of the facings, this information has also been included in the table.

<i>Regiment.</i>	<i>Buttons.</i>	<i>Facings.</i>
1st or King's Regiment of Dragoon Guards (1st K.D.G.)	Yellow 2 and 2	Blue
2nd or Queen's Regiment of Dragoon Guards (The Bays)	Yellow 3 and 3	Buff
3rd Regiment of Dragoon Guards (3rd D.G.)	Yellow 2 and 2	White
1st Horse (4th Dragoon Guards)	White 2 and 2	Pale Blue
2nd Horse (5th Dragoon Guards)	Yellow 2 and 2	Full Green
3rd Horse or The Carabiniers (The Carabiniers)	White 2 and 2	Pale Yellow
4th Horse (7th Dragoon Guards)	Yellow 2 and 2	Black
1st or Royal Dragoons (The Royals)	Yellow 2 and 2	Blue
2nd or Royal North British Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys)	White 2 and 2	Blue
3rd or King's Own Dragoons (3rd Hussars)	Yellow 3 and 3	Light Blue
4th Dragoons (4th Hussars) ...	White 2 and 2	Green
5th Royal Irish Dragoons (5th Lancers)	White 3 and 3	Blue
6th Inniskilling Dragoons (The Inniskillings)... ..	White 2 and 2	Full Yellow
7th Queen's Dragoons (7th Hussars)	White 3 and 3	White
8th Dragoons (8th Hussars) ...	White 3 and 3	Yellow
9th Dragoons (9th Lancers) ...	White 2 and 2	Buff
10th Dragoons (10th Hussars)...	White 3 and 4 and 5	Deep Yellow
11th Dragoons (11th Hussars)...	White 3 and 3	Buff
12th Dragoons (12th Lancers)...	White 2 and 2	White
13th Dragoons (13th Hussars)...	Yellow 3 and 3	Light Green
14th Dragoons (14th Hussars)...	White 3 and 3	Lemon

This arrangement was repeated in the 1768 Warrant (see below) with details of the four recently raised Light Dragoon Regiments added, viz. :

15th King's Light Dragoons (15th Hussars)	White 2 and 2	Blue
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<i>Regiment.</i>	<i>Buttons.</i>	<i>Facings.</i>
16th Queen's Light Dragoons (16th Lancers)	White 2 and 2	Blue
17th Light Dragoons (17th Lancers)	White 2 and 2	White
18th Light Dragoons (18th Hussars)	White 2 and 2	White

Royal Clothing Warrant of 1768.

The main features, as far as Cavalry Badges and other distinctive items are concerned, are as follows :

Standards and Guidons.—Same as in 1751 except that in the case of The Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards (3rd) and The Prince of Wales's Light Dragoons (12th Lancers), instead of having the Rank of the Regiment within a wreath of Roses and Thistles in the centre of their second and third standard or Guidon, they were to have the Rank of the Regiment below the Prince of Wales's Plume.

Number on Buttons.—A step forward in identification was made in this warrant when it was laid down that the " Number of each Regiment to be on the buttons of the uniforms of Officers and men, except the three Regiments of Dragoon Guards " who were to bear " the initial letters of their titles." At this period the three Regiments of Dragoon Guards were the
1st King's Dragoon Guards
The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards)
3rd Dragoon Guards (Prince of Wales's)
all three having been converted from Horse in 1746.

The Number of the Regiment on buttons and badges in the Cavalry has had a long innings and is still to be found upon several of them.

Epaulettes.—Another distinctive feature introduced by this warrant was the epaulette. Officers of Dragoon Guards, Horse and Dragoons, were to have one on the left shoulder and officers of Light Dragoons to have one on each shoulder. They were to be gold or silver embroidered with a fringe.

Kettle Drummers.—Negro drummers, cymbal players, etc., appear to have been introduced into the Service at the beginning of the 18th century and they did not disappear therefrom until

the 1840's. The orders relating to kettle-drummers in 1768 concern them, in that they were permitted to wear "Moorish Turbans" instead of the universal black bear-skin caps. On the front of these caps was a badge, the King's Arms, on the back the number of the Regiment.

Farriers.—To wear a black bear-skin cap and the once familiar Horse Shoe badge on the fore part.

Cockades.—All were to wear a black Cockade on their hats, except The Royal North British Dragoons (now The Royal Scots Greys) who were to wear black bear-skin caps with a badge on the front—the Thistle within the Circle of St. Andrew, with the motto "Nemo me impune lacessit."

1st King's Dragoon Guards.

The first six regiments of Dragoon Guards were raised as Horse Regiments in 1685 for King James II at the time of the rebellion headed by the Duke of Monmouth. This regiment was raised by Sir John Lanier, who, being popular at Court, obtained for the Regiment the Royal title of "The Queen's Regiment of Horse." When George I came to the throne in 1714 there was no Queen Consort and the title was consequently altered to "The King's Regiment of Horse." In 1746 the regiment was converted to Dragoons with the title of "1st or King's Regiment of Dragoon Guards." The present form of the title was adopted in 1920.

1685.—The earliest uniform of the regiment appears to have been a Scarlet long coat with yellow facings. On the saddle-cloth and holster was embroidered a badge consisting of the Royal Cypher, "J.R." within the Garter and with the Crown above.

1714.—When the title was changed in this year from "Queen's" to "King's," the colour of the facings was also changed from yellow (the colour of the Stuart livery) to blue.

1751 and 1768.—See Extracts from Royal Clothing Warrants above.

1822.—Very little in the way of regulations seems to have been published until the appearance of the Dress Regulations of 1822, which set out in some detail the description of the various

articles of uniform, horse furniture, etc. The most obvious distinction of Dragoon Guards and Heavy Dragoons was that they wore scarlet coatees whilst Light Dragoons, Lancers and Hussars wore blue jackets.

On the skirt of the scarlet coatee was to be worn the "Regimental Ornament" and on the hats the "Regimental button," but no description of these regimental items is given, but no doubt in the case of the K.D.Gs this was the King's Cypher within the Garter, which they had worn for a great many years.

On the sword belt, Sabretache and pouch box was a badge, the Royal Cypher, "G.R.," surmounted by a Crown.

1831.—The detail in the Dress Regulations of this year differs little from those of 1822, the main difference is that the Royal Cypher is now "W.R.," William IV having succeeded George IV in 1830.

1844.—Regimental badges had been referred to in previous Warrants and Regulations, but in the Queen's Regulations of this year they are set out in a table for the first time and that of the K.D.G. is "The King's Cypher within the Garter." As there had been no King since 1837 the description sounds a little odd. This, however, was put right in the next Queen's Regulations to be issued, those of—1857, wherein the badge is described as "The Royal Cypher within the Garter."

In the Dress Regulations of this year another regimental distinctive feature is mentioned. It is in regard to the horsehair plumes and that of the K.D.G. was red. The shabracque comes into prominence as a bearer of badges and a statement is given showing those to be borne by each Cavalry regiment. Those for the 1st King's Dragoon Guards are: On the fore corners V.R. with a Crown above in gold: on hind corners V.R. and Crown within the Garter and Motto, and I.D.G. below, all in gold.

1858.—In this year it was laid down that Dragoon Guards should carry only one Standard and Dragoons only one Guidon. Previously they had carried one per Squadron. All the badges, mottoes, etc., had now therefore to be borne on one Standard or Guidon.

1900.—The next landmark in the Dress Regulations concerning regimental badges are those of 1900 wherein they are all described in great detail for each article of uniform. Those for the K.D.G. are :

On buttons—Star of the Order of the Garter surmounted by a Crown. Within the Garter the letters “ K.D.G.”

On Collar of tunic and frock—The Austrian Eagle. The late Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment in 1896, and the double-headed eagle from his Coat-of-Arms was adopted in honour of this. It was dropped in 1915, but was resumed again in 1937.

On full dress headdress—Garter Star with motto and Royal Cypher within the Garter.

On waist plate—Royal Cypher and Crown.

On the pouch—Royal Cypher and Crown.

On Field Cap—Austrian Eagle.

On the pugaree—Austrian Eagle.

1934.—The Dress Regulations of 1904 and 1911 show no change in the badges, but those of 1934 omit the Austrian Eagle on the collar of the tunic and frock and in its place there is an Eight-pointed Star surmounted by a Crown. Within the Star an oval Garter with motto and within the Garter the letters “ K.D.G.” As explained above, the Austrian Eagle has once more been taken into use.

The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards).

Like its predecessor, this regiment was also raised in 1685 at the time of Monmouth's rebellion, its first Colonel being Henry, Earl of Peterborough. It was equipped as Cuirassiers at the outset and was the 3rd Horse but, for its services during the 1715 Rebellion, it was styled “ The Princess of Wales's Own Royal Regiment of Horse.” The Princess became Queen Consort on the accession of her husband as George II in 1727 and the title was consequently altered to “ The Queen's Own Regiment of Horse.” In 1746 it was converted to Dragoons with the title of “ 2nd, or Queen's Regiment of Dragoon Guards.” It seems that about 1767 it was ordered to be mounted on bay

horses from which circumstance it gained the nickname of "The Queen's Bays" which has now been officially recognised as part of the title. The present form of the title was adopted in 1920.

1865.—In common with other Horse Regiments, the 3rd Horse wore the long scarlet coat on raising, with red facings. They would also bear King James II's Cypher as a badge on saddlecloth and holster.

1751 and 1768.—See above for Extracts from the Royal Clothing warrants.

1784.—In Cannon's Historical Record of the Regiment it is stated that the facings were changed from buff to black in this year.

1822.—See under 1st King's Dragoon Guards, above.

1831.—See under 1st King's Dragoon Guards, above.

1844.—In the Queen's Regulations for this year the "Regimental Badge" is shown in the table as "The Queen's Cypher within the Garter."

1857.—Plume to be black and the badges on the shabracque, as laid down in the Dress Regulations, to be :—on fore corners "V.R." and Crown above, on hind corners "V.R." within the Garter with "The Queen's Bays" round it, and "Q.D.G." underneath.

1858.—The order for carrying standards the same as for K.D.G.'s.

1873.—In the Queen's Regulations of this year the badge of "The Queen's Cypher" is now described as "The Royal Cypher."

1900.—The Dress Regulations give the following description of the badges :

On buttons—Star of the Order of the Garter surmounted by a Crown, within the Garter the word "BAYS."

On collar of tunic and frock—The word "BAYS" within a laurel wreath with a Crown above.

On full dress headdress—Garter Star and Motto with the Royal Cypher within the Garter.

On waist plate—As for 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

On pouch—As for 1st King's Dragoon Guards.

On field cap—As on collar.

1911.—In the Dress Regulations of this year the only material difference from those of 1900 is that the motto "Pro Rege et Patria" is on the pouch on a Scroll, in addition to the other badge. There has been no material change since.

3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards).

(a) 3rd Dragoon Guards.

This regiment was also raised for James II in 1685. Its first Colonel was the Earl of Plymouth and it ranked as the 4th Horse. In 1746 it was converted to Dragoons with the title of 3rd Regiment of Dragoon Guards, and in 1765 granted the title "Prince of Wales's," together with three badges of the Prince of Wales, viz., Three feathers with a Coronet and motto "Ich Dien," the Rising Sun and the Red Dragon of Wales. In 1920 the form of the title was "3rd Dragoon Guards (Prince of Wales's)." In 1922 the regiment was amalgamated with The Carabiniers under the title "3rd/6th Dragoon Guards," which was altered in 1928 to the form given above.

1685.—The earliest clothing of the 4th Horse would include the long scarlet coat with green facings, with the King's Cypher and Crown on the Saddlecloth and Holster.

1751.—See above for the details of clothing, standards, etc., in Warrant for this year.

1768.—As stated above, the regiment had been granted the title "Prince of Wales's" and three badges associated with that title in 1765 and these are mentioned in the Clothing Warrant of this year, in that the three badges are to be borne on the second and third standards as well as the motto "Ich Dien."

1819.—In Cannon's Historical Records it is stated that the colour of the facings was changed from blue to yellow.

1857.—The Dress Regulations lay down that the Colour of the horsehair plume is to be Black and Red and the badges on the Shabracque to be: on fore corners V.R. and Crown; on hind corners "Crown over plume, with coronet and scroll ('Ich Dien')." "

1900.—The Dress Regulations give the following description of badges.

On buttons—Prince of Wales's plume within Garter and Motto.

On collar of tunic and frock—Prince of Wales's plume and Coronet.

On full dress headdress—Garter Star and motto, within the Garter Prince of Wales's plume.

On waist plate—As for K.D.G.s.

On pouch—As for K.D.G.s.

On field cap—As for collar with "3rd Dragoon Guards" on a scroll below.

See below for badges approved for the amalgamated regiment.

(b) *The Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards)*

Like its partner, this regiment was brought into being at the time of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. Its first Colonel was Lord Lumley and it ranked as the 9th Horse. Lumley had been Master of the Horse to the Queen Dowager when she was Charles II's Consort and she honoured the regiment by allowing it to be named after her—"The Queen Dowager's Regiment of Horse." Thus it became a Royal regiment from the time it was raised. William III granted it the title of "Carabiniers" in recognition of its gallant conduct at the battle of the Boyne in 1691. "Carabiniers" were light horsemen and it seems somewhat strange that a heavy horse regiment should be honoured by being granted this title, but Carabiniers were much in favour on the Continent at that time and it was considered a great honour to be associated with them, if only in title. In 1851 the regiment was actually equipped as Light Cavalry, from which circumstance it obtained its Light Cavalry blue uniform, and, although it was re-equipped as Heavy Cavalry some years later, it wore this uniform to the time of amalgamation in 1922.

In 1746 it became the 3rd Horse, in consequence of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Horse being converted to Dragoon Guards, but in 1788 it was itself similarly converted and designated the "6th Dragoon Guards or The Carabiniers."

1685.—A favourite colour of the Queen Dowager was sea-green and this colour was adopted for the facings of the long scarlet coat of the period.

1715.—In this year, however, the colour of the facings was changed from sea-green to pale yellow. Perhaps George I did not wish to have any reminders of the Stuart dynasty.

1751.—See above for extracts from the Clothing Warrant of this year.

1768.—The Warrant of this year introduced no changes from that of 1751 with the exception that the facings are now white, instead of yellow. See above for extracts.

1857.—The Dress Regulations of this year give the colour of the horsehair plume as black, and the badges on the shabracque to be—on fore corners “V.R.” and Crown; on hind corners “Crown over Crossed-Carbines, below on a scroll ‘Carabiniers 6 D.G.’”

There is a special note in the Dress Regulations in regard to the 6th Dragoon Guards which states that the regiment retains the “Dragoon Guards and Heavy Dragoons” helmet—“but are in other respects dressed and equipped as Light Dragoons”—i.e., blue tunic with white facings.

1900.—The detail of badges in the Dress Regulations of this year is as follows:

On buttons—Garter, inscribed “Carabiniers” with Crown above, within the Garter “VI. D.G.”

On collar of tunic or frock—Upon Crossed Carbines, the Garter and motto surmounted by a Crown, within the Garter “VI. D.G.” and below the Garter “Carabiniers.”

On full dress headdress—On Garter Star the Garter and motto and within the Garter the figure “6.”

On waist-plate—As for K.D.G.

On the pouch—As for K.D.G.

On field cap—As on collar.

1934.—The Dress Regulations of this year lay down the badges for the amalgamated regiment, viz.:—

On buttons—Upon Crossed Carbines the Prince of Wales’s plume; below the coronet, a scroll bearing “3rd Carabiniers.”

On collar of tunic and mess jacket—As on buttons.

On full dress headdress—The Garter Star with Garter and motto: within the Garter, on Crossed Carbines, the Prince of Wales's plume.

On waist-plate—As for K.D.G.

On pouch—Royal Cypher and Crown, on the Cypher the Prince of Wales's plume and coronet on Crossed Carbines.

On white F.S. Helmet and Forage Cap—As for collar, but larger.

On Service dress—As for forage cap.

On the Standard there are four badges:

In the centre—Two Carbines crossed in Saltire surmounted by the Plume of the Prince of Wales.

In the 1st and 4th corners—The White Horse.

In the 2nd corner—The Rising Sun.

In the 3rd corner—The Red Dragon.

By comparison it will be seen that both regiments are well represented in the combined badges.

4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards.

(a) 4th Dragoon Guards

The two regiments in this amalgamation were raised from opposite motives: the 4th were raised for James II and the 7th to oppose him.

The 4th were raised in 1685 at the time of Monmouth's rebellion, the first Colonel being the Earl of Arran. It ranked as the 6th Horse until 1690, when, on the disbandment of the regiment immediately senior, it became the 5th Horse. In 1746, when on the Irish Establishment, it was variously described as the 1st Horse, 1st Irish Horse, or The Blue Horse, the latter referring to the colour of its facings. In 1788 it was converted to Dragoons with the title of 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, in consideration of long and faithful service in Ireland, and not because its origin was associated with Ireland. In 1922 it was amalgamated with the 7th Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal's).

1685.—On raising it had the long scarlet coat with white facings, which, as mentioned above, were blue in 1746.

1751.—In the Clothing Warrant of this year the facings are still described as blue for the “1st Horse.” It obtained this precedence owing to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Horse being converted to Dragoon Guards in 1746. See above for extracts from the Clothing Warrant.

1768.—See above for extracts from the Clothing Warrant.

1838.—In this year the regiment was granted a badge, commemorative of its Irish service, viz. : Harp and Crown and Star of the Order of St. Patrick with the motto “*Quis Separabit*” (Who shall separate us).

1844.—The Queen’s Regulations of this year were the first to state the Regimental badges in tabular form and that granted to the regiment in 1838 will be found in the table.

1857.—The Dress Regulations lay down that the horsehair plume is to be white and the badges on the shabracque as follows : on fore corners “V.R.” and Crown ; on hind corners Crown over Harp and “4.D.G.” below.

1900.—The detail in the Dress Regulations is :—

On buttons—Star of the Order of St. Patrick with “R.I.D.G.” above the motto.

On collar of tunic and frock—Star of the Order of St. Patrick.

On full dress headdress—Garter Star on the Circle of which is inscribed “*Quis Separabit, MDCCLXXXIII,*” (1783, the year the Order was instituted by George III) within the circle the Cross of St. Patrick, upon which is a shamrock leaf with a Crown on each petal.

On waist-plate—As for 1st K.D.Gs., but with a shamrock leaf, instead of oak-leaf wreath.

On pouch—As for 1st K.D.Gs.

On field cap—As for collar with a scroll below inscribed “4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards.”

1904.—The only difference from the 1900 Dress Regulations is in regard to the badge on the buttons, which is now described as : The Star of the Order of St. Patrick with “4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards” round the Star.

(b) 7th Dragoon Guards

As mentioned above under (a) this regiment was raised to oppose James II.

As soon as the Earl of Devonshire learned that William of Orange had landed at Torbay he went to Derby and invited the local gentry and yeomen to join him in supporting the Protestant cause. Whilst here he learned of a plot against himself so he moved to Nottingham, where he had more success and raised a number of troops and companies. Meanwhile the Princess Anne (later Queen Anne) decided to leave her Royal father and fly to Nottingham, which she did on 25th November, 1688. During her journey from London a rumour reached the Earl of Devonshire that some of the King's party intended to intercept her, whereupon he set out with some troops of Horse to meet her and conduct her safely to Nottingham. Later she expressed a wish to visit her husband, Prince George of Denmark, then at Oxford, and the Earl with his troops escorted her thither. When news of his conduct reached William he was so pleased that he commissioned the Earl to raise a regiment of Horse for permanent service from his followers. His commission is dated 31st December, 1688, which is the birthday of the 7th Dragoon Guards. It ranked as the 8th Horse until 1746 when it was renumbered the 4th, and in view of the colour of its facings, was popularly known as "The Black Horse." In 1788 it was converted to Dragoons with the title of "7th Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards."

1688.—According to Colonel C. W. Thompson's history of the regiment the original colour of their coats was blue, this being changed in 1690 to scarlet, with presumably black facings. The chief colour in the Duke of Devonshire's Arms is black, so it is possible that his ancestor introduced that colour into the facings of his regiment.

1751 and 1768.—See above for extracts from the Clothing Warrants of these years.

1857.—The Dress Regulations lay down that the colour of the horsehair plume is to be Black and White and the badges on the shabracque as follows: on fore corners "V.R. and Crown"; on hind corners "Crown over Garter" with the

words (Princess Royal's) round it, and "7.D.G." within the Garter.

1900.—The detail in the Dress Regulations for this year is as follows :—

On buttons—"P.R.D.G." surmounted by the Princess Royal's coronet.

On collar of tunic and frock—The Earl of Ligonier's Crest (a Lion issuing from a Coronet with a scroll below inscribed "Quo fata vocant"). Sir John (later Lord) Ligonier was Colonel of the Regiment from 1720 to 1749.

On full dress headdress—On a Garter Star an elliptical ring bearing "The Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards." The figure "7" within the ring.

On waist plate—"P.R.D.G." surmounted by the Princess Royal's coronet.

On pouch—As on waist plate.

On field cap—As for collar but the scroll is inscribed "7th Dragoon Guards."

1934.—The Dress Regulations of this year were the first to be issued after the amalgamation in 1922. The badges therein are described as follows :—

On buttons—"IV — VII" surmounted by the Princess Royal's coronet.

On collar of tunic and mess jacket—On an eight-pointed Star a circle bearing the motto "Quis Separabit" and "MCMXXII" (1922, the date of the amalgamation); within the circle the Cross of St. George and superimposed on that the coronet of the Princess Royal.

On full dress headdress—Garter Star bearing "Quis Separabit" and "MCMXXII" on an oval; in the centre the Cross of St. George with the Princess Royal's coronet upon it.

On waist plate—As for 1st K.D.Gs.

On pouch—As for 1st K.D.Gs.

On white F.S. helmet and forage cap—As for collar.

On Service dress—(i) On collar—As for collar of tunic;
(ii) On cap—As for forage cap.

*5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.**(a) 5th Dragoon Guards*

This regiment was raised in 1685 by the Earl of Shrewsbury for James II at the time of Monmouth's rebellion, whilst its partner in the amalgamated regiment—The Inniskilling (6th Dragoons)—was raised from among the defenders of Enniskillen against James's forces. They were, therefore, raised in support of opposite causes.

The 5th were originally equipped as cuirassiers and ranked as the 7th Horse but when the three senior Horse Regiments were converted to Dragoon Guards in 1746, they were re-numbered the 2nd Horse or 2nd Irish Horse, or again The Green Horse, from the colour of their facings. In 1788 the regiment was converted to Dragoon Guards as the 5th Dragoon Guards and in 1804 was granted the title "Princess Charlotte of Wales's." On amalgamation with The Inniskillings in 1922, the first title was "5th/6th Dragoons" which was altered to "5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards" in 1927. In 1935, the title "Royal" was granted to the regiment to mark King George V's Silver Jubilee.

1751 and 1768.—See above for extracts from the Warrants of these years.

Under the 1751 Warrant the 2nd Horse was authorised to bear the motto "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" (We never retreat). Regimental mottos were very rare at this period.

1857.—The Dress Regulations lay down that the colour of the horsehair plume is to be Red and White and the badges on the shabracque as follows: on fore corners "V.R. and Crown"; on hind corners "Crown over 5" within the Garter, with the motto "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" round it and "D.G." below

1900.—The detailed description of badges in the Dress Regulations of this year is as follows:—

On buttons—Star of the Order of the Garter surmounted by a Crown the Garter inscribed with the regimental motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" Within the Garter "5.D.G."

On collar of tunic and frock—A circle inscribed with the regimental motto and surmounted by a Crown. Within the circle the White Horse above and "V.D.G." below.

On full dress headdress—On a Garter Star on elliptical ring, inscribed “ P.C.W. Dragoon Guards ” within the ring the figure “ 5.”

On Waist plate—As for 1st K.D.Gs.

On pouch—As for 1st K.D.Gs.

On field cap—As for collar.

1904.—There are no changes from 1900, but Service Dress had since been introduced and the badges are as follows, as well as for the forage cap :—

On forage cap—As for collar, but larger.

On collar—As for tunic.

On cap—As for forage cap.

(b) *The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons)*

“ Inniskilling ” is the ancient spelling of Enniskillen, and the former form was used in the regimental title in the Clothing Warrant of 1751. The usual form of the full title down to 1920 was 6th (or Inniskilling) Dragoons, but in that year it became, officially, The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons).

1690.—According to Major E. S. Jackson’s history of The Inniskilling Dragoons the earliest uniform was of an iron grey colour.

1742.—In this year the colour of the equipment was light buff and sashes were worn over the shoulder instead of round the waist.

1751 and 1768.—See above for extracts from the Warrants of these years. Under the 1751 warrant the regiment was authorised to bear The Castle of Inniskilling as a badge on the housings, holster caps and second and third guidons. It is believed, however, that this badge had been worn at a much earlier period and the warrant merely regularised the practice. It is probably the earliest badge to associate a regiment with its place of origin.

Under the 1768 Warrant the sash was ordered to be worn round the waist (see under 1742).

1857.—The horsehair plume to be white and the badges on the shabracque to be : on fore corners “ V.R. and Crown in Gold ” ; on hind corners a Crown over a scroll inscribed “ Innis-

killing," the Castle with "6.D." below it. The Castle silver embroidered with the green hills and the rest gold.

1900, 1904 and 1911.—In the Dress Regulations of these years the main badge is The Castle of Inniskilling, sometimes with the word "Inniskilling" below it.

1934.—The only Dress Regulations to be published since the amalgamation in 1922 are those of 1934, in which both regiments are well represented, viz :—

On buttons—The Castle of Inniskilling within a circle inscribed "Vestigia nulla retrorsum" and "V," "D" and "G" above and on each side of it, respectively.

On collar of tunic—The Castle.

On full dress headdress—Star of the Garter with a ring inscribed "Inniskilling Dragoon Guards" with the figure "5" within the ring.

On pouch—Royal Cypher and Crown; on the Cypher the Castle with a scroll below inscribed "Inniskilling."

On forage cap—Monogram V.D.G. surmounted by a Crown.

On Service dress—(a) Collar—Castle and scroll inscribed "Inniskilling"; (b) Cap—As for forage cap.

On the standard of the amalgamated regiment the following badges are borne :—

In the centre—The monogram "V.D.G."

In 1st and 4th corners—A White Horse courant on a green ground. (The 1751 facings of the 2nd Horse were green).

In the 2nd and 3rd corners—The Castle of Inniskilling with St. George's colours and the word "Inniskilling" on a primrose ground. (The time-honoured facings of The Inniskillings were yellow).

Motto—"Vestigia nulla retrorsum."



THE FIFTH QUARTER OF THE WAR

By "OBSERVER."

WHEN the last article in this series was being penned, the Battle of Britain was in full swing "It will be decided, though possibly not finished," we then wrote, "by the time these words are read" So it was, and it has resulted in a German defeat. The closing stages of the battle, possibly still to be fought, will not affect that result.

We had carried our story of that battle down to the first week of September, and had told of the repulse, with heavy loss to the enemy, of the first series of mass air attacks, designed to blast open a way across the narrow seas for the passage of the great army of invasion which Germany had standing fully prepared to hurl upon our shores and strike us to the earth with a hammer blow similar to that by means of which she had just struck down France. That aerial prelude to the proposed *blitzkrieg* having proved a costly and complete failure, at a cost to the enemy in its three weeks' duration of close on 1,000 machines to a bare quarter of that figure for the R.A.F., a second plan of operations, more scientifically planned and more systematically carried out, was initiated in the early days of September. It was designed to strike at the aerodromes used by our defending fighters in south-east England, and at our aircraft factories throughout the country, and it was carried out not by great unwieldy masses of bombing aircraft with inadequate fighter escorts to protect them at their work, but at first by smaller forces of bombers heavily guarded by surrounding squadrons of fighters, and in its later stages by fighters themselves equipped as extemporized—and only moderately efficient—bombers. This phase, too, lasted some three weeks, After the ratio of relative losses in machines had at first dropped from four to one in our favour to three to one, it again rose to much

the former figure, so that over the whole period it stood at over three, though not quite, as before, four, to one. The relative losses in crews remained more or less constant in both periods at six to one in our favour, while the tactical and strategical results of Germany's new methods were no more favourable to her than before. From every point of view, therefore, this second phase of the battle for Britain was another German failure. No less important was the fact that the season of favourable weather for invasion was fast passing away. The third week in September normally ushers in the period of equinoctial gales, high winds, and rough seas, which render it a temerarious enterprise even to attempt to launch an invading flotilla, and rob it of all hope of establishing itself firmly on shore, even should it, by an improbable combination of good luck and good management, succeed in reaching the hostile coast.

Whether there was ever any, and if so how much, truth in the reports, whispered at the time and widely published later, that in mid-September Hitler decided to launch his embattled hosts in their flotillas of barges and flat-bottomed boats on the great adventure, and that the attempt was foiled, with accompanying losses varying with the imagination of the writer, but in any case largely by a combination of bad weather and furious bombing onslaughts by the R.A.F., cannot yet be known for certain. The stories were fervently denied in Germany and Italy, and as fervently believed in France and the United States, both of whom were perhaps better placed to know the actual facts than were the British public and Press. From the strategic point of view, such an attempt was certainly called for by the general war situation. A successful invasion of Britain was the shortest, quickest, and probably in the end the least costly way to a German victory, even if it were not the only possible one; and if it were to be attempted with any hope of success, then was certainly the time, and the last possible time, for it. It is the sort of thing that one sees Hitler resolving desperately upon, and ordering; it is very much in his "Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein." But if he did so, it must have been the act of a gambler, and a reckless and foolish gambler at that, for tacti-

cally the enterprise must surely have seemed, as it certainly was, sheerly impossible.

The difficulties of the commander of the German invading army, begun long before he had issued the orders to his troops to embark and set out across the Channel, would have increased by leaps and bounds with every forward stage. As it was, the operation was stifled, or died, before the time for this move ever came. The concentrations of large and unwieldy flotillas of the small transport craft on which the troops were to be ferried over, and of the light armed escort vessels necessary to give warning and some slight security against attack *en route*, were obvious and highly vulnerable targets for the vigilant and active R.A.F. bombers, and these took daily and nightly advantage of their opportunity. Flotillas, quays, docks and canals were incessantly and heavily pounded, and, as the hostile anti-aircraft defences proved quite unable to protect them, were severely damaged. The Germans, always methodical and thoroughgoing, were not likely rashly to venture on so laborious and complicated an enterprise as the embarkation of a large army of invasion without constant rehearsals, and it was possibly when they were engaged on some of these practice embarkations in mid-September that they were struck by a sudden gale that made havoc of the portions of the flotilla caught by it, many craft being sunk and others dispersed and forced to run for shelter where they could find it. Few of the unfortunate troops that underwent this trying experience can have been fit for action, physically or morally, for some time after it. A few days later it seems that another embarkation—whether again for practice or this time for “*der Tag*” none can yet say for certain—was observed by us while in progress and subjected to so terrific a battering from the R.A.F. that it was completely thrown out of gear and had to be abandoned in haste. Heavy casualties, both in men and shipping, were inflicted, and the morale of the hostile troops, which can hardly have been elevated by the long period of tense waiting to be unleashed and by their growing realization of the difficulties and perils of the task confronting them, must again have been adversely affected.

Few of them perhaps can have really conceived how formidable and terrifying these perils would really have been. Sallying forth upon tricky waters, notorious for their difficulties of wind and tides, menaced by the hidden perils of mine and submarine, helpless to defend themselves from the attack of any but the smallest hostile surface craft, exposed, as they embarked, as they sailed, and as they tried to land on the further shore, to incessant and determined bombing and machine gunning from the air, it could have been but a cold, seasick, and nerve-shattered body of men that finally hove in sight of the English shore—if, indeed, any ever had the fortitude and the fortune to get so far. Then must follow the attempt at landing on a coast long and carefully prepared for defence, studded with obstacles, held by far superior numbers of trained, resolute and eager foes, awaiting with the zest born of long days of patient waiting for their chance to measure themselves once more against the Germans in battle, and this time with all the odds in their favour. With nothing save what light armament their frail craft could transport to pit against the tanks, machine and field guns and heavy artillery of the defences, the invaders could have had but the faintest hopes of success, and the story of the “battle for Britain” would almost certainly have reached its climax in a bloody massacre on our beaches. Even had the hundredth chance prevailed and the enemy managed to establish a “bridgehead” somewhere on our coast, it would have availed him little. Only at a well-equipped port, with its docks and quays and cranes, can the heavy armament and cumbrous transport and multitudinous supplies essential to a modern army in the field be got ashore; the enemy would have accomplished nothing of value unless and until such a port or ports had passed into his hands, and even had he been able to secure one, he would certainly not have found it left in any fit state for him to use. Failing that, sooner or later, and probably sooner, his attempt at conquest must have died of inanition, and any damage he might have been able to inflict on us before his final destruction would probably have been more than offset by his own heavy losses and by the grievous blow to the morale of his army and the prestige of his arms.

The German lack of a fleet fit to contest with the British Navy the control of the Channel necessitated the German air force's repeated if somewhat clumsy efforts to beat the R.A.F. out of the skies and supply its place, as an essential preliminary to any attempt at invasion. If these efforts failed—and long before the end of September their failure was patent to all the world—any such attempt would have been an act of criminal unacy. The German High Command must have known this full well, and it therefore seems inconceivable, whatever Hitler's view of the military possibility or political necessity for undertaking it may have been, that General Keitel and his advisers can seriously have contemplated it. Future generations will probably therefore see, as in the case of Napoleon's projects of invasion in 1803 and onwards, elaborate pleas on the part of historians—especially German ones—that the whole affair was a skilful piece of bluff, a blind designed to compel us to keep the bulk of our forces uneasily at home while the Axis Powers prepared for farsighted and fruitful enterprises elsewhere. We are in no position at present to form any settled judgment on this point—though it may perhaps be remarked that the supposed bluff has not in fact succeeded in its purpose of preventing the despatch of troops from Britain to other threatened points, and that such enterprises as the Axis Powers have ventured upon since their project of invasion failed to materialize have not been conspicuous either for their farsightedness or their success.

However this may be, the latter half of September saw the main effort of the German air arm fully transferred from daylight attacks, designed to clear the way for an invasion, to night attacks, of which the primary purpose seems to have been to strike at the civil and industrial life of Britain. The main weight of this new offensive was directed against London, though other important centres of industry and communications, such as the Midlands, Merseyside, Southampton, Bristol, and Plymouth also had their fair share from time to time.

This new offensive may be considered from two aspects: its legitimacy—or if we prefer to put it that way, its morality—

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and its effectiveness. As regards the first aspect, the belligerents, it must be remembered, approach the matter from two different standpoints. For the Nazi or the Fascist, legitimacy is synonymous with advantage ; as one Nazi spokesman has concisely put it, " What profits Germany is right, what harms Germany is wrong." This is a highly convenient doctrine, because it allows of that line of argument, so difficult in reason, yet so desirable in controversy, the application of two different standards to one's own actions and those of one's adversary, known popularly as " having the thing both ways." The Nazi or the Fascist can thus do what he likes, if he thinks it is going to pay him ; the opposing side, in any case—on this line of argument—outside the pale by the mere fact of being the opposing side, is obviously in the wrong whatever it does, and can reasonably be accused of all the crimes in the Decalogue, which code, indeed, it is by its own admission more or less bound, while the Nazi or the Fascist has freed himself from it. The squeals of the latter whenever the Allies do, or can be accused of doing, the very same thing that the squealers themselves do, are justified in doing, and glory in doing, have therefore a sort of cock-eyed consistency, and can be justified on this twisted basis of logic.

Britain and her Allies, on the other hand, just because they are fighting in defence of that moral code of international behaviour which they believe should be binding on all peoples in their dealings with one another, cannot adopt this point of view. For them the principles of international morality if they are worth fighting for at all, must be of universal application. Germany and Italy may think themselves right and justified in doing certain things, and starting from their own principles, logically they are so. But just because we believe those principles to be unrighteous and the application made of them to lead to lawlessness and wickedness, we are bound, by the code that we are fighting to preserve, not to follow the evil examples of our foes, even though our hands may thereby be tied and the efficiency of our war-making hampered. The answer to the question, " If the enemy bomb civilians in London, why don't we bomb civilians in Berlin and Rome ? "

is simply, "Because we think it is wrong to do so, whatever the enemy thinks or does." And if the question follows, "Why is it right for the enemy and wrong for us?" the answer is, "Because we are fighting in a cause and for a code which forbids it, and fighting to make that cause prevail and enforce that code on the enemy." If in the course of the fight we prove false to the cause and sin against the code, then in logic and in morals we cut the ground from under our own feet; we sink to fighting the enemy and not merely with his own weapons, but from his own stand-point. We may be sure that that sin, if committed and persisted in, will find us out.

It may, however, be asked whether the code of law and morality of which we profess to be the champions does in fact forbid such an attack. Have not recent developments—the totalitarian war, the dependence of armed forces on civil industry and civil effort of all kinds, the fact that wars on their present scale can only be begun and carried on with the consent and co-operation of every man and woman in the belligerent countries—obliterated the distinction between fighting men and civilians, and made the one as legitimate an object of attack as the other? The point is at least arguable. Why should the soldier who fires a gun be more of a foe than the workman who makes the gun he fires, or the railway man or lorry driver or sailor who brings it to him to fire? Is there any reasonable or moral distinction between the attempt to maim or kill the soldier and the attempt to maim or kill his civil assistant? It is not obvious at first sight.

Nevertheless, in the present writer's view, there is such a distinction, and a real one. Putting aside for the moment considerations of Christianity or philanthropy, war, it must be admitted, is morally and physically an evil thing. If there were no evil in the world, there could be no wars. The results of anything evil must in the main be evil, though a wise and merciful God, in the case of wars fought for a righteous cause, and to that extent not evil, does, we may well believe, overrule the evil for good. Anything therefore that can be done by the belligerents to limit that evil, and its consequences, to

what is strictly necessary for the actual carrying on of the war to a successful conclusion, is morally to the good. To extend the effects of war unduly and needlessly, to adopt methods of war which serve no useful end, and merely increase the immense sum of suffering, destruction and loss that every war must of its nature, and at best, entail, even on the innocent and helpless, can have no moral justification at all from our point of view, however righteous or delightful it may appear from that of our enemies. It is hard to see any moral distinction between involving in war innocent and helpless men, women and children, whether on our own side or on that of the enemy, and wantonly attacking a neutral nation, equally innocent and helpless. The moral code of our foes considers both these courses of action to be right and they practise them both as and when it suits them. We rightly repudiate and refuse to follow their example in the latter case ; surely we are bound to do so in the former also.

But, it may be argued, even if we admit that war is an evil, if we are also convinced that our cause is just and righteous, is it not our duty, not only to that cause, but for the sake of humanity too, to take any and every step which may shorten the war and bring our cause to victory ? That brings us to our second consideration, referred to above, the military effectiveness of attack on the civil population ; before we pass to it, however, we may remark that the argument outlined above—once popularly, but quite erroneously believed to be the peculiar prerogative of the Jesuits—is merely the extremely old one that a good purpose justifies evil means. It is one that the better conscience of mankind has always repudiated, however speciously it has been dressed up, and he who has acted on it has too often been left with his good end unachieved, and only the evil means he has used as an abiding stain on his reputation and conscience.

If we pass now to the effectiveness, from the strictly practical point of view, of the attack on the civil population as such, it cannot be said that in the case of our own people it has proved anything but a failure. That attack must be assumed to have

had two purposes, moral and material, and they must be discussed separately.

As for the moral purpose, that of so heavily battering the civil population as to break its will to fight on and cause it to clamour for peace, in this the enemy attack has not only utterly failed, but probably never had a chance of succeeding. Yet in the case of France, though the moral effect of Germany's air attack on the people was not of course the only or perhaps even the principal factor in her victory, it certainly powerfully contributed to it. But that attack fell on a people ill-conditioned for war by reason of previous boredom and weariness and concealment of ugly facts, ill-led and ill-prepared, and then suddenly faced with the shock of disastrous news of military defeat, invasion and the rapid approach of the enemy. French defences were hopelessly inadequate to drive off or even hamper the German air squadrons, which were able at will to assail the civil population, much of it fleeing along the roads *en masse*, so as to afford them the best of targets for their purpose. No wonder that the moral effects of such an onslaught were devastating in the extreme.

The case of Britain was far different. The will to win was far more resolute and unanimous, so that the resistance of the people was bound—quite apart from considerations of national temperament—to be tougher. Much had been done, if perhaps not enough, to profit by the lessons of recent events and prepare for the worst that might happen. The British people all knew what was at stake, and were clear as to what defeat would mean for each one of them. And the patent failure of the massed German air attacks by day had shown that the Luftwaffe was by no means the overwhelming and invincible instrument of war that it had appeared to be after the events in France. The magnificent showing already made by the Navy and the R.A.F. had inspired the civil population with the conviction that this new form of assault would also quickly be got in hand and subdued, and with the resolve not to let down the fighting services by any weakness on its part.

As for the material damage done by the raids, widespread, heavy and lamentable as it was, from a military or industrial point of view it had merely negligible importance. The flow of war production was checked or slowed up here and there, where serious damage to plant or communications occurred, and while the machinery of defence, which had not always worked to perfection, was being modified in the light of actual experience. But these results were far from being in proportion to the enemy efforts expended to achieve them, and the best proof of this and of his gradual, if unwilling, realisation of it, is to be found in the fact that towards the end of November his night attacks began to decline in regularity, range and vigour. The Axis Powers had been baffled in their direct attack on Britain ; though they had tried every resource at their command, all had proved of no avail. They were therefore compelled to resort to the *pis aller* of a secondary indirect attack, which at the time of writing, is still going on, though so far with no very great measure of success.

This indirect attack has taken two conjoint and simultaneous forms, an intensified *guerre de course* at sea, and a drive towards the linchpin of the British Empire in the Middle East. Of these the first need not long detain us. It has assumed greater proportions than hitherto, and, carried out as it is under more favourable circumstances, from the Axis point of view than at any previous epoch since the days of Napoleon, it has done us considerable damage and cast an evergrowing burden on our resourceful but hard-tried Navy. Our mercantile shipping losses, although varying steeply from week to week, have shown a general rising trend, and the coming of winter weather will probably favour the continuance of this tendency to mount. For the first time, indeed, since the first weeks of hostilities our total of shipping resources has become less than it was in August, 1940, and a few spectacular hostile successes have enhanced the serious nature of the threat to our maritime life lines. Yet there are certain factors which are now, and as time goes on, will be increasingly working in our favour in this sphere. We are building more and more merchant ships our-

selves, and may soon be getting yet more from overseas. Our fleet, and particularly the flotilla portion of the fleet, upon which rests the main burden of our commerce protection, is also growing in numbers; the fifty American destroyers recently transferred to our flag were invaluable, and from that source, too, there may be more to come. The series of crippling blows just dealt to the Italian battle fleet, will certainly ease the Mediterranean position and enable us to switch some of our warship strength elsewhere. The position at sea may well cause us some varying degree of spasmodic anxiety throughout the rest of this winter; it should not even now, and probably never will, be any occasion for serious alarm.

We must now turn our attention to the Middle East, about which we have hitherto said too little. When Italy entered the war in June, the commander of the British Army in the Middle East, General Wavell, had to face the problem of a strong hostile offensive against Egypt from Libya, and the collapse of France a few days later made it certain that he would have to meet this offensive, if it came, unassisted. The Italian forces under Marshal Graziani, freed from any preoccupation for their rear, could turn their full strength against him as soon as the autumn campaigning season opened, and he was heavily outnumbered on the ground and in the air. It was an anxious situation, for the fighting quality of his adversary was unknown, and it was also uncertain whether and to what extent he himself could be reinforced from elsewhere. The rapid conquest of British Somaliland by the Italian Army of East Africa, and the aggressive hostile attitude in the borders of Sudan and Kenya, served to show that an early attack on a grand scale was in contemplation and active preparation.

The Italian problem, however, was not an easy one either. The communications across the Mediterranean from Italy to Libya, thanks to the presence and activity of the British Mediterranean fleet were precarious, yet on them the Libyan army depended for everyone of its essentials of life, even down to water. The only practicable route for a large scale attack on Egypt led across an arid and trackless desert, and the only

good road ran close to the coast, uncomfortably exposed to interference from the sea and the air. The British army, though heavily outnumbered, was formidable and of high quality, and the defences it was busily erecting to block that road were forbidding; and as soon as Graziani began to feel his way forward, he found himself opposed to a skilful, mobile and resourceful adversary, eager and able to make him pay the full price for his every step in advance. Barely across the border of Egypt, the Italian movement slowed down and then halted. The ensuing pause in the operations proved to be more advantageous to the British than to the Italians, despite the imminent peril to British reinforcements, both of men and material, began to arrive in a steady flow to redress General Wavell's adverse numerical balance. The Italian fleet, though in superior material force, was reluctant to jeopardise itself in the test of battle, and the few partial naval encounters that took place seemed to show by their results that its lack of self confidence was justified. The Royal Air Force, though not equipped with fully up-to-date machines, proved itself more than equal to dealing with its Italian adversaries when they met. Graziani could not, or at least did not, push on; the weeks of good campaigning weather slipped by, and the situation still continued static. The great Axis drive against the linchpin of the British Empire had for the time being clearly come to a dead end.

Another way round had to be sought. As a preliminary to the new thrust, there ensued a spell of feverish Axis activity in the diplomatic field. Roumania and Hungary, bound hand and foot, were roped into the net of a new Three-Power Pact, signed with colossal and portentous trumpeting by Germany, Italy and Japan. Hitler tried to rope in Spain with blandishing promises of Gibraltar and much of Morocco as a reward for a declaration of war against us, which would gravely menace our gateway into the Mediterranean from the West and throw our communications with the Middle East on to the long, roundabout and precarious route via the West Coast of Africa and the Cape of Good Hope. Spain resisted the temptation, and his half-

hearted friend Russia, also wooed for aid, offered a cold and incredulous shoulder to his other equally glittering but even more nebulous promises of profit and pickings in the distant realms of Iraq and Iran. It looked as if the three Powers would have to do their own dirty work themselves.

In the midst of all this, Italy suddenly took her new and most unfortunate line. Mussolini, like the sorcerer's apprentice of the legend, determined to see what he could do with the magic spells of which he had seen his master make such expert and effective use, and offered a bogus ultimatum to Greece, followed at once by a *blitzkrieg* attack. His dire fate was the same as that of his unfortunate prototype; everything went wrong and got hopelessly out of his control. The Italian model *blitzkrieg*, proved but a sorry imitation of the efficient, if ruthless and cruel German pattern. The weather in the mountains of Greece was already becoming unsuitable for campaigning; the terrain was ill adapted for the use of mechanised forces, heavy guns, and co-operating aircraft, in all of which the Italians had the advantage over their smaller and poorer foes; the narrow zone of attack available for use on the Albanian-Greek frontier, and the poverty of Albania in roads and resources limited the scale of forces that could be employed, and prevented Italy from exploiting her great numerical superiority. The campaign thus resolved itself into a more or less equal struggle between the two soldieries, and in this the Greeks proved themselves the better men with a swiftness and thoroughness that surprised the watching world. Not only was the Italian invasion quickly brought to a halt, but in less than a month its tide was flowing back in discreditable disorder. The Italian troops, half hearted in the struggle, ill led and ill provided, suffered heavily in casualties, prisoners and material, and still worse, their morale, never high, began to fall ominously. The Greeks, fighting skilfully and with much confidence under able command, soon swept their foes back on to their own soil, or rather on to the raped soil of dispirited Albania, where they had only fair weather friends and a host of covert enemies ready to seize the first chance of revenge. As we write, this exhilarating Greek progress still continues.

Mussolini, however, has involved himself in worse things than a humiliating defeat on the soil of his weak and despised victim of aggression. He has brought the British air arm within close striking distance of his homeland. In the Aegean islands and on the mainland of Greece lie air bases of which the R.A.F. have already made good use in attacks, both against the lines of communications of Italy with Albania and with Libya, and against the ports at either end of them. This is only a beginning ; worse yet is to come for Italy before long, and she will have ample cause bitterly to rue the day when her dictator master so wantonly gave hostages to his enemy.

Meanwhile, the whole of the Axis drive to the Middle East has been gravely compromised by the two heavy blows dealt, one after the other, at the Italian fleet in the harbour at Taranto, where it lay snugly hidden in fancied security behind its formidable defences, and in the open sea off Sardinia, whither its remnants had afterwards hurried off to seek safer refuge. It will be surprising—and gratifying—if that helpless fleet ever again ventures on any determined effort to contest our new well established control of the Mediterranean ; nor if it should, would any very far seeing prophet be needed to foretell the result.

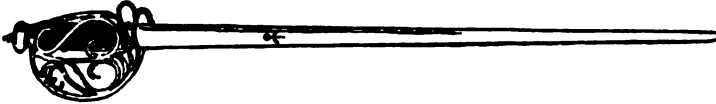
Thus the second phase of the enemy's Middle East drive has ended even more unfortunately than the first. Moreover, since these lines were written, the brilliant British counter-offensive in the Western Desert, to be described more fully in our next article, has finally wrecked the Italian campaign against Egypt.

A new move by Germany, of some sort, must now be expected and prepared for. But it can no longer take place under such favourable auspices as would have been the case in the late autumn or early winter. Greece, by her sturdy and heroic defence, has rendered a service to the cause for freedom and human rights, which it is not incorrect to compare with Marathon or Salamis. She has given heart of grace to the friends of those high causes the world over, she has pricked the bubble of Axis invincibility for all to see and profit by her example. The spirit of independence and patriotism is stiffening among the other Balkan Powers, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia and Turkey,

without whose aid or connivance Germany can only with difficulty advance to rescue her helpless ally and get the wheels of the northern part of the Middle Eastern drive on the move again.

To retrieve the ruin that has befallen the southern part of it will be even more difficult, even if possible at all.

Meanwhile, unhappily for her and for her hapless people, the R.A.F. batters continuously, heavily and successfully at her vulnerable war machine. The worst of the winter is yet to come and the prospect of swift German victory has proved a will-o'-the-wisp. If she still faces the future with much hope or confidence it can only be because of her ignorance of these ominous realities. When her eyes are opened to them—as they soon must open—we may well find ourselves even further on the road to victory than we now know ourselves to be.



“THREE IRISH YESTERDAYS”

BY CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

“My name is O’Kelly, I’ve heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore.
Hong-Kong and Peshawar,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all ending in ‘pore.’”—

RUDYARD KIPLING.

HE was general factotum, a rôle which embraced the respective duties of gardener, groom, and herd; in this capacity he functioned in my father’s employment for many years, when we lived in the shadow of the Slieve Bloom Mountains. William Quegan was a grand type of old soldier who regaled me when I was quite a “chokra” with his stories of soldiering in India with the old “Hundredth” or Leinster Regiment. With his faculty for description he depicted life in the old pipeclay army with such vividness that it needed no imagination on my part to visualise the scene or obtain the atmosphere. He was with the regiment at Ambala at the time the Cardwell system of re-organisation was introduced in 1881, and he was a member of the Royal Guard which was furnished by the regiment when King Edward VII visited India as Prince of Wales. Quegan would recall the introduction of khaki and the regimental arrangements for dying the white drill, and humorously describe the various and amazing hues in the endeavours to create the first instance of camouflage in the British army through the medium of tea, coffee and curry powder.

He would describe his journeys to India via the Cape in the “Malabar” and “Jumner,” those old troopers which were styled derisively “Lobster Pots” by the long suffering Red Coats, and the long marches during manœuvres in the Punjab.

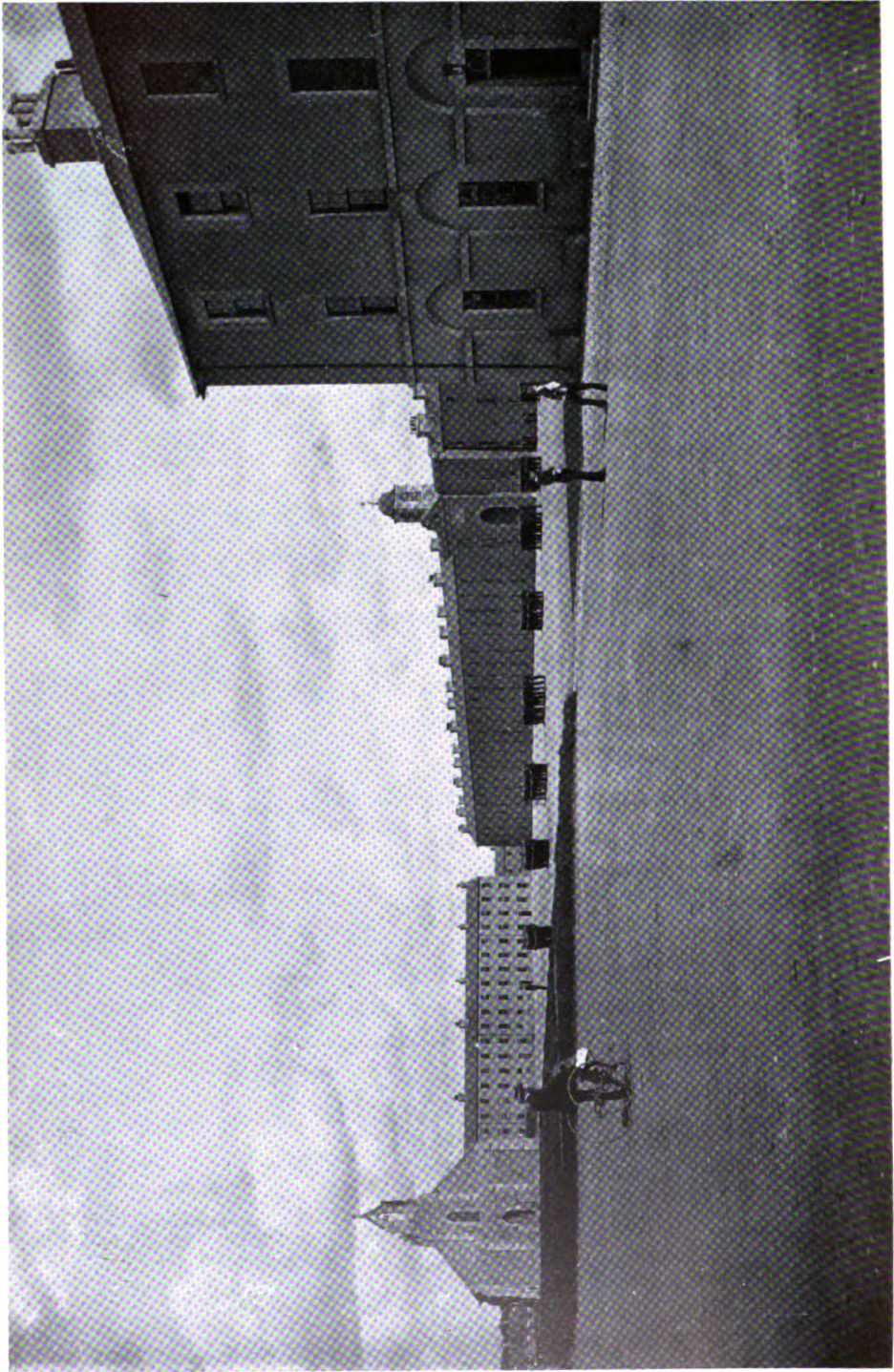


Photo Wm. Lawrence

THE BARRACKS, BIRR, KING'S CO.
The Dépôt, The Leinster Regiment.

Like all old soldiers of the real old army he was a marching encyclopædia regarding regiments, their badges, customs and privileges. He was indeed a veritable Army List. A universal hobby amongst boys who were growing up in that era which followed in the wake of the South African War was that of collecting badges and buttons. The latest addition to the collection would be shown immediately to Quegan, who would proceed to recount the respective regiments' history or to recall some incident when "we lay alongside them at Bareilly or Jullundar."

Quegan had two sons, Martin, the elder, disappeared one morning leaving his parent perplexed, but before long a letter arrived bearing the address of the Brigade of Guards Depôt at Warley—Martin had enlisted in the Irish Guards. After some years had elapsed Martin wrote to say he was coming home on furlough and Quegan broke his good news to my father, who said "You must be pleased." "Pleased, your Honour" replied Quegan, "faith and wouldn't I kill the fatted calf for him, but I'm afeared it will have to be a lame rabbit."

In spite of anno domini his swinging gait never forsook him and he carried a pitchfork or shovel across his shoulder as if it were a treasured musket.

The last I saw of Quegan was when he drove me to Birr Station on my departure for India. He had then turned very grey, and his younger son had been killed in action, but the old spirit with which he had been imbued from years of following the drum flourished, and I can see him now waving his whip from the outside car as he reined up on a hill which overlooked the railway line as my train was speeding along towards Ballybrophy.

PETER.

"I 'listed at home for a lancer,

Oh, who would not sleep with the brave ?

I 'listed at home for a lancer

To ride on a horse to my grave."

A. E. HOUSMAN.

He was custodian of the Royal Mail, which plied between Ballybrophy and Birr, a distance of some twenty miles, and

Irish miles at that, which commencing in the Queen's County cut through the northern fringe of Tipperary and on to Birr in King's County, the very heart of the country over which the old King's County and Ormond pack hunted. His name was Peter, or "Peather," to give him the more familiar pronunciation, and he was the only link left for the stranded traveller bound for Birr on a Saturday night, when the last train from Dublin terminated at Ballybrophy, an isolated station set in the midst of derelict moor land with not a dwelling in sight.

To the writer, who invariably found himself in this predicament, when going home on leave from either Sandhurst or the front, Peter proved a staunch supporter, and at the same time a most entertaining companion. He was a very remarkable character, set in a background of horse and hound. Peter had served in the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, and had charged with the regiment in the only pukka cavalry charge of the South African war—that of Elandslaagte, where the "Dandy Fifth" had so distinguished themselves. He had been employed in the kennels of the old Ormond, when they were hunted by the Earl of Huntingdon and were a separate pack to that of the late Mr. Assheton Biddulph's pack at Kinnitty—the King's County.

I have always been indebted to Peter for having taught me how to light a pipe in all weather conditions; he was ever insistent that "no man could be called a man until he could drive a pair of horses and at the same time light his pipe in a howling gale" and he proceeded to initiate me into the intricacies of this knack, or art, at I sat beside him on the box seat. He would regale one with stories about the various places we passed on the journey, of local tradition, about the people or characters who lived in the vicinity. His conversation grave and gay covered a wide field, and, was varying to a degree—from a special leg wash guaranteed to bring down a filled tendon which he got from a gipsy (but the ingredients "t'was that secret he couldn't disclose else the curse o' Cromwell would descend on his head") to stories about leprechauns and the Ghosts of Leap Castle, that one time stronghold of the O'Carrolls who domin-



Photo Lafayette Ltd.

LEAP CASTLE, ROSCREA, CO. TIPPERARY.
(Destroyed by fire, 1922)

ated the Midland Septs but not the Pale, from well beyond Elizabethan times.

If there was not the distant cry of the peacocks perched, as was their wont, along the domain walls of "haunted Leap" to give warning of pending rain—not the harsh cold rain known in England, but soft rain which fell gently for the benefit of the limestone pastures and Irish horseflesh—to cause him to talk about ghosts and their eccentricities, there was the Boheraphuca road—which in Gaelic means "the way of the spirits" to remind him, after we had clattered through Roscrea with ten more miles to cover. "Do you know that the owner of that house was bitten by a fox cub and he got hydrophobia and died they tell me yapping like a fox—did you ever hear the like?"

"There's Gloster now on the right" (indicating with his whip in the moonlight "Mr. Hardress Lloyd's, sure he's a colonel now and a Lancer like myself—he brought back the polo cup from the Yanks with the team he trained at Sharavogue. There's the road to Inane where Velocity was brought after he'd won the Cambridgeshire, two Doncaster cups, and all the big handicaps in England, bringing a power of money to Roscrea. Didn't they bring Danny Maher along wid him, 'twas a good thing too, because only he could coax the horse out of his box at the station 'else he might have been there for a month of Sundays. I believe they stuffed Velocity afterwards, and have him standing above in the hall as an ornament." Peter would now draw attention to the fact that the horse on the off side was swinging his tail, "he always does the like coming to the 'Lep' and he'll break out in a lather in a moment—he has more intelligence than a Christian." Here we would enter that veritable tunnel made by the overhanging trees on either side of the road passing *Leap Castle and Peter would now rise to the culminating point in his story, whilst the horses became very restive, breaking out of their steady trot as if scenting some danger.

* Leap Castle was the seat of Mr. Jonathan Darby, D.L., it passed into the possession of the Darby family through a member of it having married a daughter of an O'Carroll in the reign of King Charles I. The O'Carrolls were a most desperate clan who terrorized

"There's an Oubliette in the keep which starts in the chapel at the top and goes down to the dungeons below, once upon a time it had spikes all the way down to catch the victims of those O'Carrolls, down the poor screaming creatures would go, turning Catherine wheels to the bottom. No wonder 'tis haunted—now do you hear the echo of the horses' hoofs—there's a secret passage underneath this very road to the dungeons—goes out beyond St. Kiernan's Bush—you know the blackthorn bush that grows in the middle of the road? Now if you chance to drive on the wrong side of that bush woe betide you—and you'll meet a violent death, the last man to do so was one of Colonel Bernard's* grooms—he was a contrary Englishman and just for

Offaly for centuries—if a neighbour's horse was coveted by an O'Carroll he was invited to the Castle and having dined and wine he would be unceremoniously disposed of down the Oubliette. The Castle held out against Cromwell who advanced upon it from Birr, but even his best ordnance could make no impression against the formidable keep, which measured 25 feet thick at the bottom, tapering to 15 feet towards its battlements. Perhaps the Lord Protector saw the Ghost mustered amongst the defenders at any rate he retreated ignominiously. The I.R.A. attempted to burn the Castle down in 1922 by night, and arrived with land mines and two heavy lorry loads of petrol, but suddenly decamped with their task unfulfilled. Returning by daylight they perpetrated their ghastly deed, but the old keep remained intact. The much lamented Mrs. Darby, the châteline of the Leap, under her pseudonym of "Andrew Merry" has left numerous accounts of the Castle. On many occasions the writer has been the guest of the delightful owners and although he slept in the blood-stained room in the wing known as the Priest's House, he was never conscious of a supernatural presence. The oubliette was preserved up to the end and there was ever something diabolically fascinating about that seemingly bottomless pit, which was about five feet across and several hundred feet deep to the dungeons below. Its sinister entrance stood cleverly concealed in a corner of the chapel.

Entering the great hall at Leap, which was surrounded by a gallery balustrade commanding the entrance; one was instantly conscious of something sinister, particularly on a winter's evening. This sombre note without doubt was furnished by the numerous stuffed birds of prey from owls to hawks, and herons, which dangled on chains with wings outstretched from the balcony. When the wind moaned through the keep these chains creaked and groaned, whilst the moonlight might focus on one of the innumerable skulls preserved beneath glass cases on tables surrounding the hall. These human relics preserved in such Macabre like fashion had been discovered in the dungeons below or built into the walls. Grim reminders of the past, they never allowed one to forget the ancient history of Leap.

Tradition relates that there is a particular anniversary for the Castle every twenty-five years, when the members of the family have left the Castle for the occasion. Those who have braved it out have been aware of a banquet being held, and have recounted how they heard the swishes of ladies' dresses in the ballroom and well after midnight the terrorised screams, coming from the vicinity of the Oubliette.

* Castle Bernard, later the seat of Captain Caulfield French, of the Connaught Rangers, where his father-in-law Colonel Thomas Bernard, 12th Royal Lancers, was buried in a vault beneath a miniature coffin containing his arm which has been amputated after a severe wound on his return to Ireland. On an opposite hill lay the remains of Colonel J. A. Drought, 13th Light Dragoons, who returned from Waterloo with the charger he had ridden in the battle, and which had carried him throughout the Peninsula. The charger died before his master who had him buried on a mound surrounded by a railing in Droughtville, leaving a space so that he might follow later with his feet to be placed against the saddle. His soldier son saw that his father's wish was carried out.

divilment he kept to the right of the road, well before he'd gone 100 yards the horse came down and broke his knees and the fella broke his neck. But if it were old Tim Mulligan as drunk as a lord in his ould ass and cart and the ass strayed past on the wrong side, nothing would happen as he wouldn't be defying the fates."

At 3 a.m. Peter would decant me in Birr, throw rugs over his steaming horses and help me rouse a horse and driver in Dooley's Yard ; he would give a willing hand, whilst the driver dressed, in harnessing the horse to an outside car on which I was about to complete my journey of another eight miles across to the foot of the Slieve Bloom Mountains.

Whenever I passed through Ballybrophy, even if I had no need for his yeoman services, I always asked for Peter.

Years afterwards I enquired for him and was told he was dead, " Sure the motor cars killed him " declared my informant with that natural understanding for the old horseman's hatred for such contraptions then making their appearance on the highways of Hibernia.

ONE OF THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES.

" I've a head like a concertina, I've a tongue like a
button-stick,
I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than a
little sick,
But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard ; I've
made the cinders fly,
And I'm here in the clink for a thundering drink, and
blackening the Corporal's eye."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Most regiments in the British Army boast a mascot, These mascots are, however, by no means homogeneous, they range from some war-scarred veteran, whose daring exploits in the face of the enemy have been rewarded with the highly coveted Victoria Cross, down to a member of the animal world, an Irish wolf-hound, or perhaps a goat.

Now the 2nd Leinster Regiment, in the earlier days of the Great War, did not aspire to any of the curios in the foregoing category but it possessed a hard-bitten old tough, who was fully entitled to the distinguishing soubriquet, if only by means of his unquenchable thirst and utter contempt of death.

In the spring of 1915, I first made the acquaintance of No. 4010 Private Finnegan, who hailed from the little fishing town of Skibbereen, which lies on the southern shores of the Emerald Isle. The company front included an advanced post situated amidst the husky ruins of a derelict homestead, which was within too close a proximity to the enemy's lines for actual comfort ; in fact, " Water Wheel Farm " was a veritable death-trap. At the time it was being subjected to a brisk morning " hate " in the form of a trench mortar strafe. Every few seconds one of these demoralizing projectiles would land with a reverberating crash in or about the vicinity of the post, sending great columns of earth and mortar spurting skywards to be followed by a deluge of falling debris and dust which would completely smother its hardy little garrison. The cloud of smoke cleared revealing a strapping great sentry with an angular and bronzed face. With cap stuck rakishly on the back of his head and shirt sleeves rolled up, exposing marvellously tattooed arms, stood Finnegan with a natural dignity of bearing which is a heritage of Erin's poorest sons. As sentry he held a whistle in his hand to give timely warning of the arrival of " one of them flying pigs " as the Boche " minenwerfers " were ludicrously styled. He was a true representative of one of the types peculiar to the old '14 Army, known universally throughout the service by the endearing term of " old sweat," a type unfortunately almost extinct in the Army of to-day.

Finnegan had taken the Queen's shilling, he boasted the Boer war ribbons (the actual medals had long passed over a pawnbroker's counter), and he had served before the mast. He now, according to his documents, glorified in the trade of a cold-shoer, a profession which then demanded much prominence in military correspondence and returns.

The next time I saw Finnegan was in Armentieres when he was being marched bare-footed across the compound of our billets in the renowned Asylum under strong escort, on relief from the trenches he had retired at large into France, sold his boots to an enterprising civilian and had then been discovered by the long arm of the law—a raving and hiccoughing lump of mortality. Field punishment No. 1 was duly meted out to him for his sins, which he took like the man he was, though declaring to the C.O. in his defence that “ ’twas not dhrunk I was, only dhrink taken sorr.”

* * * * *

Divisions were being hurried up to Ypres to stem the German hordes which were advancing under cover of poison gas. Finnegan, still doing penance for his crime, marched in the train of the battalion, along those dusty poplar-fringed and unevenly paved roads, handcuffed to an ammunition limber.

In the front line trenches before smouldering Ypres, he worked off his sentence in an everlasting and heart-breaking fatigue as well as doing his duty with the rest of his platoon. After a month's spell of fighting the battalion returned to bivouac under the shady woods of Vlamertinghe for a six days sojourn, and Finnegan, to commemorate the occasion, upheld his reputation by getting gloriously inebriated in a local estaminet, with the usual result that for the remainder of the rest his headquarters were situated in the Guard Room hut.

August found the battalion consolidating a captured position which ran through the shambles of Hooze and out across that tortured highway with its gashed tree stumps—the Menin Road. During a tour of inspection of the new line the Brigadier took exception to a stray German leg which stuck out at random from beneath a dishevelled parapet. Being detailed for the task of its removal the resourceful Finnegan removed the offending limb with several slashes of a spade, and then with Celtic psychology and a characteristic shrug of his shoulders, remarked “ and now what the hell will I hang me equipment on ! ”

A red letter day arrived in Finnegan's career, he was despatched on leave to “ th' ould country ” and returned, or

was escorted back to the battalion by unwelcome companions—the Military Police, who had found him wandering aimlessly and somewhat hilariously around the old-world town of St. Omer, after a fantastic five days absence. Visiting the prisoners one morning in the capacity of Orderly Officer, Finnegan approached me with the following request: “Would you mind censoring a letter to th’ ould father in Cork, sorr?” It was a unique letter, and to this day I remember its very words:—

IN THE FIELD.

“DEAR FATHER,

When I got back to the battalion the Colonel was terribly vexed with me for being late off pass and put me in the clink, but never mind, Father, when I get home again we’ll have another real old blind together.

MICHAEL.”

About Christmas ’15 Finnegan became time expired; asked whether he would re-engage with the colours, which would entitle him to a bounty and leave in the “U.K.”, as Great Britain and Ireland were officially styled by the British Expeditionary Force, or sever his connections with His Majesty’s Forces. Finnegan, to the utter astonishment of all ranks, chose the latter course.

* * * * *

Hardly five weeks had elapsed when a draft arrived from Ireland and in that draft, with a broad smile on his countenance, stood the Battalion Mascot. (“’Faith tis glad I am to be back with th’ ould Battalion.”)

A veritable nightmare of a winter was spent amidst the shell-ravaged morasses of battered Ypres, with Death an ever lurking attendant—where the badly wounded, weighed down with their cumbersome equipment, would slip and be submerged in those treacherous slate-coloured craters ere the toiling stretcher bearers could hear their heart-rending wails for succour.

Throughout Finnegan manfully shouldered his musket, inspiring confidence into the younger hands now arriving to make good the holocaust of war.

To this day I have a vivid recollection of a “rest” spent in the dug-out line along the Yser Canal.

On numerous occasions enemy shell fire found the battalion bathing in those stagnant green-brown waters which, had they dried up, would have revealed many a decomposing corpse entangled in a net work of rusty barbed-wire.

Finnegan was never perturbed by these outbursts of hostility, and though his companions might seek cover he would finish his ablutions with a calm dignity singing lustily some such sentimental dirge as "Just before the Battle, Mother."

* * * * *

At Hooge, on a bitterly cold March morning, where the battalion leaned against a sodden parapet, standing knee-deep in waterlogged trenches, a sniper's bullet found its home between Finnegan's eyes and the hardy warrior sank back with a stifled groan to be completely engulfed in the liquid mud.

Even in death his teeth firmly clenched the cutty clay pipe which had been his inseparable companion in life.



ON PATROL IN NO MAN'S LAND

DOUBTLESS before the Great War many men dreamt of high adventure, but that was as far as most of them got. Then the looming war-cloud burst over Europe, and their chance came to see something of the real thing. Hostilities as a whole provided endless thrills and excitement, but the work of a member of a regular patrol section was about the most adventurous.

While many a Tommy saw something of No Man's Land at night, a regular section made a speciality of the job, and naturally came in for the most hair-raising stunts. The members of such a section knew each other well, and could absolutely rely on one another in an emergency. Qualities necessary in a patrol man were pluck, self-reliance, keen eyesight and hearing, and the knack of finding his way about by night or day.

One of the greatest scouts who ever lived was Major F. R. Burnham, D.S.O., an American who held a commission in the British Army during the Boer War. In his day, fighting was of an open character, but during the Great War a scout's theatre of action changed, for once the opposing armies were settled in their trenches, his work lay in what came to be known as No Man's Land, otherwise the area between his own and the enemy line. Sir R. Haking, who was Corps Commander of the 11th Corps strongly objected to the term No Man's Land, and he always said "All the land right up to the edge of the enemy's parapet is our land, and we have got to have control of it."

During the day No Man's Land was unoccupied, except possibly by snipers. Sentries watched it, and various projectiles were fired across it, but it was not until after dark that scouts and patrols entered it and sometimes never returned. Venturing into No Man's Land for the first time was an eerie experience. Vercy lights winked suddenly and went out, and there was the

spasmodic rat-tat-tat of machine guns. Sometimes a shell whined overhead with a sound like the tearing of silk, while all the time you felt that the darkness held a sinister menace.

The majority of patrols went out for reconnaissance purposes, but at other times you went out for blood. Two or three men and an officer or N.C.O. were enough for reconnaissance, but if your job was to fight, that is to say take an enemy post or "scupper" a Hun patrol, more men were required according to circumstances. Eighteen to twenty men were usually sufficient. The Bosche often sent out strong patrols, but every now and then one ran across quite small parties. If you were a sniper or special scout you did your job and were then finished. There was no messing about afterwards with fatigue or other duties.

When going on patrol your outfit was strictly limited. It consisted of a cap comforter on your head, a rifle or revolver, and perhaps a Mills' bomb in each pocket. Personally I hated carrying bombs under such conditions, because I always had a dread that the pins might work loose, and I therefore used to jettison them in the nearest shell-hole. Waterproof suits were supplied for patrol work, but they were hot and cumbersome affairs calculated to restrict activity, and activity was on occasion most desirable when in No Man's Land. After rain No Man's Land became a quagmire, and when crawling over such ground the mud found its way into everything. There were times when a rifle thus became utterly useless, and a far better weapon was a revolver or automatic pistol that could be kept clear of the mud and in good working order. Another very useful weapon for close quarter work was a heavy knobkerry.

Looking back on it all over the years that have gone, there were many incidents, amusing and the reverse, that flit across one's mind. Perhaps a very ordinary incident will serve to give some idea of what a night patrol was like.

Against the more or less shattered red brick walls of a farm building lay two "elephant back" huts. In the latter lived ten men, members of a certain battalion patrol section. For eight days they had made these huts their home, while the Hun had liberally sprinkled their immediate area with shells of

various calibres. The show had been given away by other troops on the first day, in consequence of which our little party had spent a more or less uneasy time. Some yards away a footbridge spanned a stream, at least it partially did so, for shrapnel had cut it in two, while a shell tore a corner off one of the huts, smothering the other with earth and stones after the explosion. Luckily no one was hurt, and beyond the loss of a rifle the party was ready to set out at 9.30 p.m. Orders were to meet at B.H.Q. at 10 o'clock, where an officer was to join the men. Leaving the huts, the party, in charge of a corporal, swung down a nearby road in single file. The night was fine, with a fitful moon gleaming at intervals from behind the clouds. It was really too light to be healthy for the work in hand ; still, information had to be got, and, incidentally, a prisoner if possible.

Arrived at B.H.Q. no time was lost in picking up the O.C. patrol, and once more, in single file, the party made tracks along the trench leading to the front line. At intervals came the challenge of a sentry, "Halt ! Who are you ?" "Patrol party." "Right O !" "Pass patrol." And on the procession went again. Now and then a man would slip off the duckboards and scramble back again, cursing heartily as the muddy water dripped from his puttees. Ahead the Verey lights were casting a white glare over the desolation of No Man's Land, and the chatter of machine guns broke the silence of the night.

At last came the final challenge, and the party found themselves at the post from which they were to set out. A few muttered instructions, then the first man slipped over the parapet, choosing a moment when the lights had momentarily ceased to soar skywards. One by one the others followed, until the whole party was in the open, and the adventure had properly begun. Ahead lay their own wire, separated from them by a maze of rain-filled shell holes. Picking the easiest route, the party zig-zagged its way up the wire, where a gap let them through and out into the wide expanse of No Man's Land. Whenever a light went up they froze into immovable statues, for movement was apt to advertise their presence to the enemy.

Once past the wire they took a definite formation, travelling in the shape of a diamond. At first they merely crouched as they moved on, halting at short intervals to look and listen. After a time, however, it was necessary to go on hands and knees, for every yard brought them nearer to the enemy lines. Ahead loomed a long strip of water, glistening in the moonlight, and somewhere a plank spanned the dyke. By this time every man was spread-eagled on the ground, while one crept forward to investigate. It required great care, for beyond the water a Hun patrol might be lying in wait.

At last the scout found the crossing and returned. Slowly the party wormed their way towards the plank. Somewhere one could hear wild duck feeding, quacking in subdued notes as they swam about. Now and then a snipe dropped in, and from the bird sounds all seemed undisturbed on the further side. On both sides of the dyke the ground was flooded and the plank was half floating, which made the crossing rather a ticklish business. After the last of the party was safely over, it was necessary to crawl as flat as if one were stalking a stag in open ground. Yard by yard the living triangle wormed its way forward, keeping eyes and ears open for the least sign of danger.

Once a movement caught the leader's eye, and everyone lay shaking with excitement. In the uncertain light ahead appeared four figures, Huns on the prowl. It looked as if the luck was in, for if they held on their way they would walk straight into the party waiting to receive them. Whether they were suspicious who can say, for they about-turned and faded into the night.

Moving on again the party veered slightly to the right, and at last a line of wire appeared ahead. Leaving certain members of the patrol to keep watch, the remaining five crept on. Flat as flukes, they eased themselves up to the wire, where they lay and listened. Fifty yards beyond the wire the Hun trench was occupied, as footsteps and the occasional challenge of a sentry could be plainly heard. A whispered consultation was held as how next to proceed, as there were three enemy posts, the one on the right being the most outlying. It offered the best chance for a prisoner, but for some reason the one in command thought

otherwise. It was decided to move through a gap in the wire, and approach the trench by that route. Inch by inch the party closed in, with bombs and rifles in readiness. At last it was impossible to move nearer without discovery, so squarely under the eyes of the enemy the little party lay doggo. As if to add to the excitement of the moment, two Huns looked over the parapet, and it seemed as if they could not fail to see the men so close to them. Hardly a man breathed as those two seemed to consider the situation. Finally they moved off up the trench, and the tension was momentarily relaxed.

What was to be done? There was a faint indication of dawn in the sky, so there was no time to waste. A dash into the trench would have meant annihilation by machine-guns on either flank, and the party was not strong enough for a proper raid. The whispered order "About turn" came from man to man, and like shadows the party faded into the rising mist to join those left outside the wire. Under cover of the ground fog they quickly made for the dyke with the N.C.O. in the lead. Evidently something went wrong for a sudden "Ouch! Oh!" testified to the fact that he had stepped straight into the water and promptly sank up to his chin. He was hauled out, cursing volubly, then the plank was found and the party crossed safely. From there to the post was easy going, and shortly the mud-soaked men crept over the parapet and dropped safely into the trench.

B.H.Q. was reached at daybreak, where a jar of rum was waiting. Rum and an empty stomach do not exactly mix, especially if the former is neat. Wet and cold were soon forgotten when the spirit began to take effect, and it was a more than happy party that wended an uncertain way back to the huts.

The final "splash" of the adventure came when one of the boys attempted to cross the bridge, forgetting that half of it had been blown away, and fell into the stream. Beyond a ducking that sobered him up, he was no worse. Then came breakfast to which the party did full justice, after which they were glad to "get down to it" for a well-earned rest.

THE RESUSCITATION OF EARLY CAVALRY REGIMENTS

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

It ever has been the custom after all our major wars to subject the fighting services to a drastic reduction and to find ourselves faced with the necessity for a hasty expansion, with our typical unpreparedness, on the outbreak of hostilities.

The formation of the three following regiments to date from December 1st which will come within the category of the Royal Armoured Corps is of interest :

22nd Dragoons
23rd Hussars
24th Lancers

particularly as regiments of cavalry bearing these numbers were mustered in the Army List until the great reductions which took place after the Waterloo campaign.

The formation, however, of three new corps has no doubt caused much surprise, if not disappointment, in view of the fact that the amalgamated Cavalry regiments in the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, 13th/18th Hussars, 14th/20th Hussars, 15th/19th Hussars, *16th/5th Lancers, and 17th/21st Lancers are to be retained under their present double-barrelled nomenclature, and that no attempt will be made to form them into separate regiments.

* It is to be deplored, however, that the 5th Royal Irish Lancers are not to be reformed from their present amalgamated status with the 16th Lancers. Moreover, such a decision might have been advantageous from the point of view of recruiting. The 5th Lancers was always an essentially Southern Irish regiment, drawing a number of its recruits alone from Dublin and prior to the Great War had been stationed in Marlborough Barracks.

To reform this regiment would have given scope to young Southern Irishmen who have been deprived of enlisting into regiments representative of Southern Ireland since the disbandment of the old Irish regiments in 1922. There was ever a glamour attached to the "Dandy Fifth" in Ireland, where traditions and memories die hard. In 1922 the Irish Guards were retained to represent the newly inaugurated Irish Free State, therefore, the 5th Lancers might to-day have been rekindled to keep company with the

Perhaps the authorities felt that it would only open an old wound to reconstitute the 17th/21st Lancers into separate regiments for the duration of the present war, with the inevitable task of subjecting them yet again to a second amalgamation after hostilities. Perhaps, too, the regiments themselves having already weathered the storm of early married life felt that they did not want to be dragged through the divorce court and preferred to remain in double harness.

Again, the mechanized establishment of "ironclads" has not the elasticity of a formation associated with horseflesh. Its

5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. The mutilation of a corps boasting such traditions as the Fifth was particularly tragic, the regiment as the 5th Royal Irish Dragoons had ridden with Marlborough to Blenheim and had shared in all his victories. After Ramillies it was permitted to wear Grenadier caps in recognition of its destruction of the Picardie Regiment.

Granted it had a broken period in its history from 1799 until 1858, when it was condemned to disbandment after the rebellion in Ireland in which it had been employed under the most trying conditions. It came through this searching test of discipline with a clean record and there is no documentary evidence to bear out the serious charges levelled against the regiment by Lord Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenant, of 1799, which were responsible for its dissolution. In view of this hiatus in its career when amalgamation took place with an equally distinguished corps, the 16th Queen's Lancers, the "unbalanced" title 16th/5th Lancers was allotted.

There is an outstanding incident in the lives of some 5th Lancer men which does not appear in their official history so ably compiled by Colonel H. A. Cape, D.S.O., and it would be regrettable if it were to fade away without any record.

In January, 1917, a draft of 150 N.C.Os. and men belonging to the 5th Lancers, then furnishing a dismounted pioneer company at Mazingarbe, was sent to the 13th Service Battalion, Middlesex Regiment—these men had all volunteered to join the 2nd Battalion, Leinster Regiment in the same—73rd Brigade—owing to the fact of its nationality and regular status.

The higher authorities, however, decreed that this draft should be sent to the English regiment which at that moment was under orders to carry out a daylight raid on the Bavarian trenches between Hart's and Harrison's craters, Loos. The 5th Lancers draft volunteered to a man to take part in this operation. Standing on a fire step hard by his Company headquarters at Crucifix Dump, Loos, the writer was an eye-witness of this raid, which took place at "Stand To" on 20th January, 1917. With great *elan* the raiders left their trenches and dashed across no-man's land, which was covered in a mantle of snow, and negotiating the barbed wire entanglements which had not been too well cut, disappeared into the enemy's lines on the horizon. (The Germans invariably held the commanding ground in trench warfare). Later the raiders returned elated, with three prisoners, and passed through the Leinster's trenches where they received a great ovation as "well done the 'Dandy Fifth,'" etc. If there is any doubt regarding the composition of this raiding party the writer can state that he was shown the roll of this raiding party by the R.S.M. of the 13th Middlesex, who was R.S.M. Kerrigan, D.C.M., attached from the 2nd Leinsters.

A perusal of the official casualty list of the killed serving with the 13th Middlesex shows a good sprinkling of such home sounding names as Brien, Doonan, Power, Mulvey, etc., together with addresses in Westmeath, King's Co., Tipperary and Kilkenny, and enlistments in Dublin, Waterford and Cork, with the words formerly Lancers. Unfortunately the writer provided the compiler of the 5th Lancers history with these details too late for inclusion in the regimental history, however, they were made known as the following extract from Colonel Cape's letter shows: "All that you say of the exploits of the 5th Lancers as infantry during the war fills me with great pride and, if you will allow me, I will keep your letter and read it at our next Regimental dinner, and also at our Comrades reunion, I know it will meet with unbounded enthusiasm."

lack of sensory nerves and its cumbersome characteristics make a formation of armoured vehicles difficult to manipulate for the process of expansion, and having trained intact for years as a mechanized unit to split up a highly efficient regiment would only create two units unfitted to take the field for some time.

Thus the decision to revive the old Light Dragoon numbers of the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th is a commendable one, and it is hoped sincerely that these new regiments will be permitted to adopt the former badges and to display the battle honours of their forebears in order to enable them to form on a tradition, the foundation stone for fostering *esprit de corps*.

Research into the somewhat scant records of these old-time regiments of Light Dragoons is sufficient, fortunately, to show that they could boast, in spite of a somewhat brief existence, a noble record of service to the Crown and the East India Company on their escutcheons.

It should be stated that a perusal of the 1815 Army List shows that regiments of Light Dragoons bearing the numbers 22, 23, 24 and 25 existed. Up to 1803 the 26th Light Dragoons had served, but had been renumbered 23rd, having been absorbed by the former corps. Between the years 1795 to 1802 Light Dragoon regiments bearing the numerals 28 to 33 inclusive had served. The 30th, or Prince of Wales's, Regiment of Light Dragoons was an Irish corps which displayed the Prince of Wales's Feathers, Coronet and Motto. Likewise the 31st, 32nd, and 33rd were raised in Ireland and were maintained on the Irish establishment, being commanded respectively by Colonel Sir Craven Carden, Colonel W. St. Leger, Colonel H. J. Blake, and the 33rd, or Ulster, Regiment of Light Dragoons by Colonel Blackwood. The histories of the three regiments with which we are concerned are as follows :

22ND LIGHT DRAGOONS. (To be reformed as 22nd Dragoons)

Four regiments of Light Dragoons have in succession borne the identification number of 22. The first regiment had but a brief existence, being raised in 1760 and disbanded in 1768.

The second regiment was raised in 1779 for home service by the Earl of Sheffield under the title of the York Light Dragoons. It was dissolved in 1783.

The third regiment was raised in 1794 and was commanded by Colonel Viscount Feilding. This regiment served in Ireland and in Egypt, and bore the badge of the Sphinx surmounting the word Egypt.

The fourth regiment was raised in 1794 as the original 25th Light Dragoons, or Gwyn's Hussars, after its commanding officer, Colonel Francis Gwyn. The uniform consisted of French grey with scarlet facings and bore a badge on their helmet consisting of the Roman Cardinals XXV between the letters L.D. surmounting a hunting horn.

In 1796 the regiment was dispatched on active service to Cape Colony and took part in the first march ever made by British troops in South Africa—that of Saldanha Bay. Later they were shipped to India and served through the Mahratta War in Mysore, 1799. In 1802 the regiment was renumbered as the 22nd, and next saw service in the Expedition to Java in 1811, returning again to India where they fought in the action of Maheidpore in 1817. For its services the regiment was awarded the battle honour "Seringapatam."

Its uniform in 1812 consisted of pink collar, cuffs and lapelles. Blue jacket, white breeches.

There is a record of an inspection of the 22nd Light Dragoons at Bangalore, Southern India, in July, 1815, when owing to the difficulty experienced by the officers in procuring the pink colour for their facings, "the Commander-in-Chief was pleased to admit of their wearing red facings for the present." In the following November the Prince Regent issued an order to the effect that owing to the difficulty in procuring peach blossom cloth in India for the officer's uniforms that the facings of the regiment were to be changed to white.

In the CAVALRY JOURNAL of April, 1940, a very decorative painting of Lieutenant James Jones of the 22nd Light Dragoons in the Levee dress worn in 1807 is reproduced as frontispiece.

In the 1819 Army List the regiment made its last appearance with "Ordered to be Disbanded" underneath their sole battle



CHARGE OF THE 23rd LIGHT DRAGOONS AT TALAVERA, 1809.

honour "Seringapatam," which embraced so much hard fighting. Colonel F. E. Gwyn being still shown as colonel.

23RD LIGHT DRAGOONS. (To be reformed as the 22nd Hussars)

Apparently three regiments in succession bore this number.

The first regiment was embodied in 1781 in the Home Counties to form part of H.E.I. Company's Bengal European Light Cavalry and proceeded to Madras, where it was renumbered 19th Light Dragoons, and had a lengthy and distinguished career under this number.

The second regiment 23rd Light Dragoons was an Irish Corps which was raised in 1794 and disbanded in 1802.

It is the third regiment, however, with which we are directly concerned, being the lineal descendant of a corps raised as 26th Light Dragoons in 1795, which wore a blue jacket with green facings.

Their first colonel was Russell Manners, formerly of "The Blues."

Shortly after embodiment their facings were ordered to be changed to blue instead of green.

From 1795-97 the regiment was in the West Indies serving at St. Vincent and Porto Rico, whilst in 1801 they were in Egypt under Abercromby.

In 1800 they wore their Dragoon helmet with a red and white plume. Jackets were blue and breeches white.

There is a record of their Sabretache being covered with leopard skin and having the number 26 in silver surrounded by a garter inscribed Light Dragoon.

In 1803 the regiment returned to England and was renumbered 23rd Light Dragoons and adopted crimson facings.

There is a record of a review which took place at Ashford in 1803 by the C-in-C., H.R.H. the Duke of York, who was accompanied by Elfi Bey :

"As they passed by the officers and men of the 23rd (26th Light Dragoons when in Egypt), the Bey immediately recognized the Regiment, which had served in Egypt and had gallantly defended his life at Alexandria. He cried out to his interpreter to inform the Duke that they were his

noble defenders, and saluted the officers and men as he rode past."

Proceeding to the Peninsular, the 23rd Light Dragoons saw considerable service and immortalized themselves at Talavera by a particularly brilliant charge—this charge took place over a plain of high rank grass which concealed a dried-up water-course of considerable depth and breadth, somewhat similar to the sunken road of Ohain which caused such a debacle amongst the French cuirassiers at Waterloo. Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered the 23rd under Colonel Seymour, together with the 1st German Hussars under Colonel Arentschild, to charge the French Column beyond this invisible nullah.

Mounted on the lighter and better quality horses, and no doubt riding jealous at finding themselves alongside foreigners, the 23rd galloped forward with the typical élan characteristic of British Cavalry, showing clean heels to the ponderous German Hussars.

Suddenly they were upon this unseen and treacherous obstacle, the ground appeared to open under them, and into the ravine crashed the 23rd Light Dragoons.

Some horses cleared the ditch, but the majority plunged into it, whilst others crashed on top of them. Here and there men and horses struggled out in twos and threes, and in spite of this "shemozzle" the remnants were rallied by Major Ponsonby and, with remarkable gallantry, pressed home their attack against three French cavalry regiments who had now ridden forward to protect their infantry.

It was a forlorn hope and few of the 23rd lived to rejoin their lines. It is recorded that Lord William Russell, who was struck by three musket balls and had his horse shot under him, together with his orderly were the only survivors of one of the squadrons.

Sir John Fortescue gives the casualties of the regiment as 190 men and 200 horses.

And what were the fortunes of their "confederates" the 1st German Hussars? Seeing the disaster which had befallen the British Cavalry, the German Colonel Arentschild drew rein,

saying, according to Napier—"I will not kill my young mans," and called it a day!

Only one person could have given the warning of the sudden danger, and that was Colonel Seymour. A bold horseman, seeing the impediment, he rode to clear it, and unfortunately did so, for those riding in his wake were not to be warned of impending danger, which would have been the case had he pitched headlong into it. No one will deny the fact that the 23rd Light Dragoons earned their Battle Honour "Talavera" as gloriously as the regiments comprising the Light Brigade were to earn that of "Balaclava" forty-five years later.

The Regiment returned to the "U.K." to recruit in October, 1809, bearing with them the following farewell dated Badajoz, October 31st, 1809:

"The Commander of the Forces cannot allow the 23rd Regiment of Light Dragoons to quit the Army without expressing his concern upon losing their services. The severe loss, however, which they sustained in a most gallant and effectual charge in the Battle of Talavera has rendered it desirable that they should have an opportunity to recruit, and the Commander of the Forces hopes that, before much time will elapse, they will be in full strength and will have fresh opportunities of distinguishing themselves."

The Battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo were to register their next engagements. It is of interest to note that *circa* 1815 their buttons consisted of the number 23 surmounting the letters L.D., and that their badge was the Sphinx over Egypt. In 1816 the 23rd Light Dragoons were converted into Lancers, and, together with the 16th Queen's Light Dragoons (Lancers), were amongst the first British Cavalry regiments to be allotted this, the recognized arm of chivalry in mediæval tournaments—the lance.

Until the Napoleonic Wars the lance was only carried by the Poles and Cossacks. So effectively did the great Napoleon use his lancers at Waterloo that the British Army afterwards adopted this weapon for the *arme blanche*.

Converted into Lancers, the 23rd shed their Dragoon helmet for the lance cap or "Czapka," on the plate of which they bore

the Royal Arms surmounting the sphynx with the Battle Honours "Egypt," "Talavera," "Peninsular" and "Waterloo." The regiment was disbanded in 1817, and made its last appearance in the Army List of that year as the 23rd Light Dragoons (Lancers).

Thus it will be seen that the newly formed 23rd Hussars have great traditions to inherit if they are, as one anticipates, permitted to regard themselves as the legitimate descendants of this celebrated regiment. It matters little if the present regiment is not to know that wonderful atmosphere which can only be created by horses, the regiment will serve all the better and more proudly if it can cast back to the great record established by the 23rd Light Dragoons, and may it cherish these traditions from the moment of its re-embodiment by establishing a fierce *esprit de corps*.

The four Squadron Guidons of the 23rd Light Dragoons have been, until recently, preserved in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. They bear their identity XXIII L.D. in the centre surmounting the Sphynx with "Egypt" and are emblazoned with the following battle honours: Talavera, Peninsular and Waterloo.

The spirited illustration depicting their charge at Talavera was especially drawn for the CAVALRY JOURNAL by Major Wymer in 1910, and was reproduced in the July number of that year; perhaps the artist may have exaggerated the "spread" of the natural obstacle.

24TH LIGHT DRAGOONS. (To be reformed as the 24th Lancers)

Two regiments only have been identified by this number.

The first regiment was raised in 1794 as an Irish corps, and, according to "Records and Badges of the British Army," by H. M. Chichester, displayed the same motto as the 17th Lancers do to-day, that of "Death or Glory" on their Dragoon helmets.

This regiment, which had been raised and commanded by Colonel William Loftus, was disbanded in 1802. There is a record of their uniform having been altered from blue to red shortly after embodiment.

The second regiment was raised originally in 1795 as the 27th Light Dragoons from drafts furnished by the 1st Dragoons,

2nd Dragoons, 11th Light Dragoons and 25th Light Dragoons, in 1804 it was renumbered as the 24th L.D.

The uniform at this period consisted of French grey with yellow facings.

It served in St. Domingo, at the Cape, and with Sir Arthur Wellesley in India throughout the Mahratta and Pindarree campaigns, commanded by Colonel Guy, Lord Dorchester. Here it was awarded its badge, that of an Elephant (howdahless) circumscribed "Hindoostan" in commemoration of the action of Ally-Ghur, 4th September, 1803, and at Delhi, 9th September, 1803. In the engagement at Laswaree the regiment particularly distinguished itself with the 6th Regiment of Native Cavalry, and were mentioned in Lord Lake's despatches. Here it incurred the following casualties: 48 killed and wounded (including three Captains) and 55 horses.

In 1804 it became the 24th Light Dragoons and appears to have worn a blue light dragoon jacket with light grey facings, gold lace, and white breeches.

By 1812 the Light Dragoon regiments had discarded the Light Dragoon jacket for the double-breasted tunic or "ulanka" which is always associated with Lancer regiments. An old print which was reproduced in the CAVALRY JOURNAL of July, 1922, depicts representatives of the 8th, 22nd, and 24th Light Dragoons serving in the East Indies in 1812. In each case the "plastron" or lancer front is depicted. It is a spirited picture with the horses galloping *ventre à terre* over typical Indian terrain.

In 1819 the regiment returned to England where it suffered extinction in disbandment, having made its final appearance in the Army List of that year with its battle honour "Hindoostan," and the tragic words which will always cause fighting men to shudder—"To be disbanded."

The following letter rang their death knell:

"Horse Guards,

"May 4th, 1819.

"SIR,—I have the Commander-in-Chief's commands to notify that the Prince Regent has been pleased to order that the 24th Light Dragoons shall be immediately disbanded.

"I have, &c.,

"(sd.) HARRY CALVERT, A.G.

“ To General Loftus,

“ Colonel of the 24th Light Dragoons.”

In view of their service and what the orders for disbandment were to mean to the officers and men, the A.G. of that period might well have displayed a more sympathetic note in substituting the word regrets for “ has been pleased.”

As the 1819 Army List shows, the following Light Dragoon regiments for the last time, viz., 22nd, 24th, 25th. A few remarks regarding the 25th, which however does not affect us to-day, might be made. This regiment was on service in the West Indies in 1797, and on its return to England was despatched to India, where it was heavily engaged in the Battle of Leswaree, carrying out a most brilliant charge against the Mahratta guns and sustaining casualties amounting to 62 officers and men and 88 horses. In 1810 the regiment proceeded to Mauritius, at which time its uniform is recorded to have consisted of a blue jacket, with light grey facings and lapelles, silver lace for officers and white lace for the men ; breeches were white. In recognition of its gallant services in India the regiment was awarded the Battle Honour Leswaree* and the badge of the Elephant.

It should be stated that the personnel which comprised all these Light Dragoon regiments were recruited in England and Ireland ; there is no indication that any foreign element was ever introduced into their ranks at any time.

On the disbandment of the higher numbers which were on the Irish establishment, the personnel appears to have been absorbed by those remaining regiments.†

* To-day the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars are the only British Cavalry regiment bearing the battle honour “ LESWARREE,” spelt Leswaree in the Army List of 1819, and Leswaree in the Iron Duke's despatches. This honour to commemorate their brilliant charge was not, however, awarded until many years after it had been awarded to the 25th Light Dragoons. In the engagement the 8th Light Dragoons incurred the following casualties—53 officers and men killed and wounded with 114 horses.

The Commanding Officer, Colonel Thomas Vandeleur, was killed, but his charger, said to have been a celebrated race-horse of jet-black colour (name unfortunately not recorded) continued in the lead until caught by Coronet Burrowes, who ride him until the 8th Hussars left India in 1822, when he was put down to avoid him “ falling into unworthy hands.”

† Research into the records of all these Light Dragoon regiments is complicated owing to the fact that the 25th were renumbered 22nd in 1802, the 26th became the 23rd in 1803, the 27th became the 24th in 1804, the 29th were renumbered 25th in 1804, the 28th, however, were not renumbered but disbanded in 1802.



A SQUADRON GUIDON, 24th LIGHT DRAGOONS.

By kind permission of Major S. G. Everitt, late Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

THE FOURTH ARM

By "AIGUILLETTE."

THERE is a tendency for every armed conflict between nations to bequeath some new method of waging warfare as a sinister legacy to its successors. The 1914-18 struggle, for example, endowed the warfare of the future with the aeroplane, the submarine, and—since possible revival of their use cannot be ruled out—with the poisonous compounds of the chemical gas factory. In addition, in propaganda it furnished the future with a "war potential" scarcely less noxious in its effects than "gas" itself. But although the earlier world crisis witnessed the first use of propaganda on the grand scale, its employment in time of war presented no new phenomenon; although in the past its dissemination has rarely extended to a belligerent country's civil population.

Politico-military propaganda was practised by the early Greeks; and Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" refers to the scattering among the enemy of what he describes as "libels." In early Western-European warfare the ubiquity of that licensed go-between, the Herald, was frequently utilized as a means of sowing distrust and fostering irresolution in the ranks of the opposing army. Shakespeare, with his uncanny percipience, was quick to note the opportunity for a little subtle "intimidation" possessed by a functionary privileged to address a hostile host with uncurbed tongue. Thus, in the speech of the French Herald to Henry V, hurled defiantly at him in the presence of his sick and worn-out troops, there is carefully introduced a touch of deliberately threatening propaganda:

"Thus says my king. . . . Bid him consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne,

the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested. . . . For our losses, his exchequer is too poor ; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number ; for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. . . . And tell him for conclusion, he has betrayed his followers, *whose condemnation is pronounced !* ”

One peculiar but highly effective form of propaganda was that practised by the “ Preaching Soldiers ” of the Parliamentary Army during the Civil War. Regarding the efforts of the orthodox Puritan pastors to put the case against the “ malignants ” as tepid and altogether lacking in persuasion, they deliberately usurped the pulpits for the promulgation of their own more perfervid exhortations ; successfully defying Parliament’s order against the continuance of this intensive form of proselytising. The Civil War years were equally remarkable for the widespread propaganda warfare waged by pamphlet ; a contest in which the Roundheads may be said to have exhibited by far the greater earnestness and skill.

An actual example of the subtle use of the military go-between to create “ alarm and despondency ” in the ranks of the enemy may be found in the letter, written in 1663, from one of the English garrison of that lonely outpost of Tangier ; beleagured by a horde of fanatic Moslems for over twenty years

“ This day, a drum to the camp of Abd Allah Ghailan, to acquaint them of the arrival of seven great ships out of England, with fresh store of victuals, powder and shot, and reinforcements for our sad (i.e., depleted) regiments, to ensure our better defence.”

An even more direct approach was that initiated by the Colonial authorities prior to the battle of Bunker Hill. Hand-bills were freely distributed among the British troops offering the “ liberal payment of seven dollars a month, fresh provisions in plenty, health, freedom, ease and affluence,” with the ultimate gift of a farm, should any of the redcoats desert and thereafter espouse the American cause. The somewhat tardy British reply to this enticement took the form of a widely-distributed

Proclamation, from the facile pen of "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne; one of the few General Officers to subscribe to the belief that the pen was as mighty as, if not mightier than, the sword. While the tone of this effusion was more reproachful than threatening, so pompous were its rounded periods that it was greeted by the Colonials with Homeric laughter, and earned for its author the stunning title of "the Chrononhotonthologos of War." A subsequent counter-proclamation, in which what one contemporary pamphleteer described as Burgoyne's "tinsel splendour and enlightened absurdity" was burlesqued with almost devilish fidelity, put a period to an exchange of propaganda more concentrated and intense than any previous effort in this direction of which record exists.

Appeals to the populace of an invaded country to join the armies of the Republic in the overthrow of tyranny, were a regular feature of the early campaigns of Revolutionary France. But propaganda efforts during the Napoleonic wars, confined as they were in England almost exclusively to the "edification" of the civil population, found their best expression in the cartoons of the Gilray and Rowlandson school, which so triumphantly succeeded in building up the legend of "the Corsican Ogre."

If propaganda be described as the art of persuasion by judicious emphasis, it should equally be borne in mind that the degree of persuasion exerted by a frantically beaten drum is liable to be in inverse ratio to the amount of energy expended. Unless truth forms its basis, propaganda is prone to react much in the same way as a boomerang; although the deliberate "doctoring" of material was indulged in by Bismarck—the "Ems" telegram, for example—and Napoleon long before Dr. Goebbels undertook to expand the process along the lines of mass-production mendacity. But both Bismarck and Napoleon thoroughly understood the necessity of differentiating between "propaganda" and "intelligence"; and each of them sponsored a Cabinet for the Collection of Information as well as another Secretariat for the dissemination of news and, particularly, "views."

The negative side of propaganda, as embodied in the judicious employment of *suppressio veri*, was strikingly exhibited in the French handling of the situation in the Crimea. While the whole of England was ringing with stories of the miseries suffered by the British troops on the Black Sea peninsula, no word of the plight of the French forces—in no better case than their comrades-in-arms—was allowed to appear in the Paris Press. And this at a time when the importance of the Press as an instrument of propaganda was assuming ever-increasing importance.

It is in connection with the power of the Press to give instant and world-wide prominence to a passing *mot de guet*, and, in so doing, to metamorphose it into a vehicle of propaganda, that the story may be recalled of the curious manner in which the B.E.F. of 1914 acquired its sobriquet of “French’s contemptible little army.” It was at Aix-la-Chapelle, on August 19th, 1914, that the Kaiser circulated an Order of the Day exhorting his soldiery at all costs to walk over French’s “*verächtliche kleine Armee*”; literally, French’s “contemptibly little Army.” In his hasty translation of the copy of the Order shown to him, however, Colonel Repington, representing the London *Times*, misread the governing word as *verächtlich*—without the “e”—interpreting it as being used adjectivally rather than adverbially. The garbled translation of the Order was seen by a Manchester newspaper man, possessed of what can only be described as a keener sense of propaganda values than the representative of the *Times*; and it was through him that the vital, if inaccurately rendered, phrase reached the Press and was, in all honesty, passed on to the world as authentic. Thereafter, no official correction could hope to catch up with the original version, which had been printed broadcast; and “the Old Contemptibles” remains perhaps the proudest title the men of 1914 claim to-day.

The aeroplane offered an obvious means for the dissemination of propaganda of which the British authorities, so early as the October of 1914, were alert to take advantage. So profoundly misinformed as to the real causes of the war had the German

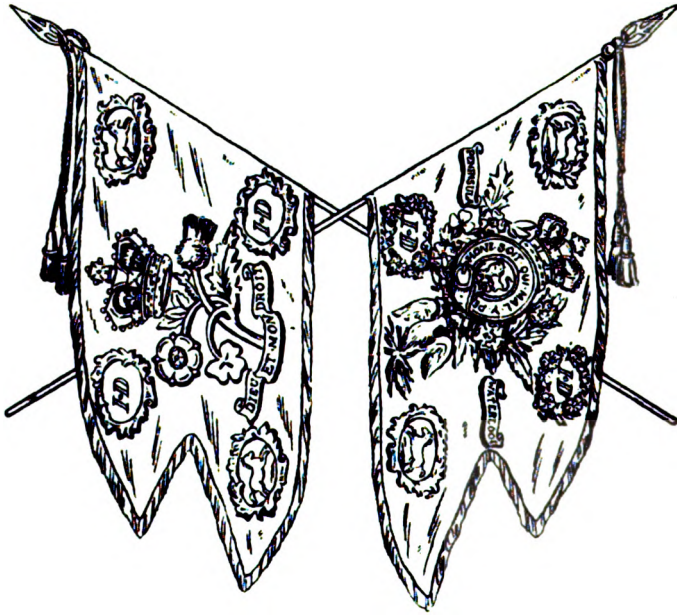
soldier proved to be that, at the suggestion of Major (now Major-General Sir Ernest) Swinton, the official " Eye-Witness " of the B.E.F., steps were promptly taken for his enlightenment. Under the title of *Bekanntmachung*, a pamphlet, printed on both sides of a single sheet of bright green paper, was hastily run off in Paris. Handed over to the Royal Flying Corps, copies of the leaflet were sown broadcast over the German lines. This " paper raid " proved considerably more effective than a similar, if smaller, effort undertaken by the Germans in the September of the same year. This had been carried out by the 3rd Bavarian Squadron who, during the battle of Grand Couronné, dropped intimidating leaflets, written in execrable Teuton-French on ordinary military message forms, over the town which, somewhat prematurely, they had Germanized from Nancy to *Nanzig* !

From these maiden efforts to the world-wide propaganda aimed, by both sides, at combatant and non-combatant alike, which marked the years 1917 and 1918, and is an even more prominent feature of the present struggle, was no more than a natural process of progression.

As a new, a fourth, arm of warlike activity, its early stages were marked by considerable experiment, both good and bad. But experience was not slow to teach that, to be effective, propaganda must be governed by certain clearly defined rules. The first essential was to select material which could be relied upon to interest the ordinary mind and which, if possible, could be embodied in a slogan. The mental diet once determined upon, it was thereafter to be subjected to practically endless repetition. Direction towards a specific object, concealment of motive, together with apt timing, constituted an equally important part of the technique ; but whatever the form it took, no propaganda could be regarded as acceptable which did not contain a kernel of absolutely irrefutable truth.

To this last-named wise and honourable obligation, it may fairly be claimed, British propaganda has remained, and continues to remain, unswervingly faithful.

It was in 1662 that a committee of Cardinals was established in Rome by Pope Gregory XV for the propagation throughout the world of the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion. It is a far cry from that seventeenth century *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide* to the net-work of opinion, news, covert persuasiveness and plain, unadulterated mendacity in which the world finds itself enmeshed to-day !



AN UNORTHODOX HOG-HUNT IN AN INDIAN STATE

BY COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON (late 3rd Cavalry I.A.)

“ God gave the horse for man to ride,
And steel with which to fight,
And wine to swell his soul with pride,
And women for delight.
But a better gift than all these four,
Was when he made the fighting boar.”—

JULIAN GRENFELL.

SOME ten years ago I stayed with the Maharajah of Kohlapur, a sportsman, a great lover of horses, and though a heavily built man a fine horseman and a gallant rider after the mighty boar. His family shared with him his love of horses and the sports of the chase. His sister joined in the pig-sticking, and often used to come in at the critical moment when the boar was standing at bay and give him the *coup de grace*. Like the Amazons of old, she rode astride, and mounted on superb horses, had a great number of “spears” to her credit, a truly remarkable woman! The Dowager Maharani, who although of advanced years, never missed a day’s pig-sticking if she could possibly help it; she viewed the sport from a car, and in it she covered almost any country over which the sport took her.

The Maharajah used to tell a remarkable story of a pony which saved his life, which demonstrates the wonderful understanding that there was between his equine friends and their master.

Once when he was out pig-sticking a boar with a spear through his body charged his pony.

The spear went through the pony's neck and as it reared up the Maharajah was thrown and could not get up. The pony, in spite of his wound, stood over him and kicked madly at the boar until his injured master was rescued. Two days later the Maharajah was told that the pony was fretting and had refused food and medicine, was carried to the stable and his pony realising that his master was alive immediately allowed itself to be fed and eventually recovered.

During the Maharajah's race meetings (he had his own race course) trainers and jockeys from all over India stayed with him. It was his great pleasure to entertain them royally, and to provide sport of all kinds for his guests. During the Autumn meeting of 1930 he gave a day's pig-sticking to all guests, owners, trainers and jockeys. Let me take you back ten years to the scene.

The meet is timed for 6 a.m., as we are amongst the first to arrive, and have an opportunity of looking round the horses. On the left of the road are some elephants for those guests who do not ride. Next to them are the Maharajah's horses, very good quality Australian weight carriers; beyond these the A.D.C.'s horses, and beyond these again are the horses that are being provided for the guests. By 7.30 a.m. everybody has arrived, mounts have been allotted, and the field moves off. For a mile or two this cavalcade jogs along a rough cart track, small jockeys on large horses, trainers and guests on horses that are in some cases almost too small for them, a forest of spears held at all angles! Many of the horses are from H.H.'s cavalry, full of beans and doubtless hoping for a charge, or at any rate a stern chase. The faces of the riders show, in some cases, anxiety, but on many is depicted joy in the glory of the morning, and all are full of eagerness for some exciting sport.

Arrived at a point, where on one side is a thick scrub jungle, and on the other open undulating country, the field moves down to the far end of the jungle, in charge of the field-master, the Maharajah himself. An army of beaters is awaiting the signal to commence. This is given by H.H. and the beat commences.

There are long lines of beaters, with whom is an Indian band composed of conches, tom-toms, reeds and gourd instruments, discoursing strange and weird music, guaranteed to charm the largest "duker" (pig) from his lair. There are also men carrying old jazails, (muzzle loading muskets), which they fire at frequent intervals, producing a truly deafening effect, and there are other noises suitable for the occasion! On the horses the effect of all this is becoming noticeable. Those of the "Risala" (cavalry) especially are showing distinct signs of excitement. Some of the jockeys riding them begin to feel that they need so much management that two hands unencumbered by a spear are preferable. In consequence, they discard their weapons to the great joy of various orderlies and other myrmidons, who too, like a gallop after a "pig."

The beat is now in full swing, and after five or ten minutes a "sunder" breaks away left handed. Between thirty or forty spears make a wild dash hell for leather for the nearest boar, but he, an old veteran, has been at this game before, and jinking cleverly two or three times, doubles back into the cover. Many of the field continue on, willy nilly, until their horses have had enough to work off superfluous steam. After reorganization the Maharajah now takes command and is in the centre of the line of beaters, cheering them on and getting the best out of them. Several "sounders" of small pig break to right and left, but are pressed and headed too soon, and do not get well away.

It is now 11 o'clock. Hark! What is that terrific noise, and excitement among the beaters? Ah, there he goes, a mighty boar making his way, with incredible swiftness, over a very rough bit of country on our right. Only three "spears" who have gone out to a flank see him go, and get away after him.

The ground is black cotton, generously studded with boulders and interspersed with nullahs. The boar has the best of it at first, and increases his lead, but on the flat the riders gain on him. For half a mile they race over the rock-strewn ground. The Maharajah, who is one of the spears, by going the wrong side of a very big nullah which proves impassable,

is obliged to give up. The second and third spears get on to better terms with the pig, and after another five hundred yards or so, "X" gets in and breaks his spear! Captain "Y" coming up, spears the pig rather behind, which causes him to turn and charge like lightning, cutting "Y's" mare in the gaskin.

Things are becoming interesting, but who are these coming up? Two horses "*ventre a terre*," making the best of a good bit of going the riders are H.H's sister, and an Indian A.D.C. It is just the opportunity she has been looking for. She pulls up within a few yards of the boar and awaits his charge, spearing him neatly, and giving him the "*coup de grace*." Later in the morning another boar is killed after a good gallop, the Maharajah himself rolling him over, his spear going through like a knife into butter, as he gets him just behind the shoulder. The Dowager Maharani's car is in at the death.

This ends the day, and so home along the bullock track jogs the cavalcade, its ranks much thinned and its spears noticeably less.

At the place where we met is an enormous "marquee" (tent); inside there is a table laid for sixty, and at the Maharajah's invitation we sit down to lunch and well-earned drinks. Conversation soon begins to flow, and every jockey has his experiences of the day to relate. The Maharajah's great hearty laugh echoes round the tent; it proves infectious and lunch is eaten in the best of spirits. At length farewells are reluctantly said, and a stream of cars flows back to Kohlapur.

NOTE.—The above was written some years ago. I am informed that pig-sticking has since been very much modernised, and is a really good show, Kohlapur taking the place of other country tent clubs near Poona, which is now suffering from lack of the raw material which in the old days made it a famous pig-sticking country.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS

“Random Jottings of a Horseman.” By Lieut.-Colonel G. Goldschmidt. (Country Life. Price 8s. 6d.).

REAL horse-lovers are never tired of reading the recollections of brothers in affection, and Colonel Goldschmidt certainly comes under this heading. There is an old canteen saying that “There is no such thing as bad beer, only some beer is better than others.” If this saying can be applied to books on horses, these tales certainly savour of the latter.

Hints on buying a green pony will soon, we hope, be of use once again. The chapter on the Army Mule who “has no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity” will be interesting to those who may find themselves fighting in Greece or Albania. Thoughts on International Polo will recall many memories. Some day we may perhaps try our luck once again, but in the meantime we are all engaged in a more serious international competition.

T. T. P.

“Deeds which should not pass away.” By Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Ltd. Price 8s. 6d.).

It is indeed a tragedy that this book should have been the Swan Song of a particularly brilliant military historian, and Colonel Whitton was not only a very distinguished writer. It can be said of him that he wielded the sword as ably as he handled his pen. He had served throughout the South African war and as a Company Commander in the 2nd Battalion Leinster Regiment, he was severely wounded in the shoulder and arm, and captured at Premesques in October, 1914, when his company was practically annihilated in defending this village against the main German onslaught launched from Lille.

Whitton, in company with a blinded brother officer, Captain G. Orpen Palmer, made good his escape from their captors and regained our lines. It took him several years to recover from his severe wounds, which he devoted to writing and produced, amongst other books, that classic on the Marne Campaign.

“Deeds which should not pass away” consists of a collection of fourteen historical sketches of famous episodes in war. Colonel Whitton has endeavoured to prove that the test and trial of war brings out what is noble in human nature—bravery, self-sacrifice, camaraderie (so fostered under fire), discipline, and *esprit de corps*, and he has succeeded. The Death Ride or “Der Todtenritt” that of Von Bredow’s cavalry charge at Mars-la-Tour, 1870, is a fascinating description which is all the more readable owing to the author’s detailed knowledge of the ground—having read, and re-read, this absorbing chapter the reader will agree with the summing up—“Six squadrons well led, well handled and charging home had in forty minutes altered the history of the world.”

The author has the gift of making his characters live—what a vivid picture he portrays of Sir Hugh Rose in “The Last of the Paladins.” One wonders what became of the fine equestrian statue of this great soldier which stood at Knightsbridge, and which was such a familiar land mark to those wending their way to Tattersalls on a Monday morning. It was deplorable that it should have been removed to make way for an underground! But the Central Indian campaign and what it meant for the British Raj could never have been so important as an underground for Londoners, even years before the demand for air raid shelters.

It is refreshing to read that at Inkermann, Rose, having had his horse shot under him by a withering fire from a line of Russian picquets. “With such coolness did he get on his feet, and with such nonchalance did he pat his charger and lead it slowly away, that the order was passed down the Russian front to cease firing on the British officer who was displaying such courage and sang froid.” One can hardly believe, with the knowledge of the diabolical régime of Communism in Russia to-day,

that such chivalrous foes could have ever materialized from the same country.

All the chapters in this very excellent work are quite remarkable for the vivid pictures framed in the correct atmosphere, with the detailed explanation of the terrain, and historical references to the regiments, and the uniforms worn by friends and foes alike, even to the types of horses ridden by the 7th Magdeburg Cuirassiers of the Prussian Army in the "Death Ride." Perhaps the *pièce de résistance* is that entitled "The finest Thing ever done"—the story of Balaclava—it is quite enthralling reading. No hand has ever depicted this charge like Whitton's—the chief characters, with their peculiarities and various uniforms, ride into the arena before the reader's eyes with a unique vividness. Perhaps it was the Irishman's knowledge of horses which gave the author such a flair for describing cavalry in action.

The Light Brigade is drawn up in battle array with Lord Cardigan, tall and slender with an elegant seat in the saddle, wearing the uniform of his old regiment, the 11th Hussars. He moves in rhythm with his horse as he rides ahead of the 13th Light Dragoons, and "looks every inch an English aristocrat with the traditional good looks of the Brudenell family." His reputation is that of a martinet and officers of the 11th had resigned rather than submit to his tyranny, but in action he was to prove he had the heart of a lion, and, therefore, soldiers will overlook his severity. Next comes the impetuous galloper, Captain Nolan* of the 15th The King's Hussars—of Irish stock, brought up in Hungary (what a background for a cavalry officer)—Nolan has wangled his way out to the Crimea owing to his knowledge of languages—five, including Hungarian.

Having delivered the message, round which there has ever since raged so much controversy, Nolan trots over to his old friend, Captain Morris, 17th Lancers, and asks to ride beside him.

* The son of a British officer, who on retirement had accepted a Consular post in Austria and who had put his three sons into Hungarian Hussar regiments. Edward Nolan later purchased a commission in the 15th Hussars, a regiment which had strong Austrian connections in its history. As the 15th Light Dragoons they had charged at Villers-en-Cauchies under command of Baron Szentkerezsly of Austria against the French. Several officers of the regiment were afterwards rewarded with the Order of Maria Theresa.

Lord Lucan is pointing at the Russian batteries ahead as easily as if he was indicating a covert out hunting, for Cardigan has proposed to charge in two lines on receipt of the bewildering orders from Lord Raglan—13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers in front; the second line under Lord George Paget, composed of the 4th Light Dragoons, 8th and 11th Hussars totalling 700 of all ranks. The 13th and 17th being commanded by Captains—the “Death or Glory Boys” by Morris already mentioned, of stocky build and known as the Pocket Hercules, he has not a horseman’s figure, but he is a tough fighter and a veteran of the Sikh War.

“It is Lord Raglan’s positive orders.” Lord Cardigan brings down his sword in salute and then wheels his horse, taking up his position five horse-lengths in front of his first line, muttering: “Well, here goes the last of the Brudenells,” for he well knew “someone had blundered.” “Come on!” yelled a trooper of the 13th to his comrades, “Come on! Don’t let those ——— of the 17th get in front of us.”

That was the spirit of the officers and men of the immortal Light Brigade as they rode down the Valley of Death. Only Colonel Whitton could have rekindled the atmosphere, and he did so in this superb manner in his “Swan Song” which he barely could have seen in print.

F. C. H.

“Dynamic Defence.” By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. (Faber and Faber.) 3s. 6d.

It is over a year since Captain Liddell Hart’s last book appeared, and this little volume of under 100 pages, small as it is, is therefore very welcome. It takes the form of an outline of the course of the war to date and of the strategical situation as it was at the end of the summer; this last the author considers worse than most of us pictured at the outbreak of war and better than the rest of the world believed possible a few months ago! Since then it has improved further still, and is clear warrant for confidence in the future. Captain Liddell Hart sees the root cause of the Allies’ disasters in essential

misunderstanding of modern war by their leaders still resting in the sunset glow of 1918, and he is able to bring chapter and verse to show British slowness in mechanization of the Army, misuse of the best expert knowledge on armoured warfare, and misunderstanding of the value of air co-operation with motorized troops. On all these points the author, as he gives chapter and verse from many of his previous writings to show, was, with many others, a voice crying in the wilderness. He sees our future victory in the securing of command of the sea and the air, and the bold use of mechanized forces to strike at the enemy's weakest point, probably Italy's African Empire. He also stresses the importance of economic reconstruction, domestic freedom, and creative ideas embodied in a dynamic peace plan as tending to give us the psychological whip-hand of our foes in which the inner secret of victory lies. Brief as it is, this little book is full of matter and ideas of the utmost value which all should read and ponder.

“The Struggle for World Power.” By “Strategicus.” (Faber and Faber.) 10s. 6d.

This volume by the anonymous military critic of the *Spectator* narrates the events of the war as far as the evacuation of Dunkirk by the B.E.F. ; it seems a pity that the author did not carry his tale down to the disappearance of France from the war, and thus be able to start his promised next volume at the opening of a definite stage in the campaign, instead of in the middle of an all but concluded phase. History, of course, the book cannot, and does not pretend to, be ; but as a commentary based only on partial knowledge by an acute and well-informed observer, it is most readable and of considerable value. The author has a number of violent prejudices, political as well as military, to which he gives too free and frequent a rein, and he has not apparently made all the use he might of the excellent material, admittedly mostly from the German side, now appearing in American military journals on the Polish campaign. His remarks on the future of air power are of interest, and many

of his forecasts have been fully justified by events that have happened since the book was published. He is severe—perhaps unduly so—on the defensive school of military thought, in which he sees the prime cause of the Allied defeat in the early summer of 1940, though it is not made clear what alternative in the prevailing conditions was open to the Allies. Their error was surely not that they did not adopt an offensive policy, but that they conducted their defensive badly and failed to measure up the strength of the forces and methods with which they were faced. There are a few minor errors in the book. Douhet, the first exponent of the total air war theory, was an Italian, not a Frenchman (Rongeron was the French apostle of the idea), and there are some misprints that make the story of the River Plate battle, for which there are no maps, hard to follow. The maps are adequate, and the whole book, despite the blemishes noted above, well worth reading.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

THE October "Army Quarterly" opens with a series of articles on various aspects of the present war, of which the first, by Lieut.-Colonel de Watteville, gives a clear and vivid, if mournful, picture of the collapse of France. Weight of armament, and new weapons and novel tactics on the Germans' side carried them to a swift and decisive victory, despite all the courage, morale and skill that the French could pit against them. The article on the war at sea is a plain unvarnished record of events, but Air-Commodore Fellowes, the author of "The R.A.F. After a Year of War," considers that the R.A.F. has already established a decided mastery in the air, which is almost bound to increase in weight and value as time goes on, though we must always be prepared for our foes to do something dreadful and desperate as their situation worsens. Mr. Donald Cowie gives facts and figures about Imperial interest and participation in this war, which seem to him to be more intimate than in the last one. Major Phillips, of the U.S. Army, discusses defence against air attack by night; the article was presumably written before the recent blitzkrieg on Britain began, but there is little even to-day to quarrel with in the author's conclusion that "no means of defence should be overlooked nor any faith be placed in proposals for defence until they have been tested to the fullest extent possible." Other articles on air matters comprise a precis of German views on air defence (they appear to believe in the establishment of frontier anti-aircraft zones blocking every likely avenue of approach, which so far in this war have proved singularly ineffective), and air operations in the Sino-Japanese war. Lieut.-Colonel Bingham appends some enlightened and enlightening ideas on "Man-Management," and the Rev. M. Wells breaks somewhat new ground in discussing a

padre's equipment. There are the usual quota of historical articles.

"The Fighting Forces" for October has as its *pièce de résistance*, an article by General Fuller on German mechanisation, in which he shows that the tank tactics so successfully practised against France were little in advance of those advocated by the British Tank Corps in 1918 and since, the new factor—if that is the right word for something announced and preached for years before the war and practised for testing purposes in Spain—being the close support work of the aerial dive bomber. He declares that none of this could have come to pass but for the belief of Hitler himself and the younger school of German soldiers in the importance of mechanised warfare and the elimination of the older school of Reichswehr leaders who would have none of it. Meanwhile we have neglected our opportunities in the matter as signally as the enemy have made and used theirs. Captain Meredith in "Flags at Half Mast" discusses the causes and course of the downfall of France and lays ruthlessly bare her military faults and failings. General Rowan Robinson writes with knowledge and acuteness on the Middle Eastern situation, which he regards with a hopeful and confident gaze; the might of the British Empire, he thinks, must, even if we lose a battle or two, prevail in the end. The other articles, though well up to normal standard, somewhat suffer by comparison with these three brilliant contributions.

"The Royal Artillery Journal," opens with the Duncan Medal Essay by Captain Odling on the selection and training of officers for extra regimental service. Most readers however will probably turn early to the story of the experiences of an artillery officer in the spring campaign in Belgium, from which two points stand well out—the general obscurity and prevalence of the fog of war throughout, and the excellent account of itself always given by the B.E.F. whenever a chance to do so offered. Lieutenant Minto, in an article on the morale of the Reichswehr, foretells disaster under acute or prolonged strain by reason of the divorce of viewpoint and doctrine between the excellent, hard, but small core of professional non-political elite of officers

and N.C.O's. and the soft bulk of half-digested, half-trained Nazified youth, who form the large majority of the rank and file. Colonel Becke tells the magnificent epic of one man, Captain Gee, Staff Captain of the 86th Brigade of the 29th Division, who by his heroism during the German counter-offensive at Cambrai on 30th November, 1917, saved his whole division, and perhaps the whole army, from utter disaster; and General Sir G. MacMunn finishes his outline story of the War of American Independence.

"The Royal Engineers' Journal" contains an excellent article of wide popular appeal on "Training and Thinking," which in the view of the anonymous author should be made mutually to adjoin throughout a soldier's life, and will thereby save him from boredom, crime and inefficiency. He gives some useful hints as to how this desideratum may best be achieved. There is also an interesting narration of the mine warfare prior to the battle of Messines in June, 1917, the story being told mainly from the German side.

In "The Royal Air Force Quarterly" for September Mr. Spaight discusses the question of the use of air power once we have achieved victory in the air, which we shall have done before long. "We shall then be strong enough," he says, "to subject Germany to a regime of military occupation by air, which will reduce her to a nation of munition workers taking cover, and which cannot rearm—and the nation that cannot rearm is lost." The anonymous author of "Shades of Opinion" continues his conversations about war with the illustrious shades of Elysium, and the usual full scale narratives of war events fill the bulk of the rest of the number.

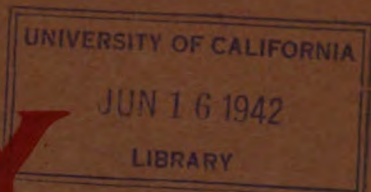


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Lieutenant-General The Right Honourable ROBERT STEPHENSON SMYTH BARON
BADEN-POWELL OF GILWELL, O.M., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., LL.D.,

Colonel of the 13th/18th Royal Hussars (Queen Mary's Own).

22nd February, 1857—8th January, 1941.

APRIL, 1944

to the server with the following code:

[illegible]

One of all the honours of this year, when it appeared, was the conferral of the title of Count. The Count had to make known to the Prussians that to send Plamen, he intended to send his son, and even Fifth Hussar was to join a real



100. The Right Honourable ROBERT STEPHENSON SMYTH BARON
 OF GILWELL, O.M., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., T.D.,
 of the 13th 18th Royal Hussars (Queen Mary's Own),
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HORSED AND MECHANIZED

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Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G., late Colonel 11th Hussars, died on March 8th, 1941. He will indeed be missed by very many, for he must have had thousands of friends, and not a single enemy. Tommy Pitman, as he was to all who new him, combined all those qualities of the ideal cavalry officer, loyal both to his superiors and subordinates, straightforward and without a mean thought, and unshaken courage as all who served with him well knew.

General Pitman was born in 1868, and educated at Eton ; he was an enthusiastic Old Etonian, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to meet past and present Etonians and talk about their common interests. Like most of his family he was a first-class athlete, and some of his records in the running field are still remembered. He joined the 11th Hussars in 1889, of which regiment he got command in 1912, and took them out to France in 1914. In 1915 he got command of the 4th Cavalry Brigade and in 1918 of the 2nd Cavalry Division. After the war he had the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Tidworth, and later he commanded 48th Division of the Territorial Army. He retired from the Army in 1926.

But of all his honours and rewards what he appreciated most was the colonelcy of the 11th Hussars. There could have been few keener 11th Hussars than General Pitman ; he literally adored the regiment, and every 11th Hussar was to him a real

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comrade. During the last war in times of stress and anxiety (not that he was ever in the least anxious or disturbed) the tune of the march of the 11th Hussars, played on an old gramophone, acted like a tonic. After the war he married Violet Mary, daughter of Sir Michael Lakin, Bt., and the sister of a brother officer. On his retirement from the service he was by no means idle ; he had a number of interests which kept him busy, not least of which was the managing editorship of the Cavalry Journal. The success of the journal and even its continued existence after the revolution of mechanization is largely due to him. He advised as to make up, read most of the articles submitted, reviewed books and corrected proofs ; in fact this number is the first one that has not been guided and helped by General Pitman.

In this war he gloried in the achievements of his regiment, and was looking forward to the time when he could meet and welcome them as they returned victorious to their native shore. Although he cannot be there in person we can be sure his gallant spirit will be there to greet them on their arrival. Of Tommy Pitman it can well be said he was the pattern of a cavalry officer, a life well spent, and a duty well done.

THE EDITOR.

LORD BADEN - POWELL

“ O thou daring, persistent, clever one,
 Who lieth low when others move about in a fiery fashion,
 Thou warrior that striketh near break of dawn,
 Scout of Scouts,
 Hero of a mighty undertaking,
 Welcome ! The Zulus greet thee ! ”—

Pietermaritzburg, 1926.

BORN at 6 Stanhope Street, London, on the 22nd February, 1857, Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell could claim to be a cockney by birth ; certainly he had the true cockney's sense of humour and ready wit.

General Sir Archibald Wavell tells us that a sense of humour is good for anyone but that a high commander must not display it too much or too often. I should have enjoyed seeing anyone try to harness B.P.'s sense of humour. It was quite irrepressible. He could see, imitate “ to the life ” and sketch with his pencil the funny side of everything ; and this habit of finding something to amuse him on the dullest occasion made him a delightful companion at all times, and certainly added to his own zest for life. He gave to his Boy Scouts the motto : “ A smile and a stick will carry you through all difficulties,” and of the two weapons he certainly used the smile the most often.

It was by the purest fluke that Baden-Powell became a cavalry soldier. He was waiting to go up to Oxford in 1876 when he chanced on an advertisement of an open examination for direct commissions in the Army and determined to have a shot at passing. Greatly to his own surprise—and more still to that of his friends—he passed second for cavalry and fourth for infantry out of over 700 candidates. “ By the help of his school instruction, but MUCH MORE by the help of his mother wit, he took a distinguished place in the competition ”—wrote his headmaster, Dr. Haig-Brown. To his schoolmasters who had

often reported him "idle," "uninterested" and even "asleep in form," this success must have come as something of a shock.

The successful candidates were drafted to Sandhurst for two years' instruction but there being a shortage of officers the first six in the list were excused this preliminary training; which explains how he found himself a cavalry officer at the age of nineteen and posted to the 13th Hussars as a sub-lieutenant.

The 13th Hussars was stationed at Lucknow and was under the command of Colonel John Miller, shortly succeeded by Colonel Baker Russell, under whom it gained for itself the nick-name of "The Baker's Dozen."

"He was a character and no mistake"—wrote B.P. in later life. "A fine figure of a man and a soldier standing well over six feet with the piercing eye of a hawk, a big black moustache, and a stentorian voice like a bull. He was the sort of man you would think twice about trifling with—and you would be right. Of himself he used to say 'Up till mid-day I am the Devil, after that a child might play with me.' And that just about described him. He was apt to let himself go when anything annoyed him—which was often—but at the same time he had a generous and human heart."

(If Baker Russell was a typical C.O. what a reversion from type must have been B.P. when in his turn he commanded a Cavalry Regiment !)

The young soldier soon adapted himself to life in India and his letters home during his first two years abound with boyish descriptions of work and play, of his successes and accidents, of chargers bought and sold (each one apparently more superb than the last), of parties where his success as singer and actor made him a welcome guest, of his progress in the riding school and on parade, of his companions, his clothes, his surroundings and his expenses (his monthly accounts were sent home regularly for inspection); and where words failed (*e.g.* in describing some wonderful fancy dress or piece of scenery) he would resort to his pencil.

His mother was an impecunious clergyman's widow, with several other sons and a daughter to educate, and B.P.'s allow-

ance was small. The burden of many a boy's letters home under similar circumstances might have been "send me money"; but with B.P. it was always "send me more comic songs." His appetite for play-books and songs was insatiable, but his references to money were always to the effect that he was managing perfectly well and even saving.

From Lucknow the regiment moved to Kokoran, eight miles from Kandahar, and the month's march through Afghanistan has been delightfully described by Baden-Powell himself in his book "Indian Memories."

In January, 1881, he reported: "I went to Maiwand with the reconnoitring squadron last week. Colonel St. John, General Nicholson and several other swells went with us; it was a very jolly three days' outing and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. The battlefield was very much as it was left, any amount of dead horses, lines of cartridge cases, wheeltracks and hoof marks quite clear, dead men in heaps (most had been hurriedly buried and dug up again by dogs), clothes and accoutrements all over the place. I brought back a shell, the hoof of an E.B. (R.H.A.) horse, a bloody bit of belt and a leaf out of Sir G. Wolseley's pocket-book. I have since had to make two maps of the field for General Wilkinson and the C.-in.-C. and the Colonel has asked me to do one for him to send to Sir Garnet Wolseley."

The maps were for use at the court-martial on the officers concerned in the defeat at Maiwand.

The days at Kokoran were happy ones and filled with incident. "There was indeed no lack of occupation," wrote B.P. "One day we would be hunting up one of the bands of robbers in an adjacent pass only to find that 'the brutes had gone' as I phrased it, so I made a map of the pass for Sir Baker instead. Another day I would be sent out reconnoitring with a troop; or enjoying a picnic as if war were a thing unheard of; a third would find me in charge of an inlying picket, which meant sitting all ready in my tent with my horse saddled the whole day, and my troop the same, ready to turn out and to march within two minutes of the alarm. Then at dusk we would go

out of camp about a mile, post vedettes and send out patrols every hour throughout the night to examine the neighbourhood. We would take two tents with us, but keep dressed with our horses saddled all ready to turn out. At daybreak we would move out to examine a post some five miles off and then back to camp. Sometimes it was so cold at night that instead of putting up the tent our men would prefer to roll themselves up in it on the ground. They had to wear Balaclava caps, that is knitted nightcaps which came down all over the head and neck with eyeholes to look out from. We succeeded in getting a great deal of experience as we were constantly expecting attacks, and the long and bitterly cold nights on outpost duty hardened us thoroughly."

Shortly after their arrival at Kokoran a regimental concert was given during which there was a stir at the back of the hall where the men were sitting. In walked a general and proceeded up the centre aisle, loudly telling the men to sit down, at which they naturally stood up. Colonel Baker Russell, who was seated in the front row, on hearing the commotion, rose and came forward to meet his quite unexpected guest and led him to a seat. But the bluff old fellow showed himself ready to join in the fun and suggested, somewhat to the colonel's surprise, that he was prepared to go on the stage and give them a song. This offer was greeted with loud applause, and it was not until the visitor was half-way through the Major-General's song out of "The Pirates of Penzance" that the Colonel realised that he had been "had" and that his friend was no other than his young subaltern Baden-Powell who, knowing that the Colonel had not yet met a certain general in Kandahar, had borrowed his uniform from a friendly A.D.C.

The colonel took the joke in excellent part and never forgot it.

This was neither the first nor the last of the practical jokes to which B.P. treated his friends. He was a born ragger and as he had delighted at school in enlivening those around him, so, in his army days, he lost no opportunity for a joke. In his book of reminiscences, however, published towards the end of his life he utters a warning: "Practical joking, ragging, pulling the



I.G.: "Who is that officer?"

C.O.: "Mr. Simperton, sir."

I.G.: "Humph! A very common-looking officer."

leg, or whatever you like to call it, is all very well but, like caricaturing, though it amuses the artist and the onlookers, it often hurts the subject. Provided that precautions are taken to ensure against this, playing the ass is a very healthy outlet for youthful spirit. The difficulty is that too often the youthful spirit hasn't the sense to see where to draw the line, gets excited and carries tomfoolery to excess till it becomes rowdiness and a nuisance."

"Impersonation has its value. It can in a way be educative for certain lines of life. The ability to disguise yourself to give the impression that you are someone other than yourself, and to carry it through successfully, is a gift that can be of infinite value for 'intelligence' purposes. But this requires a good deal of self-assurance and confidence to carry it to a successful issue when your life depends upon it, so that considerable practice in ragging is desirable as a preliminary. (How senior officers will bless me for giving this suggestion to their subalterns !)"

I hope it has not been inferred from the foregoing that Baden-Powell did not take his soldiering seriously—for actually the case was exactly the opposite. He had found, in the army, work which appealed to him as worth doing and he threw himself into it with an ardour which would have astonished his former schoolmasters. Exams. now seemed to have some object and in his promotion exam. in 1878 he passed First Class with an additional "E" certificate for surveying, the only Star for surveying obtained in India that year.

It was at Kandahar that he carried out a piece of tracking which won for him great praise from his commanding officer. One night, shortly before the regiment left for Quetta, there was a terrific thunderstorm and hailstorm, the horses took fright and broke loose, rushing about with their picketing ropes and tent-pegs attached, and it took some hours to get them all collected and calmed down again. All were eventually captured with the exception of the horse ridden by the regimental sergeant major, and therefore one of the best in the regiment. B.P. determined to find this horse and he set out alone on his charger "Dick"

to look for hoof tracks. After some searching he came upon the trail of a horse galloping away from camp. Following up the trail for a mile or two he found that it led up into the mountains, by such a steep track that he would have to follow it on foot. Fortunately Dick had been trained to stand still for no matter how long, so could safely be left below. After a long climb he found the missing beast shivering with cold and badly cut about by the iron picketing peg which was still hanging on to him. Great was the joy in the camp when the triumphant procession returned, and from that day B.P. was a marked scout.

I suppose it was true of every cavalry soldier of those days that he and his horse were one, each entirely dependent on the other. As Kipling has put it—

“When horse and rider each can trust the other everywhere
It takes a fence and more than a fence to pound that
happy pair ;
For the one will do what the other demands, although he
is beaten and blown,
And when it is done they can live through a run that
neither could face alone.”

Certainly to the young B.P. his horses were his constant joy, interest, care and excitement, and needed understanding and sympathy no less than did the men under his care.

In an article published in *Pearson's Magazine* in 1914, he put on paper something of what he felt about this animal.

“Broken,” he wrote, “there’s a word to use with a horse ! As if he required to have his spirit broken by a rough rider (*rough* rider !) before he was fit to ride. The creature that has nerves and is as confiding as a child, that can be clever in exceptional cases but is generally a fool. Does it not suggest that there is another side to the question ? Is it not possible that the training we give him is not quite the best for curing his nervousness and bringing out his cleverness ? That we do not as yet fully understand the horse ? That we have not studied the mind of the animal in framing its education ?” On the subject of bearing reins he says : “People will probably tell you, if you expostulate with them, that bearing reins are

a necessity in crowded traffic. But who ever saw a cab or bus driver using them—and their driving is the admiration of everyone who visits London ?”

On the question of docking he quotes the Duke of Connaught. “ Docking of horses’ tails is an act of barbarism, it makes the tail so short that it is entirely useless for its purpose of driving away flies.” . . . “ Temper in a horse is made according to the treatment it has received at the hands of its master.”

He then goes on to describe how the British cavalry train their horses as opposed to the brutal methods used by the rough riders. “ A first step in the education of the young cavalry horse is to persuade him to lie down. A patch of soft sand is prepared ; a handful of sand is then poured on his back to tickle it, so that he is glad to lie down and roll in the sand bath. He likes it. After a few lessons you have only to hold up your hand as if about to pour sand from it and down he goes. He is fondled and fed while down ; and thus quickly associates his man with everything that is pleasant. He is lured over some fences by the reward of a carrot until he takes a pleasure in jumping and finally gallops round a whole course of jumps without anyone to guide him, simply because he likes it. . . . By the time the saddle is put on him and his man mounts him he is already so docile and friendly that he makes no fuss about it and readily carries out any hint that is given him.” The rest is easy. Kindness has won the affection and confidence of the horse and, as B.P. concludes, “ The appeal is made to his sense and spirit. It is a case of education as opposed to brutal instruction.”

Horsemastership was a subject which—as with anything else that interested him—B.P. studied with the greatest keenness and he certainly seems to have got the best out of his horses.

After a year at Quetta, during which time B.P. became Musketry Instructor to the regiment (having passed his instruction course at Hythe in ’79, first-class with “ extra ” certificate) the 13th moved to Muttra, a six weeks’ march of 900 miles, and here fresh delights opened up in the shape of polo and expeditions after pig. His letters home in ’82 are almost entirely

concerned with this sport of pig-sticking into which he threw himself with all the energy he possessed.

1883 was a lucky year; he was appointed adjutant of the 13th and promoted captain; the extra pay—and pocket money earned by sending sketches to the *Graphic*—made it possible for him to afford polo and pig-sticking and that same year—1883—he won the Kadir Cup. “I had won all the preliminary heats with the two horses I had entered, namely Hagarene and Patience; thus both had to run in the final heat against a third competitor. I rode Hagarene, my favourite, and Ding McDougall, a brother officer in the 13th, rode Patience for me. Hagarene quickly outstripped her rivals and was leading by many lengths when the pig dived through a thick hedge-like line of bush. As Hagarene jumped it I realised that there was no landing on the other side but a fall into the river. Here we soused under, almost on top of the pig, who turned and crawled out again where he had entered, and while I was getting out on one side and Hagarene on the other, the pig met McDougall coming up on Patience and was promptly speared. Thus I won the cup at the hands of McDougall.”

Half a century later, when on a Scout tour in India, B.P. revisited the Kadir and, in reminiscent mood, described it thus.

“Yes, there we were back in the Kadir again. All very much as it was. More luxurious messing arrangements perhaps. Ladies in camp, too, and lots of them—a thing unheard of in our day, except on the occasion when Sir George Greaves brought a bevy of them. The hurried chota hazri gulped down under suppressed excitement of ‘Boot and Saddle.’

A horse that wouldn't be saddled brought to my mind my own ‘Budderoo’ who, when the spears were already wending their way to their places, simply refused to have a bit in his mouth. Alwyn Compton of the 10th came to my rescue. We threw the horse, prized his jaw open with a tent-peg, got the bit in and were just in time for the start. But he *was* a brute! I dared not fall off him or he would have eaten me; but after a pig he was a nailer; the full force of his ire went out to that boar. He followed every twist and jink of the wily one with

equal quickness and cunning until we got him. And he never gave me a fall. . . . As one lolled on one's elephant and looked at those little groups of keen young fellows, alert and on their toes for a run, with the silent line of beaters behind them, backed by the phalanx of elephants pressing inexorably forward through the swishing grass, I thought—is this real? Am I awake or dreaming of the past?"

In 1884 Baden-Powell wrote what became for years the standard work on pigsticking; and it is significant that work and play went side by side that in the same year he published the first Army instructional book on "Reconnaissance and Scouting." He also found time to exhibit sketches at the Simla Exhibition which were "highly commended!" Versatility indeed.

At the end of '84 the 13th Hussars were ordered to Natal to act if necessary in conjunction with Sir Charles Warren's expedition to Bechuanaland. "The very thing I have been hoping for" wrote B.P. to his mother.

On March 7th, 1885, the *Morning Post* published the following paragraph:—

"Last year we were told a good deal too much about the rides of certain Austrian cavalry officers. . . . As an instance of what our own cavalymen will do for mere pleasure it may be noted that on the 27th January, Captain Baden-Powell, adjutant of the 13th Hussars, and six other officers of the 13th, rode from Durban to Pietermaritzburg (56 miles) in four hours and twenty-one minutes. After resting the horses for a couple of hours the officers remounted and rode to Pinetown in four hours and ten minutes, arriving in first-rate condition and only eager to start off on fresh horses for another hundred miles."

While in Natal an interesting bit of scouting work fell to B.P.'s lot. He was selected to make a secret reconnaissance of the Natal frontier of 600 miles and for a whole month he wandered at will, riding one horse and leading another alternately. Disguised with a beard the Major of his own regiment

failed to recognise him at a chance encounter. He figured as a newspaper correspondent, an artist or a fisherman as the spirit moved him, and returned with valuable maps and reports on the whole tract of country.

During the next few years Baden-Powell spent very little time with the regiment, as he was constantly singled out for staff jobs and saw some active service in Zululand, Swaziland, Ashanti and Matabeleland, and was Assistant Military Secretary in Malta. But he spent 1893-4 with the regiment in Ireland and during manœuvres at the Curragh came prominently to the notice of Lord Wolseley. He had devised a trick of sending a few mounted men towing branches behind them which made a big dust that lured the enemy's cavalry away and in their absence B.P. popped in with his squadron and captured their artillery. Lord Wolseley who was watching commended this use of "commonsense and cunning" to the officers assembled and asked for the name of the officer responsible.

The chance of taking part in the Ashanti expedition of 1895-6 was a direct result of this episode. It was not a cavalry country but Lord Wolseley told him that he had proved himself to have the necessary resource for campaigning in any country.

In 1896 he published "The Downfall of Prempeh," being his account of the Ashanti expedition, and a year later a book on the Matabele campaign in which he took part.

For his good work in the latter campaign he was promoted to Brevet-Colonel and had not been back with his regiment for many days before he was offered the command of the 5th Dragoon Guards in India. Much as he disliked the idea of leaving the 13th the parting had to come, for he was senior to both the officers above him in the regiment and could not have got command of the 13th for another seven years.

He joined the 5th Dragoon Guards at Meerut in April, 1897.

It was now that he had the opportunity of carrying out to the full all that had for so long been in his mind, and, as far as possible, in his training of the men under his command.

As a Squadron Commander he had made it a practice—contrary to regulations though it was—to see every man in the

squadron privately, to invite him to tea and get to know him by personal conversation; to find out about his family, his reasons for joining the army, his ambitions, and so on.

“I am absolutely convinced,” he wrote, “that it is the personal touch between the officer and the individual men that commands the stronger discipline, the discipline that comes from within, rather than any discipline imposed from without by regulations and fear of punishment.”

This individual training of men, as opposed to mass instruction, was a fetish with B.P. He had long realised that the ordinary training of soldiers was not practical and did not give them scope for employing initiative in war, nor character for making a success of civil life when they left the army. He had always experimented in a small way with the men under his command and now, with a regiment to run, he was able to make sure that his officers carried into practice this essential personal touch with their men. “Any fool can give commands,” he wrote, “but to be a successful leader a man must be a man-master. Knowing the value in my own case of having had responsibility thrust on me as a young officer by my colonel, I carried out to the full that principle with the young officers of the Regiment and by organising the men in small squads responsibility devolved onto the junior non-commissioned officers, as being the backbone of discipline and efficiency.”

An officer who served under B.P. at Meerut writes :

“His great idea was plenty of work to keep off malaria and sickness and in this he was most successful. He also started a regimental dairy which gave us good milk. Before he took command fever was rife in the Regiment. He used to work very hard himself.”

In addition to the dairy he built a bakery, a soda-water factory, a temperance club, a new kitchen on sanitary principles and a country week-end regimental camp—all with great success. Even on the march the soda-water factory, bakery and dairy accompanied the regiment.

He continued to play in theatricals with great energy, to exhibit water-colours, and also kept up his prowess in the pig-sticking field and played polo for the Regiment.

In '98 the Regiment moved to Sialkote and there B.P. turned his attention again to matters affecting the comfort, health and happiness of his men, carrying out the same reforms as at Meerut.

The Regiment was reported on by the C.-in-C. as the best unit of any arm in India, which brought great credit on its youthful C.O.

Among other side-lines he had started a system of organising and training regimental scouts, and this eventually came to be adopted by the Army generally. The book "Aids to Scouting," which he wrote for the guidance of the men and their officers, was so unlike the ordinary Army manual that it came to be used even in girls' schools, and was the undoubted origin of that vaster training in character and citizenship which, under his leadership, was later extended to the boys and girls of the world, and which will be B.P.'s undying memorial.

Incidentally, this book is still on sale and has been in great demand during the present war.

While on leave in England in the summer of 1899 B.P. received orders to proceed to the Cape and to raise locally a force for employment on the Bechuanaland and Rhodesian frontier in case of war.

The long siege of Mafeking first brought the name of Baden-Powell prominently before the public.

B.P. decided to hold Mafeking because it was an important town just inside the border which he had to protect. The town was important because there were workshops, sidings and goods yards available for storing food and equipment.

The defence was conducted on ultra modern lines, the outer circle of defence works consisting of isolated posts connected by patrols. Inside this ring were forts which formed the inner line of defence and when Eloff attacked on May 12th the value of this plan was proved. He pierced the outer line of defences but was checked at the inner line and never got into the heart of the place. The outer line was closed round him and when



Colonel R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL in the uniform of the
Mounted Infantry he raised in 1899 for the defence of the
Rhodesian and Bechuanaland Borders.

day dawned Eloff and most of his force were captured. Baden-Powell was always ahead of his time as a soldier and this scheme of holding the front line with isolated posts (as opposed to continuous trench-lines) was the method eventually adopted in our scheme of trench warfare in France in 1917-18.

So much has been written about the Siege of Mafeking that I do not propose to describe it here. B.P. himself said of it that "as an actual feat of arms it was a very minor operation and was largely a piece of bluff, but bluff which was justified by the special circumstances and which in the end succeeded in its object."

Small though it may have been, in the light of more recent events, I do not think there is any doubt that the Siege of Mafeking will go down to history as a classic example of Town Defence. Certainly the besieged could not have held out for so long had it not been for the fine fighting qualities instilled into them by their remarkable leader.

As a reward for the defence of Mafeking Baden-Powell was promoted Major-General at the age of forty-three—the youngest Major-General in the Army. The organisation of the South African Constabulary, during the second phase of the war, was a job after his own heart and gave him unlimited scope for putting into practice his knowledge of men and horses. To those ten thousand cowboy-hatted stout-hearted policemen of forty years ago the Boy Scout movement of to-day owe their uniform, their motto of "Be Prepared" and much of their training in pathfinding, observation and deduction, and other attributes of the trained scout.

In 1903 Baden-Powell received the blue ribbon of his Service and was appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry.

Unconventional in his methods he undoubtedly was, but by knowledge and experience eminently fitted to judge of the standard of training of men and horses and of their fighting efficiency. Amongst the reforms which he introduced were the establishment of the Cavalry School at Netheravon, and the

founding of the CAVALRY JOURNAL. His reasons for this latter move are given in a letter to the Army Council dated 22nd January, 1905.

“The development in the efficiency of Cavalry on the Continent has been very marked during the past few years.

“The general standard of training of our cavalry is in many different ways behind theirs; it has not kept pace with the times. Moreover, our standard is not uniform nor even consistent; it varies considerably in the different parts of our Empire.

“The present is rather a critical moment as regards the officering of our cavalry at home, and if we profit by the occasion I believe that we have the chance of making it the turning point for gaining permanently a more professional spirit among the officers. The Cavalry School is a valuable step towards that end, but its effects (until it is on a larger scale) must necessarily be slow—and I feel confident that a journal such as proposed would have a fairly far-reaching and a rapid effect in the same direction. . . . There is a widespread desire among the officers to improve, but it is almost an impossibility for them—even when serving at home—to keep themselves posted in the numerous important developments and ideas which are monthly disseminated abroad; while those serving in India and the Colonies are practically in absolute ignorance of what is going on either on the Continent or in England, or other parts of our own Empire. Suggestions have from time to time reached me from various quarters that a journal should be published which should collect and lay before its readers all the best of the British and foreign ideas as they come out. And I feel confident that if this were done it would conduce to promoting efficiency throughout the mounted forces of the Empire.”

After some opposition from the War Office, the JOURNAL was launched that same year “under official sanction of the Army Council,” and has achieved the object of its founder. B.P. remained a director of the JOURNAL until his death.

The one regret of Baden-Powell's soldiering career had been that his rapid promotions in brevet rank prevented him from getting command of his own Regiment, the 13th Hussars ; so it was a real joy to him when, in 1911, he was appointed Colonel of the Regiment—an appointment which he held for nearly thirty years.

On his eightieth birthday he spent what he described as "the happiest of my many birthdays, with my Regiment in India. They had a full-dress mounted parade in my honour and I had to get on a horse once more in my beloved uniform to review them. I felt forty years younger on the spot. But it was for me my last mounted parade."

It was also almost the last mounted parade for the Regiment for they were changed into a mechanised unit shortly afterwards.

In 1910 the Boy Scout movement which had been gradually expanding as the result of Baden-Powell's book "Scouting for Boys" had grown to such a scale that it demanded its leader's full-time services. King Edward saw such possibility in this movement as a training in citizenship that he advised B.P. to retire from the Army in order to carry it on.

It was a hard decision but one which, in the end, proved to have been rightly made.

To the boys of the world he was now able to hand on all the training, experience, and ideas gained during his years of soldiering, sport and travel. A hero to every boy after the South African war, he was able to harness their hero-worship onto something worth while, and without militarising them, to give them a grounding in character which would stand them in good stead whatever line of life they afterwards adopted.

Scouting—and its counterpart for girls, guiding—went ahead rapidly all over the Empire. But it also spread to foreign countries proving that a boy is a boy whatever his nationality, colour, class or creed.

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What he liked to call his two lives—that of soldiering and that as a peaceful citizen—were linked in that magic word “scouting.” It is as the Chief Scout of the World that Baden-Powell will be remembered for all time. But it was the Cavalry which bred him and which developed in him that ability as a leader without which he could never have become what he undoubtedly was—the greatest man of his time.



**The Advent of the Tank as B.P. saw it
in 1900**



CAVALRY BADGES

BY MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.
Member of the Society for Army Historical Research.

PART IV*

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“DRAGOONS AND HUSSARS”

1st The Royal Dragoons

The Royals are our oldest regiment of Cavalry of the Line, having its roots in the Troop of Horse raised in 1661 under the Colonelcy of Henry, Earl of Peterborough, for service at Tangier and was popularly known as The Tangier Horse. Three further troops were added in 1680 and when they returned to England in 1683 the four were converted to Dragoons and with two newly-raised Troops of Dragoons were regimented under the Colonelcy of John, Lord Churchill, later the great Duke of Marlborough.

We are now familiar with regiments being converted from one arm of the Service to another, but this conversion of the four Troops of Horse to Dragoons in 1683 is the earliest example in the Standing Army. Under Churchill its title was “The King’s Own Regiment of Dragoons” being shorted to 1st The Royal Dragoons in 1751.

1684.—At the outset of its career at least this regiment enjoyed the practice now confined to Household troops in the matter of badges on their guidons in that they had Royal Badges. The badges on the six guidons were:—

The Colonel’s Troop—The Royal Cypher and Crown.

The Lt.-Colonel’s Troop—The Rays of the Sun issuing from a cloud, with crown above all. This was a badge of the Black Prince.

The First Troop—A beacon with flames with Crown above.
A badge of Henry V.

The Second Troop—Two ostrich feathers crossed, with
Crown above. A badge of Henry VI.

The Third Troop—A Rose and Pomegranate conjoined. A
Badge of Henry VII.

The Fourth Troop—A phoenix in flames. A badge of Queen
Elizabeth.

1751—By the middle of the 18th century, however, these Royal Troop badges had ceased to be borne, for in the Royal Warrant of 1751 the badge on the Second and Third guidons, housings and holster caps is the Crest of England within the Garter. This is still the badge in the centre of the guidon as well as a clothing badge.

For other extracts from this warrant and that of 1768 see Part III, page 59.

During the latter part of the 18th century another badge was worn—a Horse Shoe enclosing "I.D."

1815.—At the battle of Waterloo in this year an Eagle Standard was captured from the 105th French Infantry by Captain Kennedy Clarke and Corporal Stiles of The Royals. In commemoration of this exploit the regiment was permitted in 1838 to bear an Eagle with the figure "105" as a badge on its Guidon. It was later taken into use as a Clothing Badge.

1857.—In the Dress Regulations the Colour of the horsehair plume authorised to be worn is black and the badges in the shabracque are: on fore corners "V.R. and Crown" and on hind corners the Royal Crest within the Garter and Crown above, with the motto "Spectemur Agendo" (Let us be judged by our deeds) round it and "I.D." below.

The origin of the adoption of the motto has not been established beyond doubt, but it is believed to have been first borne during the Colonelcy of Charles, 3rd Duke of Marlborough, 1739—1740, whose motto it was.

1934.—The above-mentioned badges are still in use, and in the Dress Regulations of this year they are authorised to be borne as follows:—

On buttons—Royal Crest. A Crown upon the Lion within the Garter. Below, a scroll inscribed “ Royal Dragoons.”

On tunic collar—Eagle.

On full dress head-dress—Garter Star bearing the Royal Crest, the latter within an elliptical ring inscribed “ The Royal Dragoons.”

On waist-plate—As for 1st King’s Dragoon Guards, but larger.

On pouch—An eagle upon The Royal Cypher.

On F.S. helmet and forage cap—Royal Crest, below a scroll inscribed “ The Royal Dragoons.”

On Service Dress collar and cap—As for forage cap.

The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons)

This famous Scottish Regiment owes its origin to the measures adopted by Charles II to repress Presbyterianism in Scotland. To carry out his purpose three Companies of Dragoons were raised in 1678 and a further three in 1681, all of which were regimented under the Colonelcy of Lieutenant-General Dalziel in the latter year and designated The Royal Regiment of Dragoons. Their duty was to hunt out the Covenanters in the glens and other secret places and disperse them.

In its early days the regiment was variously described as The Grey Dragoons or The Scots Regiment of White Horses. It is uncertain whether “ grey ” referred to the colour of the uniform or that of the horses. In 1707 its designation was The Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons and it was not until 1877 that “ North British ” disappeared from the official title, and “ Royal Scots Greys ” substituted. This is another example where a nickname (Greys) has become a part of the official title of a regiment.

1751.—The Royal Warrant of this year shows that The Thistle within the Circle of St. Andrew was borne on the housings, holster caps and Second and Third Guidons, in the latter case accompanied by the motto of the Order: “ Nemo me impune lacessit.” This badge is still borne on the regimental guidon.

In the same Warrant the regiment obtained authority for departing from the universal headdress— a hat with a black

cockade—in that it is stated: “The Royal North British Dragoons only, to wear caps instead of hats, which caps are to be of the same form as those of the Horse Grenadier Guards, the front blue with the badge as on the Second Guidon of the Regiment, the red flap with the White Horse and motto “*Nec aspera terrent*” over it, the back part to be red and the turn up blue, with a Thistle embroidered, between the latter II.D. being the rank of the regiment.” This familiar bearskin cap, was, according to tradition, granted to the regiment in commemoration of the fact that they captured a large number of French Grenadiers at the battle of Ramillies in 1706.

In the Royal Warrant of 1768 this description of the bearskin is slightly different; it reads: “The Royal North British Dragoons only, to wear black bearskin caps, instead of hats. On the front of the Caps The Thistle within the Circle of St. Andrew; and the motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*.”

See Part III for other extracts from the 1751 and 1768 Royal Warrants.

1815.—At the battle of Waterloo Serjeant Ewart of the regiment captured the Eagle Standard of the 45th French Infantry Regiment, and some years later The Scots Greys were given permission to adopt its well-known Eagle badge in commemoration of this exploit.

1844.—In the Queen’s Regulations of this year the motto “Second to None” appears among the distinctions borne on the Second Guidon. It was no doubt adopted some years earlier.

1857.—The bearskin cap comes in for special notice in the Dress Regulations of this year, where it is stated: “The Second or Royal North British Dragoons have permission to wear a bearskin cap with a white hackle feather, 9 inches long, thistle (gilt) on the front of cap according to sealed pattern.” The badges on the shabracque are laid down to be as follows: on fore corners “V.R. and Crown” in gold; on hind corners Crown over Thistle within the Garter with the motto “*Nemo me impune lacessit*” round it, underneath, a scroll inscribed “Second to None” and 2.D.

1861.—Under the Dress Regulations the once familiar vandyked band is authorised for the forage cap. This was a unique distinction for no other regiment had this type of band on the forage cap.

1883.—In this year the grenade was authorised as a socket for the plume. On the grenade is the St. Andrew's Cross and the Royal Arms, with the word "Waterloo."

1934.—All the above badges are still borne and in the latest Dress Regulations they are described as follows:—

On buttons—Eagle above "Waterloo" and "R.S.G." below.

On collar of tunic—Grenade.

On helmet—Grenade bearing the Royal Arms, in the centre St. Andrew's Cross and below, "Waterloo" on a scroll.

On waist-plate—Star and Collar of the Order of the Thistle with Crown above.

On pouch—Eagle with "Waterloo" below.

On forage cap—Eagle with "Waterloo" below and underneath a scroll inscribed "Royal Scots Greys."

On Service Dress collar—As for forage cap.

On Service Dress cap—As for forage cap.

3rd The King's Own Hussars.

Among the numerous Independent Troops raised for James II at the time of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685 were five from Berkshire, Middlesex, Hertfordshire and Essex. These, together with an old Independent Troop of Dragoons commanded by Colonel Strather, were attached to The Royal Dragoons, then commanded by John, Lord Churchill. After the battle of Sedgemoor four of these Troops, together with one from Berkeley's Dragoons (now 4th Hussars) and another ordered to be raised, were constituted a Regiment of Dragoons under the Colonelcy of Charles, Duke of Somerset, by Commission dated 2nd August, 1685. By virtue of the seniority of the original four Troops this regiment took precedence above Berkeley's, although his Commission (17th July, 1685) is of an earlier date than Somerset's.

On formation the Queen Consort honoured the regiment by giving it her title—The Queen Consort's Dragoons—in recognition of the services of the Duke of Somerset, who, as Lord Lieutenant of Somerset, commanded the County Militia during Monmouth's rebellion. When George I came to the throne in 1714, there was no Queen Consort so the new king granted the regiment the title of The King's Own Dragoons. In 1818 it was converted to Light Dragoons and in 1861 to Hussars. Its present title was adopted in 1920.

1751.—For extracts from the Royal Warrant of this year and 1768, see Part III.

The badge on the Second and Third Guidons is described as The White Horse within the Garter and the motto "Nec aspera terrent" (Nor do difficulties deter us). It is believed that this badge and motto were granted for services to George I during the Jacobite rebellion of 1715.

1768.—Under this Royal Warrant The King's Own Regiment of Dragoons were permitted to retain their kettle-drums and to have drum banners the same size as those of Regiments of Horse.

1772.—An unique distinction of the 3rd Hussars is the solid silver collar worn by the kettle drummer, the origin of which is described in the inscription upon it, thus—"On the 24th October, 1772, the Colonelcy of The King's Own Dragoons was conferred upon the Hon. B. L. E. Charles Fitzroy, afterwards Lord Southampton, and, on his appointment, his Lady presented to the regiment this silver collar to be worn by the Kettle-Drummer."

Those were the days when Kettle-Drummers were negroes and no doubt the silver collar rounded off the picturesque turban and other highly-coloured finery worn by these "sable musicians." The custom, however, was continued when negroes ceased to be employed.

1778.—At the battle of Dettingen this regiment distinguished itself, in recognition of which an additional kettle-drummer and horse were granted to it. The kettle-drummer was always dressed

as a sergeant. It was not until 1830 that the kettle-drums were authorised.

1821.—One of the many distinguished Colonels of the Regiment was Viscount Combermere, who, as Sir Stapleton Cotton, gained great fame as a Cavalry Leader during the Peninsular War. He was Colonel from 1821 to 1829 and his connection is still maintained, owing to his adoption as one of the crests to his Shield of Arms, of the figure of a soldier of the 3rd Light Dragoons with the word "Salamanca" above. At the battle of Salamanca (22nd July, 1812) Cotton was in supreme command of all the British Cavalry and the 3rd Dragoons was the senior Cavalry regiment present at the engagement.

1857.—In the Dress Regulations a distinction is made in the colour of the jacket of the various groups of Cavalry of the Line and that for Light Dragoons is "Blue, with regimental facings, single breasted."

The head-dress of Light Dragoons is described as: "Chaco body covered with Paris velvet, front ornament gilt and silver Maltese cross with crown according to regimental patterns. Gilt plume with four upright rays of following colours:—

3rd Light Dragoons	...	Black and White.
4th	„	Scarlet.
13th	„	White.
14th	„	Red and White."

The badges on the shabracque to be—on fore corners V.R. and Crown in gold; on hind corners White Horse with Crown above, within the Garter, and motto "Nec aspera terrent" round it. "3.L.D."

1934.—Time has not brought any changes in the badges of the regiment and The White Horse is still the authorised badge in the Dress Regulations of this year, to be worn on the Collar of the tunic, Foreign Service helmet, forage cap and Service Dress Jacket and Cap.

4th Queen's Own Hussars.

As explained above, under 3rd Hussars, this regiment was also raised in 1685, at the time of Monmouth's rebellion, under

the Colonelcy of the Hon. John Berkeley, later Lord Fitzhardinge by Commission dated 17th July, 1685.

On raising, its title was The Princess Anne of Denmark's Regiment of Dragoons. In 1788 it was granted the Royal title of 4th, or Queen's Own Dragoons and on conversion of Light Dragoons in 1818 and Hussars in 1861 much the same form of title was retained.

1751 and 1768.—See Part III for extracts from the Royal Warrants of these years.

In the 1768 Warrant the regiment is granted a distinction in the headdress of trumpeters, in that it stated : " All trumpeters to have hats with feathers of the Colour of the facings of their lapels, except the Fourth Regiment of Dragoons, who are to have Moorish Turbans."

1900.—In this year the authorised badge is : A circle bearing the Regimental title, within the circle the Roman figure " IV " and above the circle a Crown. The same badge was authorized in 1911, but with the addition of a scroll below, inscribed with the motto " Mente et Manu." The current Dress Regulations (1934) show this still to be the regimental badge.

7th Queen's Own Hussars.

Although there has been nothing in its titles to suggest that this regiment had a Scottish origin, such is the case. When William and Mary came to the throne some Troops of Dragoons were raised in Scotland to oppose the Jacobites, and it was from these that the 7th Hussars trace their descent. Their first Colonel was Robert Cunningham, whose commission is dated 30th December, 1690.

In 1715 the regiment was granted the title H.R.H. the Princess of Wales's Own Regiment of Dragoons and on the accession of George II in 1727, the title was accordingly altered to The Queen's Own Dragoons. In 1783, it was converted to Light Dragoons and in 1807 to Hussars.

1690.—According to C. R. B. Barrett's history of the regiment the original uniform had a red coat with white facings. These white facings persisted until the latter half of the 18th century, and they are prescribed in the 1768 Warrant.

1751 and 1768.—See Part III for extracts from the Royal Warrants for these years. In both Warrants the badge authorized for the Second and Third Guidons is “The Queen’s Cypher within the Garter.”

1857.—The Dress Regulations of this year prescribe a “Tunic, entirely of blue cloth, single breasted” for all Hussar Regiments. The plume of the busby, eight inches high above the top of the cap, was made distinctive for the then five Hussar Regiments as follows :—

7th Hussars	...	Entire white osprey feathers.
8th	„	... The same but lower third covered with red feathers.
10th	„	... The same but lower third covered with black feathers.
11th	„	... The same but lower third covered with crimson feathers.
15th	„	... Entire scarlet osprey feathers.

In the Queen’s Regulations of this year the Regimental Badge is described as “The Queen’s Cypher,” which suggests that it was changed at the commencement of each reign from 1751 (see above) to conform with the cypher of successive Queen’s Consort. In the 1873 Q.R., however, the description is changed to “The Royal Cypher within the Garter.”

1900.—In the Dress Regulations of this year the well-known badge of “Q.O.” within a circle bearing the title of the Regiment with a Crown above, was authorised and no change has taken place since then.



THE ARMoured DRAGON

(Some ideas on the Organization and Equipment of Mechanized Cavalry)

By CAPTAIN F. R. C. STEWART

DEFINITIONS

IN answer to a pronouncement at the Staff College that the word "cavalry" can be applied only to horsed troops, because it derives from the Latin "caballus," a horse, a mechanized cavalryman might retort indignantly that the word "infantry" (like "infant") derives from the Latin "infans," not speaking—or perhaps even from "infandus," unspeakable! So much for too literal a regard for etymology.

What, then, was and is the essence of cavalry? Is it the ability to fight mounted? That was the old distinction between cavalry and mounted infantry, but it would include the "I" (*Infantry*) tanks of to-day and the elephant troops of the past, and would exclude the whole of the French horsed cavalry since the last war as well as certain types of British and Indian mechanized cavalry of to-day. Is it armour? That would appear to be the War Office view, to judge from the creation of the Royal Armoured Corps and the change of name of the Mobile Divisions to Armoured Divisions. Yet armour is not, and never has been, the prerogative of any particular arm. Still less is the internal combustion engine, any more than the horse used to be. Is it mobility? That would include mounted or motor infantry, and would exclude "I" tanks, which have been recently included with the mechanized cavalry in the Royal Armoured Corps.

Nevertheless, it is suggested that mobility is and always was the real essence of cavalry. Not horses, which—however much one personally prefers them to cars, trucks, camels, mules and other conceivable cavalry remounts—were only a means

to mobility ; not the ability to fight mounted, not armour, but mobility, is the attribute which primarily determines the rôle, the tactics and the tactical training of cavalry, whether mechanized or horsed.

The British Army, therefore, started well in referring to its new model cavalry as mobile troops and mobile divisions. Now, presumably influenced by the German "Panzertruppen," it talks of armoured divisions, etc., and has created the Royal Armoured Corps. To my mind, not only does this title emphasize the wrong attribute—incidentally one that is not peculiar to the Royal Armoured Corps, but it perpetuates the absurdity, justifiable in the early days of the Royal Tank Corps as a means of centralizing mechanization research, of having in the same corps two different arms, "I" tanks and—may one say—cavalry tanks, with different rôles and tactics and therefore different training.

What is the alternative ? One could not, without waste and injustice, disband either the Royal Tank Regiment, who evolved the early technique of tank fighting, or the cavalry, who evolved the strategy and tactics of the mobile arm. Instead, however, of splitting the Cavalry of the Line, who have a uniform rôle and tradition though their mounts vary with the terrain over which they are intended to operate, into horsed cavalry and Royal Armoured Corps, would it not be better to split the Royal Tank Regiment into its two functional components, the "I" tanks and the mobile tanks ? The "I" tanks would then resume the title and rôle of the original Royal Tank Corps, and the mobile tanks would be absorbed in the Cavalry of the Line, where they functionally belong. The latter would be subdivided into Corps of Horsed Cavalry, Armoured Car Cavalry, Tank Cavalry, and, if still required, A.P.V. Cavalry, on the analogy of the old three corps of Dragoons, Hussars and Lancers ; or alternatively into two corps of Horsed Cavalry and Mechanized Cavalry, if it seemed better to mix different types of mechanical mounts within regiments.

Having decided, then, that there should still be a mobile arm, that it should be one and indivisible, and that it should

still call itself cavalry, as a link with its past, which is an inspiration, and its rôle, which is unaltered, let us take a few glimpses at cavalry history to decide the attributes with which it should be endowed.

THE PAST

The earliest known cavalry, the Parthians, combined mounted fire action with mobility, a tactical equipment whose latter triumphs included the annihilation of a Roman army at Carrhae in 53 B.C. Meanwhile the Greeks, as early as Philip of Macedon (c. 350 B.C.), were developing shock action, and with it the distinction between heavy and light cavalry. The medieval knight increased armoured protection to such a weight that he lost his mobility, and with it his predominance, even among European levies; while his Mongolian contemporary and enemy defeated him again and again by a combination of fire and shock action with greatly superior mobility. Sixteenth-century Europe introduced the dragoon, originally a soldier who manœuvred mounted and fought dismounted,* but later happily re-defined as one who fought "indifferently" on horseback or on foot. It was to this dual rôle that the whole of the British cavalry were armed and trained as a result of the South African War, and it was in dismounted action that their superiority over the cavalry of the continent was most marked in 1914.

THE PRESENT

Which of these theories have we so far embodied in the mechanized cavalry of to-day? Thanks to mechanization, the lesson of the medieval knight's failure has, for the time being, lost its force, and we have been able to combine mobility with armoured protection. In addition, A.F.Vs. can act mounted by either shock or fire. We have re-introduced the distinction between light and heavy cavalry, though it may be expected to lapse again with the production of a cruiser tank whose mobility is as great as a light tank's. The only attribute of

* i.e., a Mounted Infantryman. Hence the distinction in the early days of the British Regular Army that the dragoon wore short boots, was disciplined by serjeants and drilled to the drum; whilst the "horse," who fought mounted only, had instead jackboots, corporals-of-horse and trumpets, as the Household Cavalry still do. "Dragoon Guard" is the name given as a distinction to regiments raised as horse and converted to dragoons.

the old cavalry that we have not tried to embody in the new is the ability of the individual cavalryman to fight dismounted as well as mounted.

THE FUTURE

Is it sufficient to include motor infantry in armoured formations, as all armies do to-day, and as the Germans included cyclist battalions in their cavalry divisions of 1914 ? If not, is it sufficient to include in every regiment, or in every squadron, an element which can fight dismounted only together with an element which can fight mounted only ? Or is it necessary that every vehicle's crew should be able to act either mounted or dismounted, as the horsed cavalry section can ?

On the technical side, I am assured that a readily dismountable anti-tank gun and medium machine gun could be designed for a tank. The sole implication is a crew of at least five to allow, say, two to work and carry each gun and its ammunition in dismounted action, and another to take the tank away under cover and bring it back when required. It is, therefore, purely a question of the tactical advantages and disadvantages involved.

The only disadvantage seems to be a reduction in the number of men available for dismounted action, since a tank necessarily carries a much smaller crew than an A.P.V. of corresponding size. This would not matter for dismounted reconnaissance, since four pairs of eyes can see as much as eight on the frontage that can be covered by the dismounted crew of a single vehicle ; nor in the case of dismounting to hold ground, since the anti-tank gun and medium machine gun of a tank would be a good exchange for the anti-tank rifle and light machine gun of an A.P.V. But it would rule out the dismounted attack, a rôle that some cavalry on the present establishment can carry out on a very small scale, though it is a weak and uneconomical use of them.

The advantages are considerable. Firstly, the introduction of a cavalry tank with dismountable weapons would make possible the elimination of motor cavalry, whose rôle (the rôle of the old Mounted Infantry) would be taken over by light

infantry, as in the armoured divisions. To have homogeneous regiments and squadrons of tank cavalry would greatly facilitate their training, their strategical distribution and tactical handling, and the replacement of their casualties. Secondly, it would overcome one of the chief limitations of A.F.Vs., their inability to hold ground, which at present involves a dangerous time lag between the capture of ground by A.F.Vs. and its taking over by troops from trucks or carriers. Thirdly, it would often enable the crew of an immobilized tank to continue to take a useful part in the battle.

These arguments apply less to armoured car cavalry, since their principal rôles of long-distance road reconnaissance and desert raids are less likely to require dismounted action. It cannot, however, be a disadvantage for even an armoured car to be able to dismount its weapons (provided there is no loss of technical efficiency), so the balance seems strongly in favour of re-organizing and re-arming all mechanized mobile troops as "Armoured Dragoons," able to fight the guns of their tanks and armoured cars either mounted or dismounted.

INFANTRY

After an attempt to analyse the real difference between the cavalry and infantry arms, it is not, perhaps, irrelevant to consider very briefly the future of infantry in this mechanized order of battle. One of the lessons of the present war seems to be the revival of cavalry (mechanized) as the predominant "hitting" arm. Nevertheless, infantry should not become again merely the "holding" arm. Armies still have to attack, from time to time, positions that have no flanks, that are too strong for cavalry tanks to attack frontally, and that can be taken only by an arm with the ability to attack dispersed down to individuals when the position is reached.

It is suggested that walking infantry, as an attacking arm in normal country against a well-armed enemy, is as obsolete as horsed cavalry. Each has its uses: the horse in country where the tank cannot move at a useful pace, or where dispersion rather than fighting power is needed; and the man on foot in country where the horse cannot move at a useful pace, as well

as, of course, in garrison rôles. But surely, in the intensive attacks of the future, the infantry must follow up the "I" tanks in armoured trucks instead of on their feet. Only thus, for reasons of physical exhaustion apart from casualties, can the attack break through the great depth of modern positions. These trucks would probably differ from those of the Light Infantry working with cavalry tanks, in mobility, size, amount of armour and scale of issue ; but this is not the place to discuss their design, nor whether to keep them on a pool basis, like troop-carrying M.T., or to issue them permanently to selected "storm" battalions.

It is only worth making the point that it is neither desirable nor possible to make an all tank army, as is sometimes suggested, by putting infantry into "I" tanks or by equipping "I" tanks with dismountable weapons, on the lines suggested for the "Armoured Dragoon." The infantry, unlike the cavalry, need to get large numbers of dismounted men on to the enemy position, and for this purpose no A.F.V. can equal an A.P.V. ; the "I" tank is intended to attack a position only with infantry in very close support, and in any case its main armament is already too heavy to manhandle.

SUMMARY

To summarize our conclusions :

1. It is a mistake to regard "I" tanks and fast tanks as the same arm. The Royal Armoured Corps should be abolished, leaving the Cavalry in their original rôle as the mobile troops of the Army, whether on horses, in armoured cars or in tanks ; and the Royal Tank Corps in their original rôle of intensive attack, with the "I" tanks.

2. Cavalry tanks and armoured cars should be equipped with dismountable guns, to enable their crews to fight either mounted or dismounted.

3. Not only the whole of the light infantry working with mechanized Cavalry, but also a proportion of the rest of the infantry, should be equipped with A.P.V.s : in the case of the latter mainly for following up "I" tanks in attack.

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BLITZKRIEG OVER LONDON

By MAJOR E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C. (ret.).

For the last six months, more or less, London has been the main target for German air attack. It may be of interest to readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL to have the personal views of an observer as to the scope, course, and results of this attack, the first of its kind and weight in the history of war.

It is only right that I should, before entering on my story, outline my qualifications for telling it. All through the period in question I have worked—and still work—in London, coming up daily from my Berkshire home, thirty odd miles out. I have come up by train, by motor coach, and by private car, using my eyes as I came. I have spent few nights in London, and those I have spent have been fairly peaceful; so that when I speak, as I shall have occasion to do, of the superb spirit of London under attack, I have little right, and claim none, to share in any of her glory. Parts of London, and these parts in many cases among the worst affected, I have not seen for myself, so that I can speak of the effects of the attack there only from hearsay. Other parts, many of them very hard hit, I know well, and have seen and passed through frequently. I have, however, talked to many people, including trained observers of the Press (and not only the British Press, but that of the world), among whom my work up till recently lay, and have gained from them a wide and, I believe, reasonably accurate general view. And it has been my pleasure and privilege to give lifts in my car in and out of London to a considerable number of people, who form, by and large, a fairly representative selection of Londoners. With all this, of course, my views and statements remain personal only. But I believe they represent a reasonably close approximation to a full and true picture of London under blitzkrieg.

Generally speaking, London as a whole bears fewer visible traces than the outsider might expect of the effects of the attack. On the other hand, where there has been damage—and these areas are many—it has often been considerable. The first fury of the Luftwaffe, which fell on the East End and Dockland, caused the most grievous and widespread devastation. The ill-starred fire raid over the City was little less disastrous, though, as the area of damage was smaller and the ruins more closely concentrated and more imposing, the general effect was more spectacular. Other areas, though less sorely tried, have also had their unlucky days. The West End and the whole of the western approaches north of the river have in general got off fairly lightly. Such damage as has been done there—in sum total considerable—has been local only and not too unsightly to the passer by. North London is another fairly fortunate area, though the neighbourhood of the main line stations has frequently served as a target, or at any rate a stop-butt, for enemy bombs. South London, both on the river bank and further afield, ranks next to the East End and the City as the worst hit. The damage has almost everywhere been patchy only, and there are enormous areas all over London that show no visible trace of bombs—and never have shown any. But there are others which have suffered heavily, and in the worst-hit districts these patches of ruin are so close together as to be almost contiguous over wide stretches. London, in a word, looks “part-worn” in many places, and far worse than that in not a few. But for all that, and all in all, she is still herself.

The easing off of the attack in the New Year has enabled her incidentally to tidy herself up considerably. The work of clearing is still busily going on ; there are a few eyesores on my normal route to and from work that seem little better than when they were first made; despite the busy and noisy efforts of the Pioneer Corps to clear and restore them, the progress made is barely noticeable. Isolated ruins, however, especially in the outer areas, have vanished completely. Damage to sewers, gas and water mains, and telephone and telegraph cables was at one time widespread, though never so severe as to be perilous

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or paralysing. All this has now been made good, and the public services are working smoothly and normally. At one period it used to be a regular game—irritating or amusing according to one's mood of the moment—to guess by what devious route one's car, bus, or tram would be able to arrive at or near one's normal destination. Diversions, owing to road craters or unexploded bombs, were then the order of every day; and one of these at Hyde Park Corner, say, or near Victoria Station would make its dislocation felt far afield. Road transport, reinforced first by a fleet of gaily and weirdly-hued provincial buses, and then by the brilliant improvisation of the "Help your Neighbour" scheme for private cars, managed, after a brief spell of bad chaos and congestion, to rise equal to the heavy additional demands placed upon it. The underground railway services showed up less well; during the first period of the blitzkrieg many stations shut down altogether on the first siren, and as sirens in those days were almost incessant, this meant that for much of the day the whole system was as good as out of action. Occasional damage to stations, bridges and tunnels added to their self-imposed difficulties, and still more to those of their unfortunate patrons, who had to come up to the surface and seek, often long and vainly, for alternative conveyance. The main line and suburban railways were also frequently affected, some in a greater degree than others. The Southern suffered most, the L.N.E.R. and L.M.S. to a less extent, and the Great Western very little. When things were at their worst, familiar train journeys were little less uncertain ventures than the voyages of Ulysses or Columbus, and often lasted—or seemed to last—nearly as long. This was in no way the fault of the undermanned and overworked railway staffs, who did their best—and often more than their best—under the utmost difficulties, to carry on and give as good a service as humanly possible.

Needless to say, the blitzkrieg put an end once for all to the nocturnal gaiety which was so prominent a feature of London life in the Great War of 1914–1918. The blackout, imposed from the first moment of the present conflict, dealt it a severe blow from which it had only just begun to revive

when the air attacks by night in September killed it stone dead. For myself, I feel this is as well, if only for the sake of safety, as well as of seemliness. But then I do not spend my nights in London, and I am not young enough now to enjoy what I did twenty-five years ago. So perhaps I am a biased judge in the matter.

How did the capital cope with the heavy attacks made upon it? These came as no surprise, of course. Indeed, earlier and far more severe ones had been expected from the first days of the war. At this time I was living temporarily in London, and can well remember the "clutch at the heart" caused by these first sirens within a few minutes of the Prime Minister's broadcast announcement that we were at war and the general state of nervous expectant tension in which we all lived for some days before it became clear that the blitzkrieg from the air formed no immediate part of Germany's plan of campaign against us. But the winter and spring had lulled us into false security. There was a short-sighted agitation to cut down the elaborate and expensive civil defence services, which were soon to prove our salvation, and a general feeling that Germany would not dare to attack us by air for fear of reprisals, or that, even if she should, she would shy of the strong defences of London. Thus the onslaught, when it came at last, found London morally and in some respects materially unready for it.

The manner in which this moral unreadiness showed itself was a reflection of that defensive spirit which had too long and too deeply pervaded our whole attitude to the war so far. Our main thought seemed to be the avoidance of casualties. Certainly the infliction of a heavy death roll was something to be averted. But it was perhaps insufficiently realized that if dead men and women cannot fight or work, men and women kept constantly herded into shelters cannot do so either. Nor can they feed, sleep, or keep their health for long under such conditions. During the earlier daylight raids, which were on a very minor scale, the whole life of London stopped, often for hours together. Very careful and thorough-going rules had been drawn up in all places of business, factories, and

offices, laying down when, how and where the staffs were to take cover, and the streets were placarded with notices telling the stray passer-by where to go. Government offices and those of public or semi-public bodies took the lead in this organization of security. This was right and to be expected. What was less so was that these bodies were the last, or almost the last, to adapt themselves to the new conditions when these had changed.

The men and women in the street, after the first few days of the daylight raids, came to realise that their terrors had been greatly over-estimated. We began to disdain the shelters so thoughtfully, and lavishly provided for us, to turn a blind eye to the warning and directing notices, and to go calmly and unhurriedly about our lawful occasions. But in actual fact this was not always easy. If one's lawful occasions took one to a bank, its doors were closed. If they necessitated a call at a post office, the staff were underground. Few shops were open. Tube stations had shut their gates and stopped their trains. Buses were parked in side streets, driverless and conductorless. It was a weird experience to walk, as I often did, through these sunlit dead streets, with no sign of danger overhead to account for their lack of the human life with which they are normally thronged. Yet on arriving at the all but complete security of one's place of work, one had difficulty in avoiding the vigilance and sense of responsibility of one's warden, whose duty it was to order one below.

Gradually the anomaly became too obvious and absurd to continue. A system of local warnings by trained spotters on the roofs of buildings was devised to supplement the general siren warning, heralding the approach of enemy aircraft, and only on the receipt of these local warnings did the workers seek shelter. Thus the anomaly was avoided whereby a few single hostile machines, by their mere proximity to an arbitrary area drawn around the capital, could paralyse its whole life for hours together. But in this return to common sense the lead was given by the common people, not by their rulers and servants. Government offices, banks and transport services

indeed lagged well behind, not, certainly, because their personnel were less courageous or sensible than the average, but because their wheels of routine took longer to reverse. By the time the night raids started, however, London had reduced to a minimum the problem of interference with her daytime life by enemy day raiders. She was, of course, only able to do so because, thanks to the superlative efficiency of her defences, these raiders only exceptionally penetrated as far as her outskirts, and when they managed to do so, did but little, and that purely local, damage and inflicted few casualties.

The beginning of enemy night raiding, however, raised at once new and far more difficult and critical problems. For the first few nights the effects, material and moral, were very considerable. Casualties were numerous, material destruction was widespread, disorganisation of the normal routine of life affected all London's inhabitants and workers. The tendency for the former to leave home and crowd into shelters for the night became almost universal ; and what was worse, the public surface shelters, on which reliance had mainly been placed by the authorities, lost favour, partly by reason of a few spectacular disasters, but mainly because the moral sense of security afforded by them was incommensurate with their real safety. People thronged the comparatively few deep shelters available, and the tubes, the principal night resort of Londoners in the last war, returned to like favour again. The ill-judged attempts of authority to prevent this proved ineffective. Once again the people proved wiser than their rulers, and the latter had to follow their lead.

The civil defence services, the one time much criticised and much begrudged Ishmaels of the " phoney war " period, now came with a rush into their own. They more than justified their existence ; they saved that of London, too. But for them—the wardens, the police, the fire fighters, the clearance squads, the ambulance personnel—the capital's ordeal might have been so much worse than it actually was, as to be beyond endurance. But even so, there were gaps in this fine and self sacrificing civil defence organisation—gaps of which only ex-

experience showed the extent and the danger. Some made themselves felt from the first. There was an insufficient provision for repairing the damage done and for minimising the effects of the general disorganization resulting from ruined houses, blocked streets, destroyed amenities, and damaged public services. The problem of rehousing people who had lost their homes and their possessions was badly handled, and much suffering and discontent resulted. The question of evacuation was tackled only half heartedly ; more might have been done, even at this late hour, to relieve the situation by clearing out the "useless mouths," many more of whom should have gone long before, and many of whom, having once gone, should never have been allowed to return as they did. There were long delays in clearing the streets and removing the debris of shattered buildings ; little provision seems to have been made for this, and at last the Army had to be called in to take it on. Road and rail traffic were thoroughly thrown out of gear—and were slow in recovering themselves, despite the heroic and incessant efforts of all the staffs concerned.

The effects of all this made themselves visibly felt in the opening period of the night blitzkrieg, both on the physical and moral bearing of the Londoner. He, and she, tended to become blearyeyed, unkempt, and slightly below par. A little of the usual irrepressible cheerfulness and alertness of mind began to go by the board. It was a passing phase, due mainly to surprise and shock, soon conquered by the Cockney's inexhaustible reserves of adaptability and philosophy. It was often those who had been hardest hit who showed these virtues most fully. It was the little householders and shopkeepers who had lost their all who defiantly climbed the heaped up ruins of their homes to stick Union Jacks on the top, or who chalked up brave and witty slogans on their shattered windows and perforated walls. Most of their social betters also attained this high standard of courage, if not of wit. I personally rarely met a weakling, and never anyone who even thought of any possible alternative to enduring the trial and carrying on to the end, despite all the enemy could do.

Gradually the slackening off of the intensity of the night bombing, as 1940 passed out and 1941 drew in, gave London a well-earned respite from her trials. Unfortunately the first heavy recrudescence of activity had unhappy results, the fire raid on the City finding another gap in our defences in the shortage of fire watchers in an area tenanted at night mainly by "caretakers and cats." This defect was all the more inexcusable as Manchester had only a few weeks before paid heavily for a similar negligence. Had London taken this warning in time, the historic few square miles of her City would not now be a sad scene of ruin and desecration. It was another example of learning too late and too slowly, such as had before hampered London in its self-defence against the blitzkrieg.

As I write these words, the fury of that attack has for the moment died away. The sirens still wail occasionally by day, but no one takes any notice of them now. There are long nights of silence and peace, interspersed with one or two warnings and spasmodic raids. No doubt this is in part due to winter weather, the deadliest natural foe of the night bomber. No doubt, also, our methods of night defence have improved, are improving, and will improve still further as time goes on—perhaps in the end to make the terror by night as obsolete as the arrow that flieth by day. But it is my belief that this respite is due in no small degree to the fact that the blitzkrieg over London has been, from the enemy's standpoint—and he must know it—an expensive and complete failure, from any point of view other than that of purely wanton and sadistic destruction. Of that there has no doubt been a good spicing, but that will never win a war, nor, indeed, bring with it any important military result. Hitler has been brought no nearer his goal of victory by all the bombs his airmen have cast upon his chief enemy's capital. In my view, he has now done his worst in this respect, and is unlikely to repeat the experiment on the same scale or with the same intensity. If he should do so, he will profit by it no more than before, and probably pay for it more dearly.

Figures as to the effect of the blitzkrieg on London cannot be accurate, but the following are believed not to be far out. Of

the 8½ million inhabitants of London prior to the beginning of heavy hostile air attacks last autumn a considerable proportion have been voluntarily or compulsorily evacuated. This figure may be perhaps estimated at something rather more than 1 in 5, but not as high as 1 in 4. The proportion of people who left their homes at night to sleep in public shelters varied, of course, considerably with the district concerned. Even at the height of the blitzkrieg it was probably never so high as 2 in 3. Once the intensive hostile air attacks died down (in early February) it sunk to below 1 in 3. The civilian casualties in London during the intensive attack period has not been officially stated. The total losses for the country as a whole between September and December, 1940, both months inclusive, totalled 50,000 odd, of which 20,000 were fatal. Of these, probably some two-thirds, say 13,000 fatal and 20,000 non-fatal casualties, occurred in London.

It would ill become any chronicler of the blitzkrieg over London to end on any but one note. One who claims, as I do, to be a commentator on, but only in a very limited sense a participator in that ordeal, need have no hesitation in paying his wholehearted and fervent tribute of admiration to the demeanour of her citizens under as prolonged, as fierce, and as fiery a trial as ever befell her in all her long story. It was magnificent; it was moving; and it was, as far as I could see, universal. I never heard a syllable of defeatism, or of panic or of repining, and I spoke to many who had good cause for any or all of these weaknesses of humanity under stress. All were emphatic that, "Hitler will never get us down this way." Many told me, "We're all in this, and we'll see it through." All were pathetically and needlessly grateful for anything that was done for them, and sublimely patient and brave when there was nothing that could be done. In those sad yet great days, one was proud to be a worker in London, and proud of being one of a nation which could produce people such as these. Now, as never before in her proud life, did London show herself the worthy capital of an Empire on which the sun never sets, and in very deed, as an old lover of hers once termed her, "the flower of cities all."



KINCSEM (by Cambuscan—Water Nymph),
E. Madden up.

KINCSEM—"THE WONDER MARE"

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

THE frontispiece of *Kincsem* is reproduced from a particularly fine painting which adorns the walls of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club, Budapest. The photograph was sent recently to the writer by Istvan de Szunyogh, the official handicapper to the Hungarian turf. It depicts *Kincsem* at the zenith of her fame, with E. Madden, father of Otto Madden, in the saddle. The figures in the background are Mons. Ernest de Blaskovics, her owner-breeder, and Prince Tassilo Festetics, both names to conjure with in the Hungarian racing world some 70 years ago.

Kincsem was by *Cambuscan* out of *Waternymph*, and she was foaled in 1874 at the state stud *Kisbèr*, where *Kisbèr*, the Hungarian-bred winner of the Derby and Grand Prix de Paris, had also seen the first light of day. *Kincsem's* coat colour was chestnut and she was devoid of any white markings either on her face or legs. She had apparently all the points which are considered essential in the conformation of a racehorse, judging by the description by Count Ivan de Szapary, at one time a great authority on bloodstock in Hungary. *Kincsem* had that hall mark of breeding in an elegant head with a bold eye, she had a fine length of rein let into beautiful sloping shoulders. Her great depth through the heart demonstrated her stamina and staying power, and a well-known authority has placed it on record that, gazing at her from behind as she strode away, that her elbows were well clear of her chest, a fact which so fostered her strikingly free action. *Kincsem* was somewhat long in the back, but it is permissible for mares to be slightly longer in the back than horses; but she did not "run up light," however, and her back, or false ribs, were well sprung behind the saddle: her hind quarters were well

let down, giving her length from hip to hock, which is always such a desirable feature in the conformation of a racehorse. Her muscular gaskins were most noticeable and her cannon bones were short, with a good measurement of bone below the knee. She stood on good firm feet, measuring 16.1 hands at the withers.

Kincsem is reputed to have possessed a quite remarkable temperament for a racehorse, particularly for a race mare; she was extremely phlegmatic and gentle, and was never flustered by anything in her racing career except on one occasion, which will be recounted later. Judging by her peregrinations to racecourses all over Europe, entailing all the fatigues and discomfort of travelling, which never caused her to lose a race, or to even refuse her feed, she was indeed unique. Kincsem invariably lay down after feeding, even when travelling, and she never gave her trainer, Robert Hesp, any cause for worry when in training.

It is of particular interest to note Kincsem's breeding. Her sire, Cambuscan, was sent to Hungary from England in 1872; he was by Newminster out of The Arrow by "the roarer" Slane. Cambuscan won the July Stakes at Newmarket and had eight other wins to his credit, and was at stud in England before being exported to Hungary, and he sired Cambello, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, but who was beaten in Galopin's Derby, and also Cambuslang, sire of Come Away, winner of the 1891 Grand National, with that fine Irish horseman, the late Mr. Harry Beasley, in the saddle. To digress—the Beasley family established a unique record in riding over Aintree. Mr. T. Beasley won three Nationals, on Empress in 1880, on Woodbrook in 1881, and on Frigate in 1889. His brother Harry had thirteen mounts in the race and besides winning was second on three occasions. In 1923 he rode over the formidable Punchestown course, beating his son Willie, and in his eighty-second year he rode his own horse, Antelope, in a flat race on the Curragh on September 19, 1934, which must constitute a record in the annals of the veteran riders of the Turf. In the Grand National of 1879 there were four Beasley

brothers competing against each other. One of the brothers was afterwards killed riding over Punchestown.

Accordingly there was no lack of stamina in Kincsem's veins on the male line, and on her dam's side she apparently inherited stamina, for Waternymph, who was bred in Hungary, was by Cotswold out of a mare called Mermaid by Melbourne. Cotswold had won races of mediocrity at Chester, Bath and Worcester. Waternymph won three good class races in the Nemzeti, the Esterházy and the Fillies-Prize, in the colours of Prince Paul Esterházy, and then passed into the hands of Ernest de Blaskovics. As a five-year-old she was put to stud and served by Buccaneer, the sire of the renowned Kisbèr, the Hungarian-bred winner of the 1876 Derby and Grand Prix de Paris, but proved barren in her first season. She was again nominated for Buccaneer, but owing to a mistake on the studgroom's part was covered by Cambuscan.

From this unintended mating a filly foal materialised on St. Patrick's Day, 1874, which was destined to make such Turf history. Chance appears to have played a big role in her future ownership, for Mons. Blascovics had seven foals that spring, too many for him to cope with, and he would have let Kincsem go for a fair offer but she was not fancied. As a yearling she was sent to the English trainer Robert Hesp at Göd, Alag, where Major Jules Issekutz trains today.

Kincsem's debut on the racecourse was at Berlin where she appears to have won as she liked ; she had five other engagements in Germany at Hanover, Hamburg, Doberan, Frankfurt-on-Main and at Baden-Baden. On her return journey to Hungary she picked up four more races in Austria. Thus as a two-year-old she had started ten times and was unbeaten.

As a three-year-old she ran seventeen times and won all her races which included the Austrian Derby at Vienna, the Hungarian St. Leger, and in Germany the Grand Prize of Hanover and the Grand Prize of Baden-Baden. As a four-year-old Kincsem came under the starter's orders on fifteen occasions and won all her races, including the Goodwood Cup, which was the only race in England which she ever contested.

On her arrival at Newmarket she aroused considerable attention on the gallops with her pacemaker Csalogany, and with another stable-companion in the shape of a cat which always accompanied her on her travels. Goodwood proved an ideal venue for this heroine of the Turf to make her debut before the English racing public, and one can well imagine the Trundle and the whole course black with spectators, as it has been recorded, to see this "wonder mare," for it was years before La Flechè, or the advent of Sceptre or Pretty Polly. Alice Hawthorn, whose remarkable career with fifty-two wins out of seventy-two races, which was so admirably written up by the late lamented Major-General T. T. Pitman in the CAVALRY JOURNAL of July, 1932, had raced thirty-four years earlier.

Ridden by E. Madden, Kincsem won by two lengths from Paget (winner of the Chester Cup) with Cannon up, Fred Archer being on the only other runner in Lady Golightly. On returning to scale the mare received a great ovation and the owner was congratulated by King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, who was present at the meeting.

On her return journey to the Continent Kincsem experienced a very rough crossing which took a whole day to cross from Folkestone to Boulogne. On arrival at Boulogne there was nearly a tragedy as her cat companion was lost, the mare became very perturbed, and this was the first occasion in her training career that she was known to refuse her feed. The train was held up whilst a search was made for the domestic pet which fortunately was found, and Kincsem reverted to her normal tranquillity and the journey to Chantilly was resumed.

At Deauville the mare beat seven opponents in a canter and was entrained for Baden-Baden, where she was again to win the Grand Prize. after running a dead heat. It is alleged that her jockey, Madden, was overconfident, convinced of the mare's superiority over the other entries, and made the running too late. Mons. Blascovics would not hear of a division of the prize, and in the run-off Kincsem won by five lengths, and in spite of being worried by a dog which strayed on to the course. Returning to Budapest Kincsem's last outing was at the back



Top (left)—At the G6d Stud, Alag, Budapest, admiring FINUM ROZSI (by Grand Parade—St. Ina), with a foal by Mannahead.

Top (right)—His Excellency SANDOR DE KISS unveiling a memorial tablet to Kincsem on the wall of the loose box occupied by the "wonder mare" when in training.



Bottom (left)—The writer and his wife at the B6abolna Stud, being driven off to see the Stables.

Bottom (right)—Members of the International Bloodstock Congress amongst the Arab mares at B6abolna. Note the mounted sentinels wearing the traditional costume of the Hungarian horseman.

end of the season where she conceded 27lb. to the Hungarian Guineas and Oaks winner Ilona and trounced her.

As a five-year-old Kincsem started for twelve races all of which she won including the Grand Prize at Baden-Baden for the third time, showing clean heels to the North German Derby winner Künstlerin. With fifty-four races to her credit Kincsem took up her stud career and proved herself to be almost as illustrious as a matron, judging by her influence on the breeding on the Continent as she was as a race mare.

Some seventy or eighty mares in the Hungarian stud book trace to her in the direct female line, and she bred Talpra Magyer and his sister Budayyongye, by Buccaneer, and Kincs, by the English horse Doncaster, who was sold to Hungary and stood at Kisbèr. On the 18th March, 1887, the day after her birthday, the invincible Kincsem died aged thirty years.

It was indeed in keeping with the Hungarian outlook that a memorial plaque should have been erected to this gallant mare, and a more appropriate occasion could not have been selected than the Sixth Session of the International Congress for Blood Stock Breeding and Racing held at Budapest in April, 1939. It was a charming ceremony performed when the delegates and their friends were visiting Major Issekutz's celebrated stables at Göd, Alag. His Excellency Sandor de Kiss unveiled this equine memorial which was erected outside the wall of the loose box formerly occupied by Kincsem when in training. Speaking in fluent English, he recorded the history, turf career, and peculiarities of this famous mare.

Hungary, however, is not alone in memorials to horses, and if we cast back our minds to those in England and Ireland we will find quite a number, the most recent having been erected to the memory of Sergeant Murphy at Bogside, where he had won the Scottish Grand National besides the famous Aintree event, after the accident at Derby in 1926 when he sustained a broken leg.

A tour of Major Issekutz's stud and training establishment, which he combines, was most interesting, particularly as all his mares appeared to be English or Irish bloodstock by very

high-class horses. In beautiful surroundings his paddocks are laid out: here one saw Finum Rozsi, by Grand Parade—St. Ina, with a foal by Mannamead; Oszirozsa, by Captain Cuttle—Grand Polly; Contretemps, by Press Gang—Love in Idleness; also mares by Lemonora, Inkermann, Tamar D'Orsay and by Caissot, a grandson of Gay Crusader. At the Jockey Club Stud at Alag, the Newmarket of Hungary, stands Mannamead, who carried Lord Astor's colours so successfully. This fine-looking stallion was acquired by Prince Odescalchi, a well-known figure at the Newmarket December Sales, in 1937. Following up the acquisition of Mannamead, the Hungarians purchased the Aga Khan's 1930 Cesarewitch winner, Ut Majeur, and Artist's Proof.*

At Alag members of the congress were received by His Excellency, Eugene de Horthy, brother of the Regent of Hungary, who is a well known big game hunter and whose shikari reminiscences have so recently been published in English. His stables were beautifully laid out and the stable management was equivalent to that of any first class Newmarket or Curragh establishment.

No account of Hungary would be complete without a reference to Admiral Horthy who received the participants of the Congress at a special reception in the Royal Palace. To the British representatives he spoke about India and polo and referred to the fact that the celebrated Newmarket trainer, Frank Butters, had commenced his career as a trainer on Hungarian soil. It is not generally known that the Regent broke his collar bone at Calcutta races in 1893, when competing in a steeplechase as a Sub-Lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian fleet which happened to be visiting India at the time. He had taken the opportunity to borrow a horse from a British officer and was going well with the leaders when his horse came down at the last fence. Prior to the last war he was A.D.C. to the late Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph. On the outbreak of hostilities he rejoined the fleet and was in command in his flagship,

* For the particulars regarding the career of Kincsem the writer is greatly indebted to Mons. Ladislaus de Liptay, Vice-President of the International Congress for Blood-stock Breeding and Racing; Major Issekutz, and Mons. de Szunyogh.

the "Novara," at the Battle of Otranto, May, 1917, between Austro-Hungarian and British cruisers. A direct hit from H.M.S. "Dartmouth" exploded on the "Novara's" fo'c'sle which wounded Admiral Horthy in the foot and killed his second-in-command. Undaunted by the pain from his wound he insisted that he should be carried on a stretcher in front of the turret in order to direct operations and remained on the quarter deck until after the battle.

Admiral Horthy emerged from retirement to become commander-in-chief of an army which he himself created in order to save his country.

Wearing his admiral's uniform and mounted on a grey charger he led his army to victory against Bela Kun's Bolshevik hordes and established law and order in a kingdom without a king.

At the Budapest race meetings Admiral Horthy was always to be seen, accompanied by his very elegant consort taking stock of the horses beneath the peak of his nautical cap.

At the Kisbèr State Stud the following thoroughbred stallions were to be seen: D'Orsay, winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, Ganelon, and Fortis; and in the paddocks mares with foals by Sansovino, Sandwich, and other well-known English horses.

It should be stated that the State studs of Royal Hungary are run as military establishments, the personnel being supplied by the army. The officers' mess at Kisbèr is a palatial building and is quite an art gallery of equestrian paintings and portraits. Trophies and race cups presented by emperors and kings adorn the tables; one particularly appealed to the writer, which consisted of a beautiful silver statue of a racehorse with jockeys at the four corners on bended knees in the attitude of worship. Only a Hungarian would have had the inspiration to depict such a model, and it is typical of their whole outlook on life.

In 1935 the Hungarians erected a monument to their "Unknown War Horse," which is a particularly elegant statue of a horse of perfect conformation, and which one deplores is not "the sort" bestride which the late Earl Haig should have

been depicted instead of that grotesque quadruped which so mars the dignity of Whitehall. This Hungarian memorial was unveiled in a courtyard of the Francis Joseph Cavalry Barracks, Budapest. After the unveiling a very touching ceremony took place: the troop horses of the Arpàd Hussars were led past in file by their riders to pay homage to their equine comrades who had fallen so gallantly for a cause which, fortunately for them, was beyond their comprehension.

Truly the wonder mare, Kincsem, proved herself worthy of the delightful country where she was foaled.

FOUGHT IN FOUR WARS

DEATH OF OLD VETERAN

With acknowledgments to "Reveille," February, 1941

Veteran of four wars, William John White (89) died at Randwick on December 12th, 1940, after slipping and fracturing his skull as he was walking to lunch.

He joined the 9th Lancers in England in 1875, and was sent to India ; taking part in the Afghanistan war, where he was wounded.

In 1885 took part in the Sudan war ; and in 1889 he came to Australia. In 1899 he joined the N.S.W. Bushmen's Contingent, and served in the Boer war.

When the Great War broke out in 1914 his age was 62, but he found the call so strong that he gave his age as 46, and got through, with the aid of his barber, who made him look years younger than he really was.

He served in Egypt as Quartermaster-Sergt. in the 7th Light Horse Regiment. He possessed medals from 1876 to 1915.

White was endowed with unusual physical strength and endurance for his years, and claimed a record of service of which he was justly proud.

The late Quartermaster White's wish was that his medals be buried with him ; being placed on his breast where he has so long worn them when on service. This wish was carried out. Large numbers of friends attended the Funeral, the interment taking place at Rookwood.

Mr. A. J. Tait represented the R.S.S.A.I.L.A.

THE OLD HUSSARS

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ERNEST RYAN, T.D.

IN the preceding article was traced something of the history and exploits of the two senior regiments of French *houzards*. We now proceed to pass in review the career of the three remaining regiments which were raised before the Revolution and which still exist at the present time.*

ESTERHAZY (3RD HUSSARS), 1764.

The Esterhazy Hussars were raised in the year following the close of the Seven Years' War, at Phalsbourg, a small walled town on the route to Strasburg with an ancient gateway still bearing an inscription placed there by Louis Quatorze. Contrarily to her tradition in European politics, England, the old ally of the House of Austria, had declared herself in this war for the King of Prussia. British troops fought at Minden, Emsdorff and Warburg, where they were victorious, and at Corbach, Clostercamp and Vellinghausen, where they suffered defeat. The war was disastrous for France, due largely to the indecisions of the Austrian Marshal, Count Daun, and the ineptitude of Prince Soubise, favourite of Madame de Pompadour, who has become the classic example of an inefficient general. Favoured by fortune, in addition to every other advantage, Frederick II, whom history has awarded the title of "Great," brought Prussia, whose population then amounted to hardly five millions, to the rank of a first-class Power.

* Several other Hussar regiments appear in 18th-century French military annals such as Poldeack (Paul Deack), Versailles, Polleretzky and Saxe, to mention only a few, but they were all disbanded or merged into the still existing regiments. The Poldeack, in which were many of those exiles from Ireland known as the "Wild Geese," served under the Duke of Berwick in Spain, where at Saragossa in 1707 it had encounters with two regiments of English Dragoons. The Duke was English, though he spent all his life in the service of France, being a natural son of King James II. The British commander was the Earl of Galway, a French Huguenot in the peerage of Ireland! He was later defeated by Berwick at the battle of Almanza. The Poldeack Hussars had in the previous year lost their standard to the Austrians under Prince Eugene of Savoy at the battle of Turin. It is preserved in the *Armeria Reale* of the Royal Palace in that Italian city. The aforementioned two British Dragoon Regiments were the present-day Royal Dragoons and 8th Hussars.

The regiment's first *Mestre de Camp*, which was the official title of a colonel-proprietor under the *ancien régime*, was the Comte d'Esterhazy, of a princely Hungarian family whose origin dated back to the twelfth century. Esterhazy was of a different type from his compatriots in the French service, and during the long peace which lasted till the Revolution, showed himself more adroit courtier than soldier. Profiting by his position as a protégé of Queen Marie Antoinette, whose countryman he was, he exchanged with the young girl a correspondence which her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, found very humiliating from "this puppy of an Esterhazy." At the same time there appeared on the political scene a German princess, Sophie d'Anhalt, who became Catherine II of Russia, surnamed also "Great," and also known as the Semiramis of the North. She placed one of her lovers, Stanislas Poniatowski, on the throne of Poland, which shortly afterwards she partitioned with Frederick and Maria Theresa. On the fall of the Bourbons, Maria Theresa refused permission for Esterhazy to return to Austria on account of his profligacy, but Catherine had no such scruples, and he was received at her winter retreat called the Hermitage. Though a former refugee he accepted from the Empress an estate in Volhynia, a province of Poland now again occupied by Soviet Russia, confiscated from its Polish owners.

As to uniform, that of the Esterhazy was very distinctive. From 1776 to 1870 the dolman and pelisse were always silver-grey generally with crimson facings and braiding. Black shoulder belts were worn instead of pipeclayed as in the other hussar regiments. Before the Revolution, trumpeters of French hussars were dressed in the livery of their colonels—three-cornered hat, riding coat buttoned back at the corners, leather breeches and jacked boots. For the troops the hair was knotted on the temples and gathered in a queue behind. The words "*gilet*" and "*veste*" are frequently used instead of "*dolman*" in French ordinances of the period describing the uniform of the hussars, the *dolman* being the braided form of the sleeved waistcoat which was a common military dress in the eighteenth century.

The *pelisse*, which was bordered with fox fur, was frequently worn over the *dolman* instead of on the shoulder. One of the last pictures painted by the great military artist Detaille, which is in the celebrated collection at Les Invalides in Paris, shows Lasalle charging at the head of his cuirassiers in pelisse worn open, general's cocked hat and pipe in hand. It should be remembered that before the Revolution no French subjects other than Alsatians or inhabitants of German-speaking Lorraine were accepted for the hussars, who were recruited also in the latinized Rhenish lands as far as Trèves and Mayence. They were, in fact, foreign troops kept for the protection of the monarchy and to suppress the frequent riots in Paris and elsewhere.

An incident occurred during the period of the Revolution which recalls one of the episodes in Conan Doyle's romance "Brigadier Gerard."* The Esterhazy Hussars were in the beleaguered garrison of Thionville, a small town in Lorraine known to the Germans as Diedenhofen. After twenty days of siege, the commander of the place wished to send an important dispatch through the investing ring of Austrians to Metz. Three hussars volunteered for this perilous mission. They were accepted and each, carrying a copy of the dispatch, left by a different route, sabre in hand, at the gallop. Immediately a fusillade broke out on every side and soon two of the hussars were killed. The third, though hit in several places, managed to keep his seat in the saddle, and charged a group of the enemy who, barring his route with fixed bayonets, called on him to surrender. He succeeded in cutting his way through them, though mortally wounded in doing so, and having delivered the precious document entrusted to him, expired. Emulating the devotion of these three heroes, another Esterhazy hussar later reached Metz with a dispatch, and returned the same evening with a reply, unwounded.

* Readers of it may remember that the brigadier, when a colonel, commanded the '3rd Hussars of Conflans' under the Emperor. Actually the Conflans Hussars ceased to exist on the death of their colonel in 1789, becoming the Saxe Hussars which in turn emigrated at the Revolution. Conflans was a celebrated character-sabreur, drinker and lover; a military Lovelace and probably the original of Conan Doyle's hero. He was said to be the father of General Lasalle who resembled him greatly, and who was very proud of his reputed parentage.

During the hard campaigns of the Republic, the 3rd Hussars endured the most terrible hardships, especially in winter. Clothed in rags and bootless, with their legs wrapped in straw, their appearance terrified the peasants, who fled on their approach, mistaking them for brigands. In 1805, during the Empire, the 3rd Hussars were brigaded with the 10th *Chasseurs à Cheval* to form Ney's light cavalry, and in the four years which followed, their history is that of their celebrated commander, Colbert. This extraordinary man, whose soul was consumed with the most fiery energy, never ceased to charge the enemy as long as he had a handful of men to lead and a horse to carry him. At Jena (14th October, 1806), Marshal Ney, having pushed forward his advanced guard under Colbert during the night, bivouacked in front of the town, and when the fog lifted in the morning, he found himself facing the Prussian army supported by a numerous artillery. Ney decided to silence these guns, whose fire was preventing him from advancing to cut the Prussians' right flank, and ordered Colbert to charge them with his weak force. Colbert accomplished this with his *Chasseurs*, charging in column of squadrons, while holding the 3rd Hussars in reserve for the expected counter-attack. Hardly had the *Chasseurs* taken the guns, when he was charged by three regiments of enemy cavalry—Her. okel's Cuirassiers, Prittwitz's Dragoons and a regiment of Saxon dragoons. Immediately the 3rd Hussars precipitated themselves on the flank of these regiments, causing the greatest confusion, only the cuirassiers reaching the French advanced guard. Its infantry, consisting of a battalion each of Grenadiers and Light Infantry, had time to form themselves into squares and opened fire on the cuirassiers when the latter were only thirty paces from them. The cavalry did not get to the bayonets and made their escape in all directions. The 2nd Dispatch of the Grand Army cited in the most eulogistic terms this charge of the Esterhazy against an adversary three times superior in numbers. Jena is inscribed on the standard of the regiment.

Having taken part in the investment and capitulation of Magdeburg, the Esterhazy entered Berlin on October 27th,

where it was reviewed by the Emperor. The 6th Corps was then sent to the Vistula, the hussars forming the cavalry screen. At Hof (6th February, 1807), Colbert's Brigade was within an ace of annihilation. An enemy corps of all arms was in position across a stream bordered by marshes. There was only one bridge, which was under fire, but without hesitation Colbert sent his regiments across it. Arriving on the farther bank after sustaining heavy losses, the squadrons deployed to attack their objectives. During this deployment they came under enfilading cannon and musket fire which emptied many saddles, and being charged by a great mass of enemy cavalry were forced back to the bridge. Colbert rallied his brigade but, being attacked unawares in flank by another mass of Russian cuirassiers, it was again beaten back. A frightful disaster menaced the cavalry of the 6th Corps, when Prince Murat arrived on the field of battle, leading at the trot Hautpoul's Cuirassiers. Their appearance had an instantaneous effect, shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" coming from the stricken squadrons. Murat threw into an attack his six armoured regiments, the remnants of the hussars and *chasseurs* mingling with them in a third charge. Four thousand cavaliers descended like a torrent on the Russian position, which was swept away, leaving in their hands eight hundred prisoners, the colours of four regiments and nine guns. The enemy left fifteen hundred dead on the field. The Esterhazy Hussars were reduced to half of their effective strength and had to be reinforced from the 15th *Chasseurs*, lately arrived from Italy. In this year of 1807 the regiment was also present at Eylau and Friedland, both of which battles are commemorated on its standard, before the Treaty of Tilsit ended the sanguinary combats and the Esterhazy could lick its wounds.

After fourteen months of rest on the banks of the Oder, the 6th Corps received orders to move to Spain. Colbert's brigade now comprised the 3rd Hussars and the 15th *Chasseurs*. Its first contact was with the Spanish Army of Castanos, which was defeated at Tudela (22nd November, 1808). On the 20th December the 6th Corps was in touch with the British

Army under Sir John Moore near Valladolid. Colbert deployed his squadrons in tempests of snow, and claimed to have taken as prisoners two thousand stragglers together with much booty.

Ten days later the corps was reviewed in the environs of Madrid by Napoleon who, addressing Colbert, eulogised his many services and promised him his reward. Colbert replied, "Sir, pray hasten for I am old!"—he was thirty-one years of age. On the 3rd of January following, Colbert again encountered British troops at Villafranca. As the position was too strong to attack with his two cavalry regiments, he galloped to the rear to hasten the arrival of five battalions of infantry sent to his aid. Putting himself at their head, he attacked the position, mounted and sabre in hand. Remonstrated with by one of his old officers for thus unnecessarily exposing his person, he replied in anger, "Are you then afraid of dying to-day?" Hardly had he spoken these words when a ball entered above his left eye and he fell. For three years the 3rd Hussars wore on their shakos, mourning for the leader who had so often led them to victory.

During the years 1809–1813 the Esterhazy took part in all the *grandeur et misère* of the Peninsular War. Always in company with the 15th *Chasseurs*, it was in combat with British troops at the Col de Banos (12th August, 1809), and at Alba de Tormes in the following November it captured five guns in a charge. In April, 1810, the 6th Corps under Masséna invaded Portugal, and in the following October at Leyria was following Wellington's rear-guard. During March, 1811, when Masséna was in turn retreating before Wellington to Ciudad Rodrigo, the regiment distinguished itself at Pombal and Redinha, being led by Ney himself at the latter place. At Fuentes d'Onor, on the 5th May, it claimed to have broken into two British squares.

The Esterhazy left Spain in September, 1813, for Mayence, and in Pajol's Corps was present at the battle of Leipzig (16th–18th October), where it charged till almost annihilated. Its devotion to the Napoleonic eagles in the Battle for France at Montereau is recorded on its standard. During the Hundred Days it was confronting the Austrians before Belfort.

At the Restoration, the 3rd Hussars were called the *Hussards de la Moselle*. The petunia-coloured breeches which were a striking feature during the Empire were changed for overalls of madder red. In September, 1823, the regiment was again in Spain, at Saragossa. Like the two senior regiments of French hussars, it saw several years of hard fighting in Algeria before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War.

During this disastrous campaign the 3rd Hussars had no opportunity of taking part in any of the famous charges which were made by the French cavalry. At Woerth (6th August, 1870) they were in reserve to Michel's Brigade of Cuirassiers, and at Sedan when about to intervene in support of Margueritte's Division, they had their orders countermanded owing to the failure of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* to obtain the hoped-for results. The regiment escaped being encircled in the town, and during the rest of the war fought in Normandy.

At the beginning of the last Great War the Esterhazy was at Senlis, near Paris, forming part of the 3rd Brigade of Light Cavalry, with headquarters at Meaux. Its services throughout the four hard years of struggle were worthy of the records of the Old Hussars of France.

COLONEL-GENERAL (4TH, PREVIOUSLY 5TH, HUSSARS), 1783.

The origin of this regiment is complicated through its having two ancestors: the 4th or Saxe Hussars and the 5th or Colonel-Général regiment. The Saxe, which took its name from its Polish colonel-proprietor, the Prince of Saxe, uncle of Louis XVI, emigrated *en masse* at the Revolution, and its number was given to the 5th Hussars.

During the Seven Years' War the French King had the aid of a German partisan called Fischer, who was authorized by Marshal Belle-Isle to form an irregular corps of mounted infantry to combat the Austrian Pandours of Maria Theresa. They were clothed and equipped *à la hussarde* and fought valiantly at Rosbach and against our forces at Clostercamp. This corps was the parent of the French *Chasseurs à Cheval*, corresponding to our Light Dragoons. Unlike our Light

Dragoons, however, all of whom were converted into Hussars in the middle of the last century, the French *chasseurs* retained their identity, though of much later origin than the hussars,* numbering in 1914 twenty-three regiments against fourteen of hussars.

The Saxe Hussars raised in 1789 were an offshoot from Fischer's Corps through the Conflans Hussars, whose green and red uniform they inherited and which on their extinction, was in turn passed on to another famous hussar regiment, raised during the period of the Revolution—the 7th Hussars.

The name Colonel-Général arose from the title of the regiment's first chief, the Duke of Chartres (later Duke of Orleans), nephew of Louis XVI. The duke being under a cloud owing to his failure as a naval commander in the action off Ushant in 1778, was through the good offices of Marie Antoinette appointed to the control of the Corps of Hussars, and the new regiment was formed so that he should have his own *cornette blanche*.

Its uniform was very brilliant—sky blue with scarlet hanging jacket and black felt *mirliton*, wound round which was a red tasseled bag. Additional braiding was worn on dolman and *pelisse* to denote its special status as a Royal regiment. Ney, "*le brave des braves*," began his career in the 4th Hussars at Metz.

Hohenlinden (3rd December, 1800) was their first big encounter. The poet Campbell has immortalized this cavalry combat between "furious Frank and fiery Hun." The Archduke John, in the obscurity of a snowstorm, hurled the Austrian army against the French position. The assault was repulsed, and during the subsequent advance of Ney's Division the regiment charged three times, carrying off a standard. Five years later, at Austerlitz (2nd December, 1805), when in Kellermann's Division, it again greatly distinguished itself. In 1806 the Colonel-Général was in Marshal Bernadotte's Corps

* That is as *chasseurs*. Several regiments, such as the 1st *Chasseurs* dating back to 1651, are older in origin, but they were not transformed from Cavalry or Dragoons to *Chasseurs* till 1788, when these latter originated.

campaigning in Prussia, and in the following year was confronting the Russians. During February it was engaged in fighting in the narrow streets of Braunsberg, a small town near Königsberg, which lay between the lines of the opposing armies. Breaking through to the bridge over the Passarge, it caused carnage amongst the enemy who was pursued far beyond the town. Later in this year the regiment took a glorious part in the battle of Friedland.

1809 found the Colonel-Général Hussars in Spain, fighting peasants armed with British muskets and pikes. During 1811 they were at the sieges of Tarragona and Valencia. After four years of fighting in the Peninsula, the disasters of 1813 caused their recall to France.

On arrival there, they were ordered in haste to co-operate with the Army of Lyons, opposing the Austrians coming from Switzerland. The French were retiring much demoralized, when the 4th and 12th Hussars were thrown in to arrest the advance, and charging by squadrons allowed Augereau to fall back on the town of Vienne in good order. The armistice of the 16th April put an end to hostilities.

At the Restoration the 4th Hussars were christened *Hussards de Monsieur*, but during the Hundred Days they went over to the Emperor and were in Grouchy's Army charged with the pursuit of Blücher before the disaster of Waterloo. On the Second Restoration they were re-named *Hussards du Nord*. In 1823 the regiment was in Spain, after which campaign it saw no active service till the outbreak of the Crimean War. At Kanghil, on the 29th September, 1855, the old Colonel-Général, having outdistanced the two regiments of dragoons and a battery of artillery forming its cavalry division, charged alone two regular regiments of Russian cavalry and three sotnias of Cossacks supported by two batteries of artillery.

During the opening stages of the Franco-Prussian War the Colonel-Général Hussars had to fall back with the 7th Corps under the walls of Sedan, and on the 7th September were taken as prisoners into Germany. Forty-four years later they had their revenge.

LAUZUN (5TH, PREVIOUSLY 6TH, HUSSARS), 1783.

The origin of this regiment of French Hussars is particularly interesting as it was neither Hungarian nor German, but—Irish ! It is almost certainly the only foreign cavalry regiment existing at the beginning of the present War, of British ancestry, though foreign horsemen have been in *our* pay at various times, and Polish Lancers (*Ulanow*) lately reviewed by the Duke of Kent, are amongst our present allies.

It began in 1778 as a foreign legion raised by the Duke of Lauzun—whom it may be remembered wished to purchase the Chamborant Hussars at a fabulous price—for service in the American War. This force numbered some 4,000 men, and its cavalry was made up of two companies of hussars, which were mostly Irish, and two companies of Polish lancers. The breaking of the Treaty of Limerick had caused great numbers of Irish refugees, known as the “Wild Geese,” to fly overseas from the penal laws of our eighteenth-century dictators, to serve in the armies of France and Austria, in the words of the poet Davis “from Dunkirk to Belgrade,” and, as it happened in this instance, in the New World also.

On the 12th April, 1780, the *Volontaires de Lauzun*, as the expeditionary force was called, embarked at Brest and after a voyage of three months landed at Newport, being attached to the army of Rochambeau. After passing the winter in the forests of Connecticut, the legion took part in the investment of New York. Here it was soon in contact with its opposite number on the British side—Tarleton’s Legion, an irregular corps composed of Light Dragoons and infantry. In one of these encounters Tarleton, perceiving Lauzun, galloped at him, aiming his pistol, and the two leaders were about to meet in front of their troops, when Tarleton was overthrown by one of his men in pursuit of a Polish lancer. Tarleton remounted and the Homeric contest was renewed till the combatants were separated by the mass of horsemen. The names of Count Dillon and Baron Kilmaine are amongst those of Irish officers mentioned in this fighting. During this siege, Lauzun requested from Lord Cornwallis, who was defending the town, permission



OFFICIER DE LAUZUN

(Règlement de 1788)

"LAUZUN HUSSARS," 1788.

This regiment, the 5th Hussars in the French Army at the beginning of the present war, was of British ancestry.

to pass through it so that he might visit the camp of La Fayette, as the journey in that way was eight miles shorter than by going around. Cornwallis agreed on condition that Lauzun dined with him. While the cannon roared, the host entertained his guest with his last bottle, and on the following day, 19th October, 1781, New York surrendered to Washington. A year and a half later, the legion disembarked in France, and in September, 1783, the two companies of cavalry became the sixth regiment of hussars on the regular establishment. Lauzun, who had been brought up on the knees of the Pompadour, aspired to play a leading rôle at the Court of Marie Antoinette. Falling into disfavour there he, for all that, followed the Royal Family to the scaffold during the Revolution.

Another feature which distinguished this regiment was its white slung jacket bordered with black fur. This was frequently worn as an overcoat over the yellow-braided sky blue uniform, thus transforming it into a regiment of White Hussars.* Officers had red Russia leather shoulder belts, and the felt bonnet or *mirliton* was black with blue hanging bag.

The Lauzun Hussars took a leading part in the attempted escape of the Royal Family from France in June, 1791. Under pretext of a movement of enemy troops on the Rhine, a camp was established at Montmédy for the detachments of hussars

* White Hussars, so popular with romantic novelists like Max Pemberton and the dress designers of musical comedies, were rare in "real life." The best known uniform of this sort is the full dress of Hungarian generals, in which the Austrian Kaiser was frequently portrayed. The white *pelisse* bordered with brown marten fur, is worn with scarlet hussar kit, over the back. An officer in this dress was present at the funeral of King George V, and a picture at the Guildhall shows Austrians in this stately attire, on horseback in front of St. Paul's on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Amongst the few other instances were a regiment of Saxon Hussars at the time of their creation in 1791, the 8th French Hussars—dating from two years later—during the period of the Second Empire, and the 1st Regiment of Life Guard Hussars in the Russian Army, which existed till the Bolshevik Revolution. The latter who were mounted on white horses, had scarlet tunics and wore their white *pelisses* like the Austrians, over their backs, so that in marching past in review order, they looked to be a different regiment as viewed from in front and behind. There was also a Spanish Hussar regiment—the *Húsares de la Princesa*—which formed in 1836 existed till the fall of the Monarchy in 1931. It had a light blue uniform with white hanging jacket.

An amusing story was told to the writer by an old officer of the 3rd County of London (Sharpshooters) Yeomanry. When the permanent regiment was formed after the South African War, the Earl of Dunraven had the idea of a white hussar uniform. A sergeant in this striking dress was sent to Buckingham Palace, so that King Edward might inspect it. His Majesty asked the sergeant, "Did people stare at you?" and received the reply, "No, sir. I was wearing my overcoat!" A green hussar uniform was finally adopted.

The 13th Hussars are called the "Lilywhites" from their white busby bags, tunic collars and stripes down overalls. Forage caps are also white topped.

and dragoons forming the travelling escort, and the King's carriage was supposed to be carrying pay for the troops. The King was however recognised and arrested by the revolutionaries at Varennes. In the same year the regiment lost its name officially, and on the desertion of the Saxe a year later, it became the 5th Hussars.

One exploit of the reformed regiment under the Republic stands out prominently. It occurred in 1795 during the conquest of Holland and is probably unique in the cavalry annals of all nations. The Dutch fleet, consisting of twelve ships of the line, was ice-bound in the Zuider Zee. The hussars arriving on the scene, deployed on the frozen sea as if about to deliver a charge, which action, though it resembled Don Quixote tilting at the windmill, so impressed the Dutch admiral that he struck his flag !

At the battle of Hohenlinden (3rd December, 1800) the Lauzun executed charge after charge, capturing a number of guns and making prisoners nearly the whole of the Austrian regiment of Ferdinand Hussars. Later in the combat at Schwandstadt the Prince of Liechtenstein, commanding the 2nd Austrian Uhlans, was carried off by a hussar.

'The 5th Hussars were brigaded with the Chamborant in Picard's Brigade during the great battle of Austerlitz (2nd December, 1805). The assault of the Russians under Prince Bagration on the fortified eminence of Santon having failed, Kellermann's Light Cavalry was sent forward to attack. How, through a wrong order by this famous cavalryman of the Grand Army, the brigade was for a time thrown into complete disorder, has already been related in the account of the part of the Chamborant in this battle. A trumpeter of the Lauzun sabred and took prisoner the Russian general Incomelski, commander of the Baron Mayer Corps of Uhlans.

During the war against Prussia in 1806 the 5th were brigaded with the 7th Hussars as the light cavalry forming the vanguard of the vast mass of cuirassiers, carabiniers and dragoons of which the Cavalry Reserve of Prince Murat was composed.

This brigade was commanded by the renowned General Lasalle,* one of the most daring and successful cavalry leaders that the world has ever seen. Lasalle made his début in this campaign by capturing near Leipzig from Blücher's retreating army a baggage train containing several sacks of gold pieces, which he distributed amongst his hussars. Napoleon in his 2nd Dispatch thus aptly described this success—" *Notre cavalerie légère est couverte d'or.*" Later in this year Lasalle's career was nearly brought to an end. Blücher being surrounded at Weissensee gave his parole that an armistice had been concluded between Napoleon and the King of Prussia, and asked for a free passage. Klein, whose dragoon division held the bridges, accepted this and withdrew. Having succeeded in carrying off this ruse, Blücher blew up the bridges. Lasalle, whose scouts were in contact with the Prussian rearguard, was compromised by this mistake, and on receiving a heavy reprimand from the Emperor, put a pistol to his head. Being restrained by his staff, he was subsequently pardoned by Napoleon.

Seeking vengeance, Lasalle pursued by forced marches, the Prussians under Hohenlohe fleeing towards the fortress of Stettin. Hohenlohe left the *élite* of his cavalry, including the Death's Head Hussars and the Queen's Dragoons, amounting in all to 3,000 sabres, to fight a rearguard action. The white and green *pelisses* with the aid of Grouchy's Dragoon Division overthrew the Black Hussars, the Prussian cavalry commander, General Schimmelpenning was killed, and the colonel of the Queen's Dragoons captured as well as its famous standard embroidered by the hands of Queen Louise. The pursuit was then renewed, the Prussian Army being overtaken near Prentzlow. Lasalle during the following night sent frequent despatch riders to Murat a dozen leagues behind, imploring assistance to prevent the enemy slipping through his hands. Murat arrived after a third of the Prussians had entered Prentzlow, but Lasalle putting himself at the head of the 5th,

* In the Château courtyard of the ancient garrison town of Lunéville is a gigantic equestrian statue of General Lasalle. Lunéville before the last war was the headquarters of the 2nd French Cavalry Division, and stationed there were two regiments of Dragoons and two of *Chasseurs*, facing their opposite number, the German 42nd Cavalry Brigade, at Saarburg.

caught the enemy columns emerging from the town and hurled them back in disorder. Hohenlohe surrendered with 16,000 infantry, 6,000 cavaliers and 60 cannon to the sixteen cavalry regiments of the French commander, the Grand Duke of Berg. During the next night Lasalle's brigade pursued and took the remainder of the Prussian cavalry, who had escaped from the town, amounting to six regiments.

Meanwhile Blücher was—like Hohenlohe had been—attempting to reach eastern Pomerania by way of Stettin. Murat therefore directed his heavy cavalry supported by Lannes' Army Corps towards this fortress. Lasalle pushed on with his 500 hussars and reached it at twilight on 30th October, before Blücher. Sending as *parlementaires* into the town the commander of the 5th Hussars, Colonel Schwarz, accompanied by a captain and a trumpeter, he demanded its surrender. To impress the enemy he ordered as much noise as possible to be made during the night by galloping about his single ammunition waggon and that the hussars should appear on the heights at many points shouting loudly, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Then with his aides-de-camp he retired to an inn, where he spent the evening drinking and gambling.

Colonel Schwarz announced to the commander of the fortress, General Baron von Romberg, that 50,000 men of the army of the Grand Duke of Berg were approaching and recited the conditions of surrender. These being refused Lasalle sent him back to inform von Romberg that if the place were not given up by 8 o'clock on the following morning, it would be bombarded, taken by assault, its garrison put to the sword and the town given over to plunder for twenty-four hours. Without a thought as to how he was going to carry out these threats, Lasalle drank another bowl of punch. The Defence Council accepted immediately the terms offered.

At daybreak the *élite* companies* of the two hussar regiments presented themselves at the Berlin gate of the town which was

* Each regiment of Napoleonic Hussars had its picked company or *compagnie d'élite*. They were distinguished from the rest of the regiment, who wore black felt shakos, by their large bearskin busbies called *colbacks*. The trumpeters, who were mounted on white horses, had white bearskin busbies and generally a differently coloured uniform—that of the 7th Hussars was all scarlet.

occupied by the 5th without opposition, while the 7th took possession of the bridge over the Oder. Lasalle in high spirits caracoled in front of the brigade drawn up in battle order close to the fortifications, addressing them affectionately with Rabelaisian humour. Nevertheless he had not failed to consider the possibility of the garrison rebelling on seeing the fewness of their conquerors, and the terms of surrender specified that the locks of the muskets should have the flints replaced by wooden blocks.

At the appointed hour the Prussians marched out ceremoniously in perfect array to the sound of fife and drum. Von Romberg at Lasalle's invitation took his place beside him and was congratulated by him on their splendid appearance ! As each battalion passed, its arms were piled in front of the battle-worn hussars. Suddenly there was a revolt by 2,000 men, who rushed to regain their arms. An almost imperceptible gesture from Lasalle to the colonel of the 7th and the hussars galloped forward, rounding up the mob with their sabres. As the parade ended, the advanced guard of Victor's Division arrived at the double, and Lasalle handed over command to the infantry general, but not before the old Prussian commander had presented to him, as a mark of his esteem, an enormous porcelain pipe ! Six days later Lasalle came up with Blücher at Lübeck, who, after losing 200 men and a guidon, surrendered to Murat.

Napoleon's comment on the capitulation of this fortress garrisoned by 10,000 men to 500 hussars, is contained in a letter to the Grand Duke of Berg :

" Si vos hussards prennent des places fortes, je n'ai plus qu'à licencier mon corps de genie et à faire fondre ma grosse artillerie."

On Boxing Day of this same year of 1806, while advancing through the Polish wilderness, Lasalle's Brigade was seized with panic during a charge against the Russian batteries at Golymin. Lasalle led his two regiments back towards the guns at walking pace and halted them under a terrific fire. His charger was killed under him, but mounting a troop horse he resumed his place as though nothing had happened. Having
E

subjected his brigade to this punishment, he, towards evening—Golymín having been taken by the infantry—led it after the retreating Russians.

In 1807 Lasalle having been promoted to command the division of Light Cavalry, the brigade went to Latour-Maubourg. The 5th fought therefore under both of these famous soldiers at the bloody battle of Eylau (8th February, 1807). The Treaty of Tilsit having ended their long ride, the brigade, now commanded by Count Pajol, spent a year in Poland before taking part in the battle of Wagram (5th–6th July, 1809), which was followed in October by the Peace of Vienna.

The 5th Hussars was, at the commencement of the Russian campaign of 1812, brought up to 1,200 sabres, the highest strength it had ever attained. It formed part of the vast mass of cavalry commanded by the King of Naples, comprising four corps, in addition to a corps of Austrian cavalry under the orders of Prince Schwarzenberg. Pajol—one of the best light cavalry officers of the Napoleonic era—was now its divisional general. It suffered cruelly at the battle of the Moskowa, where the corps general, Montbrun, and Caulaincourt, who succeeded him, were both killed at the capture of this formidable work. Moscow was entered on 15th September, and abandoned on 19th October. History has recorded the horrors of the retreat across Russia, including the passage of the Beresina. When it reached the line of the Vistula, the regiment was only a shadow of itself and had to be entirely reformed.

The new regiment consisted of raw recruits with a nucleus of veterans. It fought with valour at Leipzig and during the Campaign of France, in which Schwarzenberg's Army was now amongst the enemy forces. Throughout the Hundred Days it was, with the 4th Hussars, in Pajol's Corps of Grouchy's Army. Under the Restoration the regiment was known till 1825 as the *Hussards du Bas-Rhin*, and took part in the Spanish Campaign of 1823 to aid Ferdinand VII. During the reign of Louis Philippe, called the "July Monarchy" from its advent in the revolution of July 1830, the old Lauzun was sent on two

expeditions for the conquest of Algeria, and in 1855, under the Second Empire, it received orders to embark for there a third time, where it remained till 1859. Hardly had it arrived home, when it was again mobilized for the Italian campaign against Austria. During the battle of Solferino (24th June, 1859) it made a charge with two regiments of *Chasseurs d'Afrique* over extremely difficult ground, which broke the Austrian squares and relieved Marshal Niel's hard-pressed infantry. Its last campaign before the Franco-Prussian War was the Mexican Expedition of 1862-67, during which two squadrons were engaged in savage fighting in this fever-stricken country.

In the war of 1870 the five squadrons of the 5th Hussars were mobilized. Four of them were, after many long marches, shut up in Sedan and had to surrender there on September 1st with Napoleon III. The remaining squadron reached Metz on 27th July to serve as escort to the major-general. At Mars-la-Tour (16th August), when the Brunswick Hussars, having ridden down the French gunners, were on the point of capturing Marshal Bazaine, this squadron of the old Lauzun decisively intervened, rescuing the marshal and retaking the guns.

At the outbreak of the last Great War, the 5th Hussars were in garrison at Nancy, the ancient capital of the Duchy of Lorraine. During the war they acted as corps cavalry to Foch's XX Army Corps—the "*Corps de Fer*"—which greatly distinguished itself and was awarded the *fourragère*. At the end of the war, they were moved to Neufchâteau in the Vosges. The writer, who was attached to the Independent Air Force in this area, had the good fortune to be brought into contact with this famous regiment, of which he has many pleasant memories, and from whom he learned something of the glories of the Old Hussars of France.

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DIVERTISSEMENT

By REGINALD HARGREAVES

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

—Old Proverb

It has been averred that if three Frenchmen found themselves marooned on a desert island, two of them would immediately form a club, if only for the pleasure they would derive from blackballing the third unfortunate. In similar circumstances, three Swiss would probably start a Yodelling Society, a trio of Italians would enthusiastically improvise a *festa*, while the same number of Germans would as inevitably set about the concoction of a new plan for “world dominance.” But it is hardly in question that were the same plight to befall three ordinary, average Englishmen, their first thought would be to investigate such local possibilities as might exist in the way of “sport”!

Chacun à son goût !

It is not that the average Britisher is prone to take his sport too seriously ; if that were so, he could not be relied upon to maintain an air of entirely unforced cheerfulness on the occasions when he found himself the loser. It is rather that he refuses to permit other things, however serious, too seriously to interfere with sport's regular pursuit. Even with a war on his hands, *par exemple*, he still persists in following up those variegated sporting activities, mostly of an outdoor nature, which are as much a part of his make-up as his tough fighting quality, his faculty of endurance, and his peculiarly obstinate habit of starting last yet somehow or other contriving to finish first.

Though races less bountifully endowed with the Britisher's innate *insouciance* may find this persistent bent for self-amusement more than a little frivolous and reprehensible, there is

nothing new about the characteristic, which may be found flourishing in all its rich exuberance even so long ago as the days of the Plantagenets.

In those far-off days, hawking and the chase were the sports *par excellence* of the nobility* ; and when the cups of Cyprus or of Malvoisie were circulating of an evening, the jargon of venery was as vociferous and unrelenting—and quite as boring!—as the babble of golf “shop” which accompanies the club house whiskies and sodas of today. The laws, the rules and regulations, governing both hawking and hunting were both multifarious and strict ; although it was left to a Welshman, Howels the Good, to evaluate his Head Huntsman at one hundred and twenty-six head of cattle, and further to ordain that that august functionary should count among his privileges the right to freedom from arrest by his creditors, provided, always, *that he was out of bed and wearing his boots !*

Nor were the “commonalty” a whit behind their betters in their deep-grained faculty for self-amusement. Connoisseurs of, rather than participants in, the excitements of tilting and the tourney, their own pastimes ran, via wrestling, “ball” and cock-fighting, all down the gamut from a brisk passage with the quarter-staves to the milder delights of communal dancing, with archery easily the most popular sport of all. For, despite the extremely strict Venery laws, which excluded all but the nobility from the pursuit of game—other than that very small residue which came under the heading of “low vermin,” a category which in those days included the fox, an unfortunate outcast who could be hunted down by “common hue and cry” and with every circumstance of ignominy—the cloth-yard shaft attained and remained the weapon for which the ordinary man entertained the liveliest affection and for the handling of which he exhibited by far the greatest aptitude. It was a proficiency cultivated, for the most part, communally. For the very fact that the killing of a hare was punishable by the loss of an arm and that death awaited the “varlet”

* It was a fourteenth century Nimrod who wrote : “ Nothing is more busy and wittier than a hound, for he hath more wit than other beasts, and hounds know their own names and love their masters and defend the houses of their masters and put themselves wilfully in peril of death for their masters.”

who dared to bring down a deer, served to concentrate the bowman's attention upon competitive tests of skill among his fellows. Then, as now, the average Englishman came less handily to the sword than the majority of his Continental contemporaries ; but then, as now, his ability as a marksman was far ahead of that boasted by competitors of any other race throughout the length and breadth of Europe.

It was a skill carefully fostered by all manner of "goose-feather tourneys" and shooting matches, in which the prizes donated by the local notables were often both handsome and costly ; the trophies particularly favoured taking the form of golden or silver arrows or quivers richly jewelled and ornamented. Not that the practice of archery was confined to a few experts ; although, from a military point of view, the bowman was the first "specialist" to bring his touch of "professionalism" to our inveterately "amateur" army's ranks. But "professionals" apart, every man sped a shaft to the best of his ability, and the legal obligation to "practise archery at the butts on the village green after attending divine worship" on Sunday morning was one of the few exactions the ruck of the male population fulfilled without compulsion or complaint. The terrible lesson of Hastings had not been forgotten ; and the nation, grown wise, showed such determination to perfect itself in the handling of a "true butt" that, witnessing the prowess of a band of sturdy English bowmen, Philip de Comines could generously exclaim, "*Milice redoubtable ! La fleur des archiers du monde !*" To attain such distinction demanded prolonged hard work, undoubtedly. But it was not work only ; it was good sport ; good fun ; if in its pursuit the practitioner incidentally increased his measure of dexterity, that was all to the good ; but the great thing was that in the process he had managed to amuse himself.*

Archery was still flourishing under Bluff King Hal,† more than ever a pastime in view of the slowly-increasing, but ever-

* With the English, as with the Persians and the Chinese, when a son was born, a bow and arrow were hung over the child's cradle, a sufficient indication of the new arrival's sex.

† In these days of "screaming" bombs and other would-be affrighting deviltries, it is interesting to recall that the bowmen of Henry VIIIth endeavoured to "put the wind up" their opponents by the employment of "whistling" arrows.

threatening, efficiency of firearms. But, despite the fact that it yielded Fitzherbert's classic dictum to the effect that "Thou shall knowe a good horse hath fifty properties ; that is to say, 2 of a man, 2 of a badger, 4 of a lion, 9 of an ox, 9 of a hare, 9 of a foxe, 9 of an asse and 10 of a woman," (which, incidentally, makes four over ; but perhaps Fitzherbert could not count !) the Tudor era saw a sharp decline in the popularity of equitation. This was partly due to the dearth of good "cattle" and partly owing to the change in outlook imposed by contemporary social and political influences. Under Elizabeth, in particular, the country experienced an intellectual renaissance hitherto unparalleled : poetry, drama and music flourished as never before ; while, with unprofitable Continental adventures replaced by overseas enterprises for the spoliation of that New World so plethoric with riches, naval skill rather than military prowess was the desideratum to which men of all classes industriously bent their minds.

The more "precious" among the critics would doubtless affirm that, since the Elizabethan was indubitably an "intellectual" era, it follows as a natural corollary that "sport" should play a much diminished rôle in the general life of the nation. To this, the obvious *tu quoque* must be that the degree of intellectualism exhibited by the spectators at a bear-baiting can scarcely have been aggressively conspicuous. Yet at no period in our history was this unquestionably brutal pastime in greater favour.

A far more cogent explanation for the marked diminution sporting activities suffered under "Gloriana" may be found in the fact that the long reign of the Virgin Queen saw the country's army almost in a condition of eclipse. Reduced to a mere skeleton, neglected, starved of money, equipment and supplies, it is small wonder that it could be written of it that "little was done but to botch and patch and strain an antiquated web to some semblance of the pattern given by the armies of France and Spain." Moreover, the mounted branch has always set the pace where sport has been concerned ; and in nothing was the Elizabethan army so deficient as in Cavalry.

Good "cattle" were still hard to come by; the death of Henry IInd of France in a tourney had definitely put that form of pleasurable sporting military training out of fashionable favour; while the chase enjoyed little, if any, greater popularity. A golden age it may have been, for the arts as for the City money-bags; but the decline in the sturdy practise of field sports, the spectacle of grown men being carted about the countryside in mule-drawn litters, even that glimpse we have of Drake indulging in the somewhat elderly pastime of bowls on Plymouth Ho! tell their own story of the doldrums into which physically-active self-amusement had gradually fallen. It was, too, the Elizabethan era which first saw the irruption of that pernicious creature, the "looker-on" at sport; whose existence—"fag" in mouth—in his countless myriads, serves so direfully to vitiate the whole purpose and justification for sport in the spectator-ridden world of today.

With James Ist, however, matters unquestionably improved. The Monarch himself was possessed of distinctly equine tastes; and, with the improvement in "cattle" which marked his reign, hacking and innumerable competitive sporting events took their place as a normal feature of English life; racing for the first time being conducted under a definite set of rules; to which end properly laid-out courses were instituted at Croydon, Enfield Chase, Doncaster, Derby and Newmarket.* Nor was the chase entirely neglected, strange "bobbery packs" making their appearance, to the consternation of those creatures of the wild who for so long had enjoyed comparative immunity from all but the most vicarious forms of human interference.

Hunting, indeed, in the contemporary meaning of the term, was not slow in gaining a host of ardent adherents; although enthusiasts of the quality of Sir John Shuckburgh must still have been in embryo. For it was not until Edgehill—nearly half a century later—that this worthy Warwickshire Squire was accosted by Charles Ist, at the very moment when his assorted hounds and what-nots—especially what-nots!—had

* The first race meeting of which there is record took place in 1377, apparently at Newmarket. It included a race between the Prince of Wales (subsequently Richard Ind) and the Earl of Arundel. It is to James Ist, however, that the wider popularisation of the Turf must be attributed.

got their noses down to a scent which threatened to take them bang across the narrowing strip of territory separating the rival Cavalier and Parliamentary armies. Reproached by the King for not having rallied to the Royalist cause, the blunt old sportsman was prompt to declare that both his sword and his purse were entirely at the disposal of his Sovereign ; but with scent breast high, he really must be allowed to be in at the death of his present quarry ere turning his attention to the enthusiastic slaughter of his liege-lord's enemies !

Doubtless, the submission met with an entirely sympathetic response, since Charles himself, on the eve of the momentous Newbury combat, preferred a day with the local stag hounds to continued attendance at a disgruntled Council of War which had long since degenerated into a tedious wrangle.

The Commonwealth interregnum, with its sour puritanical disapproval of anything in the way of self-amusement—other than the hunting-down of fugitive “malignants”—was a period wherein sporting activities were confined to a little furtive nocturnal poaching on the part of a few bucolic recusants, as full of carnal relish for the dangerous pastime in which they indulged as they were of concern to keep the skillet and the stock-pot reasonably provided.

The Restoration, however, wrought positively wondrous changes, releasing the whole country to the enjoyment of its natural habits, of which the faculty of self-amusement had always commanded a faithful and enthusiastic encouragement. Under a Monarch who, among many other estimable qualities, possessed the unique distinction of being, to that date and for many a generation after, the only King to ride in an open flat race—in the October of 1671 he rode his horse “Woodcock” in a match against one of his Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, and lost ; two days later winning an open race with “owners up,” a feat he repeated in 1674, riding “three heats and a course” and winning a Plate at Newmarket, a feat attributed to his excellent horsemanship in a closely-contested event—sporting activities of every kind took their natural place in the everyday life of high and low alike. Buckingham kept his

hunters in the Royal Mews—standing on the site now occupied by the National Portrait Gallery in Trafalgar Square—transformed from the erstwhile domicile of the King's hawks; while the fame of "the Black Boy's" imported Arab mares claimed a record in the sacrosanct pages of the Stud Book itself.

Newmarket found Charles a frequent visitor—the "Rowley Mile" still memorialises the scarcely flattering *soubriquet* by which his easy-going Majesty was known—and there the harassed Monarch could relax awhile in the company of those sport-loving familiars who provided him with such a welcome relief from the glum faces with which a parsimonious and intransigent Parliament too often confronted him. "Charles loved the informality of the place," his most reliable biographer informs us, "where all the jolly blades were racing, dancing, feasting and revelling"; and he particularly delighted in "the fleet running of the delicate-shaped creatures he imported from the East; and in the evenings, supping with the jockeys at Ned Griffin's, where for a time he could put off the King." For at Newmarket the most human of Sovereigns loved "to let himself down from Majesty to the very degree of country gentleman."*

Banstead Downs, Winchester and Burford Downs all owed their existence as centres for racing to the Merry Monarch's patronage; but Newmarket remained his favourite haunt until, on an evening in the March of 1683, "a careless groom smoking and a strong wind met together, and the next morning Newmarket was a rubble of charred house-timber, coaches and horses."

The Restoration, too, saw the inauguration of the first regularly established Hunt, at Charlton near Midhurst in Surrey; a country hunted later by the Earl of Leconfield's hounds and the Cowdray Hunt. This ancient and venerable pack, which could trace its origins as far back as A.D. 1400, was hunted for a time by James Duke of Monmouth; and its claim to possess the record of having been the first Hunt, as

* It was Charles II who originated the vogue for presenting cups engraved with particulars of the events for which they had been won.

differentiated from a private pack followed by the owner and his guests, has never been successfully contested. Not inappropriately, perhaps, the Merry Monarch's reign witnessed the first appearance of a female "Master" of Staghounds, an innovation which—alas, for the contemporary reputation for gallantry!—was so severely frowned upon that the daring lady had no option but to "resign." Boothby, the first officially recognised "Huntsman" of a pack, enjoyed considerably better fortune, hunting hounds, as he did, in Leicestershire from 1698 to 1753, a period embracing no less than fifty-five seasons, extending over the reigns of William and Mary, Anne, George 1st and George IInd.

Pell-mell and tennis* offered slightly less strenuous distractions to those of the chase; while bear-baiting, cock-fighting, dicing and dancing round the Maypole were indulged in by the "commonalty" with that gusto characteristic of practically the whole country upon its release from the dismal twilight of the Puritan régime.

The activities of the Restoration army, being mostly confined to small amphibious expeditions and the long-sustained defence of Tangier, allowed for small scope for self-amusement. Throughout the twenty-odd years of Tangier's siege, the dice box and a little intermittent cock-fighting—with birds already marked down for disappearance into an ever meagre cooking pot!—was the best that could be contrived.

Equally, hunting was scarcely a pastime that could accompany the armies that Marlborough led to the Low Countries, since the circumstances of his campaigns hardly lent themselves to the pursuit of a sport wherein the quarry was as liable to head towards the enemy lines as not. On the other hand the officers' baggage not infrequently harboured one of those awe-inspiring duck guns, of which contemporary Dutch gunsmiths had made something of a speciality. It is pleasing to discover, too, that Marlborough's troopers occasionally mitigated

* Tennis, of course, had made a modest appearance under the Plantagenets, as had an elementary variety of battledor and shuttlecock; while so appalling a scourge did "futball" become under Elizabeth, when it was played, with every accompaniment of savagery, through the streets, that participation in, or even attendance at, the game invited the most stringent of penalties; enactments which have never been repealed!

the monotony of their perpetual dicing by an expedition devoted to the capture of the succulent, if elusive, eel ; a protracted form of angling in which they would appear to have developed a considerable skill. It may be recalled, *en passant*, that that stalwart of the "Greys," Mrs. Christian Ross, evolved an even simpler method of ensuring that her table never lacked a dish compounded of this juicy edible. In winter quarters at Ghent, it was her amiable habit—but at the risk of death by sentence of Court Martial, since it was forbidden for any of the garrison to leave the town—to wait until eventide, when the good citizens' heavily-laden eel baskets, buoyed invitingly in the town moat, could be successfully poached with no more than the aid of a single accomplice.

Good Queen Anne, of whom it has been written that "her Archbishop would not let her choose her Ministers nor her Mistress of the Robes her gowns," was for all that an ardent patron of sport in general and of racing in particular. Not only did this rather dowdy little woman maintain a number of racehorses in training, but her Breeding Stud at Hampton Court had the honour of temporarily housing the famous "Leedes Arabian," purchased by the Queen for £1,000 from Mr. Leedes of Milford, as a gift for her Consort, Prince George of Denmark.

In 1711, Anne inaugurated the new race course at Ascot ; the first meeting being held on 11th August of the same year, when the Royal founder, as well as "a vast concourse of the populace," was present to witness the contest for her Hundred Guinea Plate. Nor was this an isolated act of patronage, for no more ardent racegoer than the Queen could have been found throughout the length and breadth of her kingdom ; although her appearance at Ascot on one occasion in man's dress, with a long white riding coat, full-flapped waistcoat and "cords," her flowing periwig crowned by a rakish three-cornered hat, created such a scandalised sensation that the experiment was not repeated.

Racing had indubitably come to stay, so much so that by 1727 the first Racing Calendar made its tentative appearance,

to take its place among the hardy perennials of English literature. Coursing, cock-fighting, wrestling (particularly in Cornwall), and that bane of all householders—tip-cat, continued to be pastimes favoured by rich and poor alike, while the reign of George IInd, if for nothing else, is notable for having witnessed the bolting of that plucky little Monarch's steed at Dettingen and the even more epochal event, the formation of that Olympian areopagus still known to all patrons of the Turf as the Jockey Club.

II

But, vigorously as racing grew in popularity throughout the passing decades of the eighteenth century, hunting proved a keen and, on the whole, successful rival. The Charlton Hunt, for instance, when under the ægis of the second Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Tankerville, maintained a pack of forty couple and, in 1738, held the record for a hunt of fifty-seven miles, ending in a kill. It was not until 1745 that the Grafton beat this with a run of twelve hours, covering sixty miles as hounds ran.

Hunting, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, had been a relatively simple and straightforward business. No great proportion of the land was enclosed, and the barriers of quick-set blackthorn hedge, which were presently to seam the countryside, had not yet been called into being. But with an increasing population came the demand for more wheat-land; and such lands were perforce fenced in from the common lands open to grazing. The big farmers, no less, required enclosures for stock; and as one erudite chronicler* has informed us, "The cult of enclosing land became infectious. Acts of Parliament soon began to be passed authorising the poorer classes to fence off portions of the common lands and giving them rights of ownership over such fields." The outcome of it all was a positive network of fences of every sort and kind, the majority protected by stout posts and rails. This aimed a devastating blow at the more old-fashioned type of hunting man, hitherto rarely called upon to negotiate anything particu-

* Major A. J. R. Lamb.

larly formidable in the way of an obstacle, and then seldom at any pace faster than a trot. For a time, "voluntaries" became the order of the day, especially when Meynell, the Master of the Quorn, set the pace by putting his mount at these new and discouraging obstructions at the gallop; an example that the bolder spirits, anxious to "live with hounds," made bold to follow, with results that often did more justice to their pluck than to their skill in equitation.

Hunting, although it could only be enjoyed to the full by "the upper crust," and occasionally by the more prosperous type of farmer, nonetheless possessed its faithful adherents among "the locals." Attending on foot, they often manifested an uncanny prescience as to the line most likely to be followed, turning up with amazing ubiquity at successive 'vantage points to cheer the mud-splashed field upon its way, obtaining thereby as much enjoyment from the day's sport as the most vigorous "thruster" up with hounds.

It was inevitable that with hunting so much a part and parcel of the average well-to-do Englishman's life that he should be reluctant to abandon the pastime when the call of either military or civilian duty came to summon him to foreign climes beyond the seas.

Thus it came about that the jackal of India made discovery of a new and terrifying pursuer; while it was with "the sport of kings" that the renegade Major-General Charles Lee consoled the weariness of that exile which was his lot when the verdict of a Court Martial on his action—or lack of action!—at the Battle of Monmouth had removed him from further service with Washington's Colonial army. Indeed, for many generations after Lee's demise, the superstitious negroes dwelling in that part of Virginia where the exile had lived out his years of retirement, would cower and shudder as through the stillness of the night their apprehensive ears caught, as they believed, the thud and whimper of the ghostly soldier's passing, riding hard on the heels of his fleet but spectral hounds.

Incidentally, if the American Commander, Horatio Gates, had failed to corner the unfortunate "Gentleman Johnny"

Burgoyne at Saratoga, the world of English racing might well have been deprived of its annual Derby Day. For Burgoyne, on the "unemployed list" and therefore faced with at least temporarily straitened circumstances, was forced to sell his hunting box at Epsom to the contemporary Lord Derby; a choice little property, through which that race course was subsequently laid out which has since witnessed so many classic contests for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf.

The Calpe Hunt constituted another manifestation of the Britishers' abiding passion for the chase and his obstinate determination to pursue his pastime wherever his wanderings might bring him temporarily to a halt. With the Peninsula War getting into its stride, those unfortunates destined for the hum-drum, if highly necessary, rôle of "base-wallah" at "Gib," were not long in seeking to establish a sure means of alleviating the monotony to which they had been condemned. The outcome of their efforts was the inauguration of that famous Calpe Hunt, which boasted the patronage of the Sovereigns of both England and Spain. With Hunt colours of claret and blue—especially granted by George IIIrd, whose favourite "Windsor Uniform" rejoiced in the same colour-combination—adorned with buttons bearing the arms of the respective Royal houses, membership was open to British and Spanish Officers alike. Kennels were established on the main land at St. Jean-de-Luz; and in early days they were installed hard-by those inhabited by the pack brought out with him from England by he who is best known by his subsequent title of the Duke of Wellington; a hunting enthusiast whose awkward seat did nothing to mar his partiality for the chase. Needless to say, the Iron Duke's own following and the members of the Calpe Hunt were on the best of terms, interchanging hospitality and hunting each other's territory with all the good will imaginable.

An interesting glimpse of contemporary sporting activities may be found in Gronow's book of reminiscences. Having joined his regiment with the Army of Spain, he was subsequently in a position to record:

“During the Winter of 1813 the Guards were stationed at St. Jean-de-Luz, and most comfortable we managed to make them. There were two packs of hounds, . . . and our Officers went uncommonly straight. Perhaps our best man across country (though sometimes against his will) was the late Colonel Lascelles, of my Regiment, then, like myself, a mere lad. He rode a horse seventeen hands high, called *Bucephalus*, which invariably ran away with him; and more than once he nearly capsized Lord Wellington.”

Inferentially, this dire example of *lesé-majesté* must have occurred when the culprit was running with the Duke's own pack; for, curiously enough, direct evidence that the Great Man was ever out with the Calpe Hunt is wanting. But since Wellington's own “fawx dawgs” only took the field on two days in the week, it is highly improbable that so keen a rider to hounds would have missed the opportunity for another turn in the saddle afforded him by the activities of a neighbouring Hunt.

A description from an anonymous volume of reminiscences entitled *The Subaltern*,* might be taken to refer to either Hunt with equal applicability:

“Few packs in any country (records the writer), could have been better attended. Not that the horses of all the huntsmen were all of the best breed or of the gayest appearance; but what was wanting in individual splendour was made up by the number of Nimrods. Nor would it be easy to discover a field more fruitful in laughable occurrences, which no man more heartily enjoyed than the gallant Marquis (Wellington) himself. When the hounds were out, he was no longer the Commander of the Forces, the General-in-Chief of three nations, the representative of three Sovereigns, but a gay, merry country gentleman, who rode at everything, and laughed as loud when he fell himself as when he witnessed the fall of a brother sportsman.”

* Not to be confused with the autobiographical volume of the same title by G. R. Gleig, author of one of the earliest biographies of Wellington.

And with the Duke's inordinately short stirrup and awkward, raked-back jockey seat, one may be sure that cause for discreet merriment was not infrequent, whether he rode with his own pack or with the stalwarts of the Calpe Hunt. The important part played in the contemporary scheme of things by this regular indulgence in sport can best be gauged by quotation from a letter addressed by Wellington to General Sir Thomas Graham (Later Lord Lynedoch), on that Officer's journey back from sick leave :

“Upon your arrival (it runs), you had better direct your steps towards this village (St. Jean-de-Luz), which we have made as comfortable as we can. The hounds are in very good trim and the foxes very plentiful.”

But events were on the move, and presently the C.-in-C. was bidding farewell to the Calpe followers and heading west for Portugal. Under the care of old Tom Crane—once of the Coldstream Guards and erstwhile Huntsman of a Border pack—Wellington's modest mute of hounds accompanied their owner on his journey. Snugly ensconced behind the impregnable Lines of Torres Vedras, hunting was again enjoyed by everyone, from the Generalissimo to the latest-joined Ensign, pounding along in the ruck of the field on a borrowed “screw.” Astounded and not a little scandalised by the frivolity which debased the surrounding *terrain-de-campaign* to such unseemly use, Masséna and his Officers would watch from afar the helter-skelter progress of the blue and scarlet cavalcade, hoping against hope that some vagary on the part of the rufus quarry might serve to deflect within reach of their hands one or two of the more distinguished—perhaps the most distinguished!—of his pursuers.

Actually, the only prey to fall a victim to the waiting French outposts was old Tom Crane.

On one occasion hounds were out, and the field was pelting after them, hell-to-leather, with a breast high scent. A British working party, returning from the forward defence area, somehow or other managed to head “Charley,” who promptly cut across country, heading straight for the French outpost

F

line. This reached, the quarry, refusing to swerve, proceeded at a hand-gallop deep into enemy territory.

"Hold hard, gentlemen!" sang out the Master, his eyes on a cluster of bobbing shakoes in the distance, that had a suspiciously Gallic look about them; and at his warning words the whips pressed forward to call off hounds.

But "Leave 'em!" growled old Tom Crane; and turning to the Master, he added truculently, "Where my fox goes, so do I!"

Then, before a hand could be raised to stay him, he turned and galloped off, with hounds in full cry ahead of him. Undeterred by strange-looking Hussars and *Chasseurs-à-cheval* crowding in on either flank, he killed with his customary neatness and despatch; and it was not until his excitement had cooled off a little that it commenced to dawn upon him that his way of retreat was now cut off by a strong force of enemy Cavalry; riders who lost no time in closing in and claiming him their prisoner—hounds and all!

From the first, however, it was quite clear that the old Huntsman's captors were frankly puzzled. All Englishmen were mad; upon that static fact everyone was cordially agreed. But this particular English milord—for what less could such a rider be, who found it impossible even to go for a mild gallop across country in anything less than the sartorial splendour of a blazing scarlet coat and with fewer than three score dogs to bear him company?—this British *aristo* was patently so hopelessly demented that his prompt return whence he had come would be no more than a measure of elementary precaution!

Thus the next day found the peccant Huntsman—unquestionably a little bewildered if still indomitably cheerful—solemnly escorted back to his own lines under a flag of truce, as ebullient and unharmed as the baying hounds that padded at his heels.

The local variety of "Reynard" was the Iron Duke's usual quarry, although on occasion more humble prey was not to be despised. It is recorded, for instance, that on one occasion, with the French advancing and his own troops drawn up in line of

battle, Wellington sat his horse deep in conversation with the Spanish General, Castanos. Grouped respectfully, if somewhat anxiously, in rear, their respective Staffs kept one eye firmly fixed on the two Commanders, deep in earnest colloquy, the other optic flickering with growing uneasiness about a field over which the round-shot was thundering in ever-increasing volume. Suddenly a hare, followed by a leash of greyhounds, shot across the front of the Duke and his companion, going like the wind. With a stentorian "View holloa!" the English Commander clapped spurs to his horse and galloped off in hot pursuit. Rooted to the ground, his Spanish *confrère* stared after him with bulging eyes and jaws agape, more than ever convinced that all Englishmen, even to the most distinguished, were as mad as the hares they chased with such irresponsible enthusiasm.

For the less horsey-minded, the Peninsula campaign offered the alternative delights of shooting and fishing in abundance. Thus, few of the mules that minced along under the burden of the Officers' baggage went free of the additional incubus of a rod and fowling piece.

Glieg is not alone in his description of the innumerable chances to indulge in one or other of the pastimes which the long intervals between battle-fighting so generously afforded. For in the *Journal* of Quartermaster William Surtees may be found many a record of sporting activity, of which the following is typical:

"I often amused myself with fishing in the Bidassoa, in which there were many excellent trout; and I was most successful, for I got some tackle from one of our Captains, which he had brought from England. On one of these occasions, while wading in a pool, I spied a fine salmon lying just below me. I threw in and brought my flies right over him, at which he instantly rose. But I missed him. I tried again and hooked him, but in a moment he plunged right across the river, carrying with him all my flies and part of my line, for alas, I had no reel."

Other anglers, however, frequently enjoyed better fortune ; the French sentries on the " enemy " side of the bank being only too eager to point out the best " swims " and the most likely pools to any enterprising British sportsman who made his appearance armed with nothing more lethal than a fishing rod. For they knew that from the eventual catch they could be assured of a valedictory donation, with a modest *pourboire*, like as not, to bear it company. As an alternative to what Walton described as " the purest and least harmful of all pleasures," the mounting slopes of the Lower Pyrenees yielded game to rejoice the heart of any Nimrod.

The turn of the century saw the gentle art of fisticuffs come bravely into its own. Giants of the turfed ring arose whose names are still spoken reverently by students of the history of pugilistics ; and if Joe Belcher endowed a neckerchief with the glamour of his name, Gully achieved the even more amazing feat of victory with his fists as a preliminary to elevation to the Speaker's Chair in the House of Commons. For that matter, it was as much for his prowess with " the raw'uns " as for the heroic quality of his activities on the bloody field of Waterloo, that Life Guardsman Shaw became a legend with whose details scarcely a single man or woman of his generation was not thoroughly familiar. For since all normal men are in the possession of two sets of knuckles, the art of fisticuffs was confined to no one particular class, and a bout with " the mawleys," conducted in the paved yard of a London " rookery," was as enthusiastically followed and commented upon as an elaborately-staged turn-up on Crawley Downs.

III

Cricket, of course, had made its blushing appearance in an era which enabled its devotees to take the field crowned by an impressive line in " Corinthian beavers " ; and the years that followed Waterloo and the Peace of Paris saw its practice steadily increasing. Cock-fighting still claimed its rather furtive devotees ; although bear-baiting had mercifully ceased to occupy its quondam place in the category of popular amusements.

More and more the soldier—be he Cavalryman or “Infanteer”—came to regard the hunting field as an arena wherein exhilarating exercise and a mild indulgence in that aspect of military topography known as “cultivating a good eye for country,” could be agreeably combined.

The Crimea, unhappily, offered few opportunities for sporting relaxation; bar a little casual coursing, small chance was offered the British Nimrods to indulge their tastes. But the long-suffering fortitude of these military sports-lovers was not destined to go long unrewarded. Away over in Maripur, in the north-east corner of India, certain enterprising *Feringhees* had undergone delighted introduction to the queerly intriguing Persian game of polo. Presently—in 1859, to be exact—at Silchar in the District of Cachar, a certain Robert Stewart, the then Deputy-Commissioner, found himself inaugurating the first club boasting a European membership to be instituted for the practice of the game. It was distinctly limited membership at that, consisting, in addition to the President, of Captain Joe Sherer and a few planters from the scattered tea estates of Cachar and Sylhat.

But by 1864 the Calcutta Polo Club had come into lusty being, rejoicing in an ever-expanding membership; while in England, the description of a match played between a couple of mixed teams at Maripur, had found its way into the columns of *The Field*. Puzzling out the rules of the game as best he could from this written description of the contest, Lord Valentia, of the 11th Hussars, lost no time in enlisting the aid of several brother officers in a try-out of the new pastime; and on a piece of waste ground below Aldershot's Caesar's Camp, on a dull afternoon midway through the year 1870, England's first polo match was fought somehow to a finish.

Modern exponents of the game would doubtless learn of these neophytish efforts with something of a superior smile, since the contestants rode their ordinary chasers and hockey sticks were used to belt an ordinary billiards ball rather aimlessly from one end of the ground to the other. But there were obviously sufficient possibilities lurking in the game to warrant

its further cultivation ; and Colonel Valentine Baker, of the 10th Hussars, soon found himself in a position to pit a mixed team of the 9th Lancers and his own 10th, Prince of Wales's, against a side picked from the Household Cavalry. By 1872 Royalty, in the person of the Heir to the Throne, and—perhaps even more important, considering his official position—the venerable Duke of Cambridge, had lent the pastime countenance ; and polo entered upon that era of unprecedented popularity which not even the incidence of the South African War was seriously allowed to halt.

The South African campaign itself offered no more than sporadic opportunities for indulgence in sport. An occasional chance to “shoot for the pot” ; a very rare rough and tumble “knock about” with an improvised polo ball and clumsy remounts ; an ever rarer horse show, with a few hastily organised racing events—lack of baggage, shortage of good “cattle,” the scattered nature of the fighting, and, above all, the unpredictable nature of “Brother Boojer's” activities, all combined to relegate more than a moderate departure into the realms of self-amusement to the limbo of the regretfully postponed.

The campaign of 1914–18, on the other hand, once the initial clash had resolved into more or less static warfare, saw sporting activities abounding on every side. As early as the December of 1914, the Northumberland Hussars organised a pack at *Le Petit Mortier* south-west of *Steenwerck* ; and meetings were as frequent as “the exigencies of the Service” permitted. Hounds were kept at *Steenwerck* itself, and exercised regularly at six in the morning, on such days as they were not out. The rolling country round about the Forest of *Nieppe* was the locality most favoured for the sport ; and by the January of 1915 packs of beagles and couples of greyhounds were also to be found in the Cavalry Corps area. Their activities were pursued under the genial supervision of Lord Tweedmouth, Colonel of “the Blues” ; himself, in 1922, a winner of the Waterloo Cup with *Guards Brigade*.

Not to be outdone, King Edward's Horse, even while acting as Infantry opposite *Messines* in early 1915, took advantage

of the attachment to them of George Heasman, of the 3rd Hussars, to organise their own particular little sporting contribution. How their beagles were safely smuggled across to Belgium remains "wropped in mystery." Some speak of a sympathetic destroyer Commander, a landing at dead of night somewhere on Calais sands, and a subsequent uneasy journey across country, cooped up in the depths of a Ford ambulance. Equally credible is the suggestion that Heasman, a well-known gentleman jockey and cross-country rider, had the faithful canines addressed to a very senior General at G.H.Q., subsequently "diverting" them before their delivery could be affected to their original consignee. However that may be, the fact remains that arrive they did, to give the local Belgian hare many a spanking run across country in the area around *Neuve Eglise*.

Equally veracious is the story of Heasman and his modest pack, toiling through the mud on a cold scent, just forward of a field battery, at the moment when one of its guns elected to "poop off." With the bang of the discharge, down went the beagles' sterns and off they bolted into the thickening mist, heading for every point of the compass. It was then that the outraged little Hussar rose up in his wrath, to demand of the peccant Battery Commander, "How *dare* you make that damned noise when my hounds are running?"—a blazing irrelevance which would have brought a grim smile even to the lips of the Iron Duke himself.

Not that, in this particular, the Cavalry were allowed to have it all their own way. In 1917, the 1st Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, were the owners of quite a notable pack, got together by their Transport Officer, Captain Jack Weston, and Major H. H. Hebden. Made up of canines owning more or less hound-like characteristics and led by a beagle—subsequently reinforced by a couple of real harriers—they led the hares and occasional fox of the Somme back areas many a lively and memorable dance.

An occasional wild boar hunt in the woods around *Agincourt* and in the Forest of *Fléxicourt* added welcome variety to these

activities ; although the Britisher's innate sporting enthusiasm had, on one occasion, to be tempered by official reproof, as will be remembered by all those who recall the notice posted up in a machine-gun emplacement in *Ploegsteert Wood* during the winter of 1915. It ran :

“In future machine-guns must not be employed to shoot hares in No-Man's-Land.

By Order.”

Throughout the whole campaign, strenuous polo and splendidly organised Corps and Divisional horse shows, served to preserve the traditions of Ranelagh and Richmond. This, despite the absence of that gracious female element for which these famous centres are justifiably noted. It was, indeed, in an attempt to remedy this grave defect that, on one occasion, Lord Graves drove a tandem round the ring of the 13th Corps Horse Show with Bert Errol, the famous female impersonator, perched up beside him, in all the glory of frills, jewelry and picture-hat. Indeed, with a parasol to cast a becoming glow over “her” face, the “lady friend” was *the* success of the show. As one witness of “her” triumphal progress subsequently remarked : “The cheers which greeted the turn-out's arrival were so deafening that the old Boche must have heard them miles away in his trenches !”

It was the French authorities who put an end, alas!, to these multifarious and characteristically British sporting activities. Their official plea was that they had been the recipients of complaints from local holders of sporting and hunting rights. But the impression obstinately remains that, in actual fact, they considered such unseemly levity as unsuitable for a war *en grande tenue*, and used their position as “hosts” to bring about its suppression, as they did to quash any incipient efforts to revive the glories of the past which dared to rear a tentative head during the long Autumn and Winter months of '39-40. With the tight-lipped, frowning Gaul, too often rendered myopic by over-earnestness and a lamentable absence of anything in the nature of a recognisable sense of humour, appreciation for the resilience and buoyancy inherent in the average

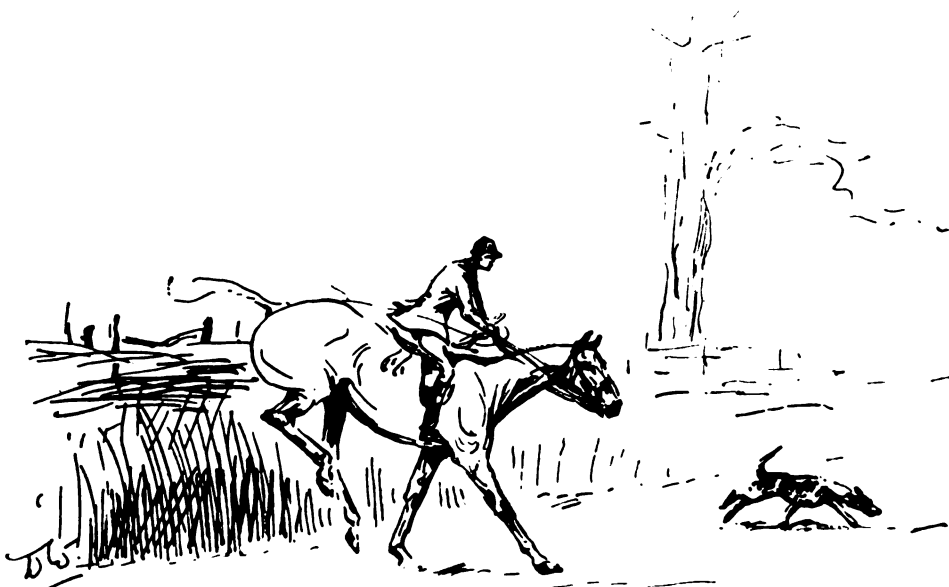
Britisher's apparent frivolity and *insouciance* is markedly absent. But while Napoleon scowled, Wellington filled the air with the peculiar braying of his laughter ; and we know which characteristic best survived the gruelling test of Waterloo !

However, with the French interdict in operation, a little surreptitious coursing, with plenty of football and boxing and an occasional Horse Show or mounted paper chase, served to keep the Britishers' insatiable appetite for sport from perishing from sheer lack of nourishment.

And to-day ?

Will our mechanised and truck-ridden modern Army have become so wedded to its axle-grease as to have lost all desire for anything more than a game of football and an occasional set-to with the gloves ?* Or will some of those sport-loving Yeomanry Regiments that still go about their business cocked up in the saddle, rekindle the torch so bravely lighted by their fathers ? Should they elect to do so, it is pretty even betting that, among the crowd of average sporting Britishers who form our present Army, there will not long be wanting those to follow their example.

* In all the foregoing, no mention has been made of the great game of golf, which, despite the most strenuous Scottish affirmations to the contrary, would appear to have been, originally, a product of Holland. But when golf is in question, surely one speaks of an eclectic art, a rite, a high mystery, rather than of a mere game !



*A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT**(continued)*

“PIKE FISHING”

BY COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

ALTHOUGH the pike does not come under the category of “game fish,” this scourge of the river is a very sporting gentleman, and during the winter months, when salmon and trout fishing are out of season, he is a very welcome substitute. My experience of this form of angling has been confined to trolling and spinning on Irish lakes, but Freeman can tell the readers of the *CAVALRY JOURNAL* quite a lot about river fishing for pike. Here he is :

Spinning for pike is by far the most sporting way of tackling them.

There are several kinds of “flights,” which make for natural bait spinning. Some are what is known as the straight spin, which is so successful in regard to salmon spinning with the minnow and artificial prawn. Then some tackle-makers produce a bait that wobbles. This is much better than the straight spin, as it gives the pike the impression of a wounded fish, the flash is more pronounced and sooner or later will attract a good pike.

I, personally, prefer the tackle made up with two treble hooks attached to wire gimp, the hooks being about two inches apart, the gimp threaded with a baiting needle either through the vent or between the two small fins above the vent, brought out through the mouth and a Dee lead inserted into the mouth and pushed well down into the body of the natural bait. Some of these leads have flanges that help to make the bait spin.

There is a hole drilled through the lead through which the wire attached to the hooks is threaded ; the loop is easily linked up to a link swivel on the trace. I prefer a trace of about four feet, with three swivels one at either end and one in the centre of the trace. I find this does not kink one's line so badly as a

trace with two swivels. A badly kinked line can become quite a nuisance as it prevents the line going out smoothly. In this kind of fishing you should spin the bait as low or as near the river bottom as is possible without getting hung up in the river-bed every few seconds. If there are weeds about one has to spin faster to keep the bait high enough in the water to miss the weeds, rocks, etc., and at the same time keep the rod point a foot or two above the water's surface.

If you get a run from a pike, tighten on line at once and bring to the gaff as soon as can be reasonably accomplished.

I have had some almost incredible things happen when fishing with natural bait. The fresher the bait the better.

A couple of years ago I was fishing for pike below a famous salmon reach, a deep bit of water, known as John's Hole. The part I was fishing was shallow with deep places between the ledges of rock which ran across the river. The pike lie in the deep channels and under the bushes and trees. My boat was anchored, as I had been fly fishing for dace to use as bait, and after mounting one on tackle as I have described, I said to my companion, "I wonder if there is a pike over under those bushes." The water was gin clear at this spot. Casting my bait and landing it just right, I had only just started to reel in a few yards when I saw a good pike rush and seize the bait. I struck him, and was well into him. He thrashed the water for a few seconds and took bait trace, etc., and was gone. My line had been tied too many times at the same spot and had become weak. Motto : always test the last yard or two of the line, break a bit off if it is at all weak, then there will not be any mishaps like the above. After mounting a new bait I said to my friend, "I wonder if he has a mate anywhere near !"

While casting out to where I had last seen the fish that had broken me, I started to reel in when a pike rushed at the bait, was well hooked and when being lifted into the boat on the gaff, the wire trace attached to the lost bait was seen hanging from its mouth (14½lbs.) I could see the head of the dace lost just before by pulling hard on the broken trace ; yet in spite of having two lots of hooks stuck fast in its gullet this fish was

ravenous enough to take another within five minutes of being lost.

My brother-in-law, who was with me, was astounded last year. He saw two more examples of a pike's fierceness when really on the feed. At times, however, they can be as dull as possible, they simply won't look at either live or dead bait !

In September, 1939, I was spinning within a mile of Wye-bridge, Monmouth, between the town and the stream above Hadnock. I was casting into the side, the boat being near the centre of the river ; one can keep casting into the side, reeling in and combing miles of pike water in this way. My hooks were tied on strong "Ja" gut and, let me say, I had caught some good fish up to 17 lbs. without any mishap, I saw a good pike rush and take my bait, I hooked it O.K. and practically had it coming in to be gaffed, when the "Ja" gut got across its teeth and it was gone—hooks and all. I said to my brother-in-law, "No more hooks to 'Ja' gut for the next one." So mounting another dace on hooks to wire, started casting out in the place where I had last seen the pike, and had a run almost at once, I hooked Mr. Pike, and after gaffing and getting it into the boat, found it was the same fish I had lost a few minutes before ; the lost hooks were stuck well inside its mouth. This one weighed 10½ lbs.

On the following week I had another strange coincidence. I had hooked and played a small pike of 7 to 8 lbs., had practically played it out, was bringing it towards the boat when the hooks pulled out and when the pike saw the bait begin to revolve again, he came at and seized it and was hooked well and landed. It weighed 7½ lbs. On another occasion I was fishing from the bank with a doctor friend from Gloucester ; he was trying live bait, he had a run and after giving the pike a couple of minutes to "pouch" the bait, struck, and the line broke. Every now and then we would see the large float break the surface, then disappear, well, after rigging up a fresh lot of live bait tackle, and trying the same water for another half-hour without success. We decided to move down river to try some good water about fifty yards away. I said to the doctor, "We

must keep a look-out, we might spot your float in shore if lucky, and as we were going along I spotted the red top of the lost float near the riverside. Going down the bank very quietly I drew my spinner and connected up with trace below the float on the lost tackle. The pike started off at once, as soon as I put on pressure to bring it towards the gaff; playing the fish carefully for a minute of two I got the gaff into it and we retrieved our lost live bait tackle. This fish weighed $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and unless we had landed this particular pike we should have said it was a good one of 18 or 20 lbs. That was our supposition when we lost this fish.

On another occasion quite near to where this pike was lost and recaptured, I was live-baiting and had a run, played the pike out, the doctor, who was only about fifteen yards away, came and gaffed this pike, which was about 14 lbs.; instead of taking it well up the bank to knock it on the head, the doctor took the gaff out on the very steep riverbank, the pike started to kick about and had disappeared into deep water before we could do anything. So near, but yet so far!

The Wagtail or Swallowtail bait is a grand spinning bait, either the blue and silver, or the brown and gold. I have caught hundreds of pike on them one time and another—one about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches will be best for pike. Some of them are weighted with lead wire inside the bait, and these are by far the best.

Then there are spoons of many kinds. I have done very well on the "Colardo" variety with its gaudy red tassel. Pike will take anything that moves, at times, but not often in the case of the large ones, they are too well educated. Then the "Plug" is good at times, especially if the water isn't too cold. One gets quite a lot of fun fishing with one of these bait. You can watch the whole thing in clear water. Dace, gudgeon and small chub are by far the most killing baits. These can easily be mounted on various spinners such as Hardy's "Crocodile" spinner, "Archer" spinner, and various others made by different tackle firms. If possible when mounting fish on any of these spinners bend the tail of the bait slightly, this makes the wobble that seems to attract pike.

Strange to say, my best pike was caught on a natural sprat of about 4 inches long, it weighed $24\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., which just goes to show they will take a very small bait at times, but generally they like a good sized one of about 4 to 6 ozs. I have caught them on huge baits of nearly three-quarters of a pound, these baits are not too easily cast, for spinning, and the wear and tear of the line is much greater than with lighter baits.

The reel line should be of plaited silk, either dressed or semi-dressed will do, and I believe in having one of about 16 to 20 lbs. breaking strain, none of your thread lines for me. I believe in getting them out and with a good line this is possible, but with a thread line of 2 to 6 lbs. breaking strain you have to play your fish such a long time before bringing it to the gaff with the risk of the line breaking all the time. Everybody to their own liking in this matter, that's what I say. If they like their fish on a long time before it is played out, well and good !

Just a line about plugs. The American makes are very good they have all been tried out for many years in almost all kinds of water. To mention a few perhaps, will help the novice. There is the "Pal-o-Mine," and "Yellow Shiner," jointed and otherwise. The "Shiner" has been responsible for the capture of a good many salmon also, so it's well to have a few of the various types in one's kit. The waggle of these baits in the water is most life-like, they take it for a frog perhaps.

Some years ago I had taken a retired major of artillery to try his luck up in what is known as Martin's Pool, about two miles from Symonds Yat. He was lucky enough to hook a pike on a Wagtail and had played it out and just got it close enough for the gaff to be used, when it shook its head violently and the Major, who had had no previous experience of handling these fish, held on when he should have slackened his line, as this is the most likely moment when a pike will shake itself free of the hook. Instead of this happening it broke the swivel in the head of the Wagtail and was gone.

As we had no other artificial baits I proposed taking the boat up river a short distance to where some dace were rising. I was fortunate enough to catch a couple of nice bait, and after

mounting one on a Crocodile spinner the major started spinning. Quite fifty or sixty yards above where we had lost the pike he had a run from a pike and I saw the lost Wagtail sticking out of its mouth. It was suggested that I should take the rod and make more sure of the pike this time, so that we could retrieve our lost Wagtail. This was brought off safely ; not a big fellow either, but one of $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Very soon afterwards a good fish of about 16 lbs. was hooked and lost. We kept bombarding this one for quite half an hour without results, and we were just about to leave for home, when the Major asked me to try my luck and have a few casts before clearing off.

Well, it came off. Perhaps the bait was spun deeper in the water, or something about the regular spin may have done it. this pike weighed 16 lbs. We were quite content at the wonderful luck experienced that afternoon.

My best bag with a friend was twenty after 3 p.m. one afternoon, all caught with dead bait mounted on a spinner ; that's why I am so keen a believer on that bait.

Pike are to be found in shallow water in warm weather. Patches of weed are where they mostly conceal themselves during the summer months, but directly there is a good freshet in the late autumn they move into the side of the river and in very cold weather are found in the deep " Lye-byes," slacks and such places. These are the places where a natural bait often catches the biggest pike, in fact it is rarely that a good one of 20 lbs. or over is caught spinning. In Lough Corrib and other large Irish lakes they are caught with large spinners, small pike often being used on the spinner to attract their brothers and sisters !

A clergyman was walking along the river bank and with him two very pretty daughters. He came to where a man was fishing from the river bank. " Any luck, dear friend ? " said the Parson. " No," said the angler, " are you a fisherman ? " " No ! " said the parson, " I am but a fisher of men ! " " Ah, well ! " replied the fisherman, " but you at any rate have the right bait with you."

P.S.—Since the above article was written Freeman has achieved a major piscatorial triumph in killing a 31 lb. pike

in the Wye near Monmouth. I quote his own words as he wrote them :

“ Fishing for pike last Friday, December 13th, I was lucky enough to get a grand hen pike, 31 lb., length 3 ft. 9 in., girth 23 in., caught on a small roach. This pike was taken on Sir Alfred Hickman’s water in the Wye above Monmouth, Chapel Farm Pool. I have caught some hundreds of pike but up to the 13th December my best weighed 24½ lb. caught on a sprat. I enclose a photograph of the pike.”

The age of this fish was about 18 years. Freeman’s pike is according to the Editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, the heaviest recorded from England and Wales in 1940.

The following is a description of the catch written by Freeman’s fishing companion at the time.

“ Freeman said we’ll just walk to the end of Chapel field and look for a spot of calm water. I know that a big ’un lives along this bank,” he decided. But the swirling current had turned all the little pools into maelstroms. One solitary eight-foot patch between murderous-looking bushes held a quiet square yard, and as we looked at it Freeman soliloquised : “ Such a fine spot when I was a boy and before the bushes ruined it ! ” then, to me as the holder of the only bait, he added : “ Shall we try ? ”

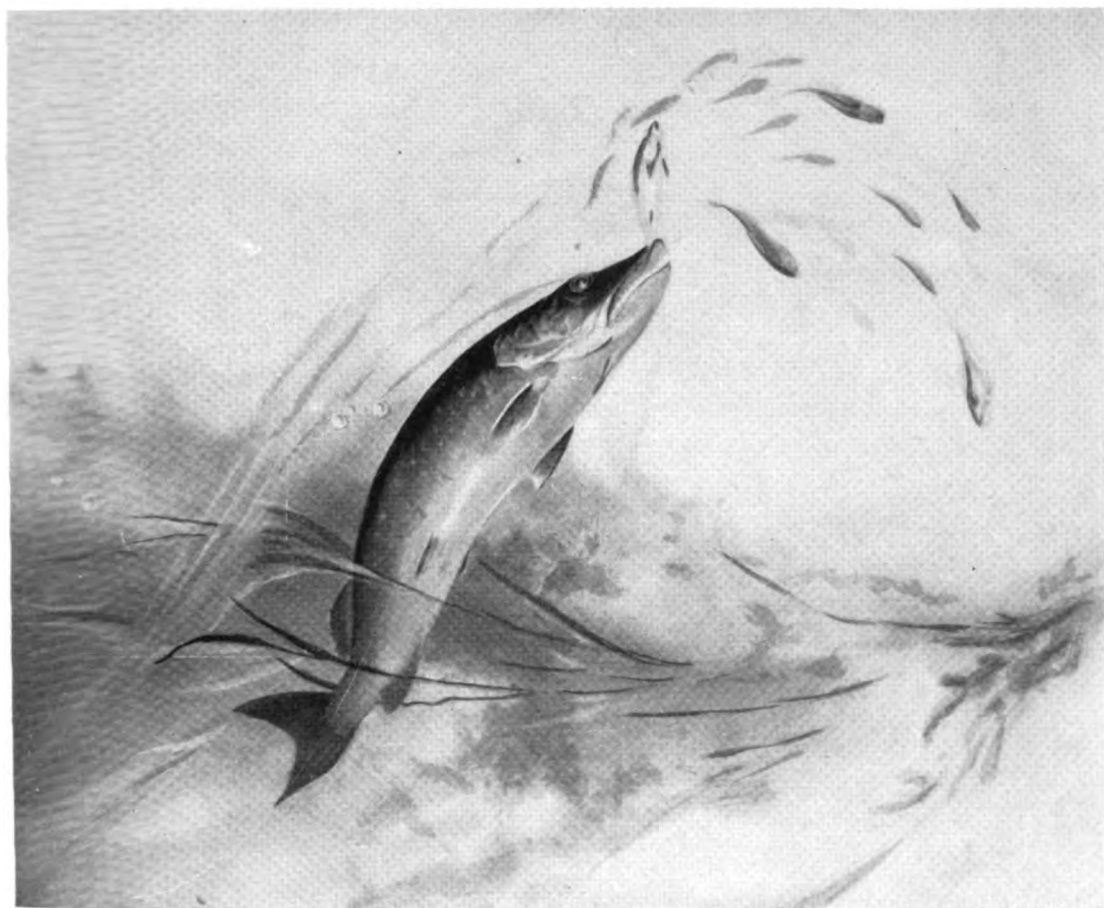
I was fishing with his pet rod, so I declined the responsibility. I handed my gear to him and we clambered down the steep, greasy bank.

By a dexterous movement—something between a drop and a flick—the bait settled on the few square inches where it might be clear of the swirl, but the undertow collared it and took it towards the upstream bush. I foresaw serious trouble, but Percy whispered : “ That roach is in very great danger.”

“ So is your tackle if you don’t save Mr. Roach at once ! ” I retorted.

We were both right, for at that moment the float disappeared leisurely, with just sufficient directness to distinguish the “ bite ” from the snag’s hold.

“ I daren’t give him time here ! ” exclaimed my companion



"A VERY SPORTING GENTLEMAN."

Pike in pursuit of small fish.



**PIKE—31 lbs., 3 ft. 9 ins. long, girth 23 ins.—caught ~~11th~~ 13th December, 1940,
by P. Freeman at Chapel Farm—Meadow bank fishing at Monmouth.**

"I'm going to risk losing him rather than let him take me into these bushes," and, adding the deed to the word, he struck.

Wonder above wonder, the hooks went home, and Freeman began to reel in.

"He's a big one, right enough!" I heard, and the arched rod confirmed the words.

After a few tantalising seconds came: "I've only one chance, and that's to gaff him as he rushes past!"

These words reminded me that we had left the gaff on the top of the bank. I clambered up, my feet shot from under me and I slid down again; but when I managed to take my eyes off the vibrating rod, succeeded in reaching the top and then slid down again with the gaff.

"No room for two here; give me the gaff," called my friend.

Holding the rod in his left, he bent it backwards over his head, and then waited with his right for the coming rush.

It came, and I saw the black back of what looked like a fat ten-pounder. Just as it passed below us, the gaff struck like lightning, and a deep-bellied, golden-hued fish was coming towards me through the air. As I caught it, Freeman and I shouted at the same time: "Thirty pounds!"

And thus, on unlucky Friday, the 13th, at four and a half after midday, my old friend caught the biggest pike of his life!'

(To be continued).

Readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that, thanks to what Freeman has received from the Journal for his articles on Fishing, he has been greatly helped with his annual fishing holiday this year, when he killed over forty sizeable sea trout.

F. A. H.



THE CHIVALRY OF POLAND

By **LIEUTENANT-COLONEL B. G. BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S.,
F.R.Hist.S.**

ON the 30th of November, 1808, Napoleon sat warming himself by a roadside fire on his march to Madrid ; winter winds are cold on the Sierra de Guadarrama. A Polish trooper coolly passed through the Emperor's clustered staff and begged a light for his pipe. It was one of those earthenware affairs with long curved stem probably decorated with tassels. It was also a capacious vessel ; old campaigners favoured that kind before the days of the "fag." The gilded staff made to check that trooper's effort to get a light. The Emperor said : Let him pass." Puffing his pipe the Polish horseman was turning away, when one of the staff said "you might as well say thank you." "I will do that up there," said the trooper pointing to the rugged outline of the Sierra. He did, and with his life, when the squadron to which he belonged acting as Emperor's escort, charged that ridge later on the same day. The squadron was halted by the road, mounted, and simply rode off at a gallop, in fours, straight up the steep road and over the ridge behind which 13,000 Spaniards with 16 guns held a strong defensive position. Few of those men survived that charge, those that did were dangerously wounded, among them Colonel Niegolewski, who recorded the event in his memoirs. He was at the time sous-lieutenant in the squadron that was guarding the Emperor's life. And bullets had been falling all about the Emperor as he surveyed the position prior to warming his hands. After all of one squadron had been swallowed up in the cloud of smoke that swirled about the crest of the ridge, the whole regiment followed and accomplished at great loss what infantry had failed to achieve, the capture of a strong defensive position. Somo Sierra, the Summit of the Range, ranks high among the

honours won by cavalry, won, in this instance, by a regiment recruited from the chivalry of Poland, ancient, yet ever young. It was no new thing for Poles to serve a foreign master, they did this for various reasons, the love of adventure was in their blood and sent these descendants of the ancient Sarmathians who caused the Eastern Empire so much uneasiness, to fight wherever that form of pastime offered within reasonable reach. The Great Elector of Brandenburg while cleaning up his possessions after the 30 Years' War, generally had some fighting on hand and found good use for a sporting band of Poles. They called themselves "Tovarich," comrades, and were disengaged at the time, perhaps resting in the sense used by other artists. As good soldiers detached from political considerations, these "comrades" did not realize what the Great Elector was doing to them by welding into a state a number of scattered possessions in N.E. Germany and calling them Prussia. That name's sinister meaning to the Poles may have been forgotten, they are generous folk, since Poland's strong man Jagello defeated the Prussian Knights in 1410, in battle at Tannenberg. Those Polish horsemen served the Elector for some years until a far more attractive venture presented itself. John Sobieski was gathering together all the forces of his country to stem the tide of Islam as it surged up the course of the Danube. Under the walls of Vienna John Sobieski and his crusaders met the Turks, routed them and drove them back into the plains of Hungary.

Following on the Thirty Years' War and the invasion of western civilization by the Turks, the princes of Europe felt the need of a standing army for each one. Many regiments were raised during the last half of the 17th century, cuirassiers of France, Grenadiers of Prussia, heavy cavalry and dragoons of Austria, but of all these few survived the upheaval that led to disarmament in 1918. Some ancient, renowned regiments of Horse raised in the reign of Louis XIV lived on until the present, but have probably not survived the Nazi invasion of France. It is doubtful whether Hitler will allow any trace of those impressive cuirassiers who faced their equals of Marlborough's Army in many hard fought actions, who upheld the

traditions of France while all about them the armies of the III Empire were disintegrating. Hitler took all German regimental associations under his immediate control a few years ago, annexed their funds and put his own men into the direction of their affairs. There can be little left of the old chivalrous spirit which distinguished German cavalry of former days, now that politics and their unsavoury accretions are of more account than the soldier's regard for others of his calling whatever land may have bred them. With a break in the continuity of tradition among soldiers, comes a deterioration of manners and morals that leads to disintegration and disaster. It is noteworthy that among us a people that does not delight in war, there remain many regiments that trace their origin back to the second half of the 17th century. One of these ever a grand and Royal Regiment, is in direct line of succession to the Scots who fought through the Thirty Years' War first on the side of Gustavus Adolfus of Sweden, then under the Oriflamme of France. Other armies of to-day have not the like to show amidst their engines of war.

Poland too had its regiments of cavalry of which there remain gallant memories. There was something both feudal and oriental about the "Noble Hussars" who rode with John Sobieski, each gentlemen trooper in the front rank covered in the rear rank by his retainer. Lances for the gentlemen, with fluttering rose coloured pennant showing a golden cross. There was something of the "Ironside" in the helmet of the Polish noble, much of the Hussars in the leopard skin draped over his bridle arm, but quite original were the wings which seemed to grow through his back armour and curled over his head as an additional protection to it in the day of battle. These wings are said to have made those horsemen appear yet more numerous than they were. The typical square-topped Polish headdress did not appear as uniform until well into the 18th century. By that time Poland was feeling the aggressive weight of its heavily armed neighbours Prussia, Russia and Austria. Evil days were threatening Poland. The struggle for possession of Poland by Prussia or Russia had begun towards



Polish Lancers, 1808.

By J. M. W. Turner

the end of the 17th century, when the harassed country called to Moscow for help. This furthered the plans for the dismemberment of Poland by the three Great Powers, the third and last of these partitions leaving a gallant people subject but undaunted. Patriots arose to fight for freedom, one of them Kosciusky came home from America for that high purpose. He had fought for the freedom of others under Washington, but his great experience and valour were of little avail. Yet the people of Poland hoped on. They had a legend to the effect that under the soil of that vast plain their country, there lay a sleeping army of those un-numbered horsemen who had ridden to war for Poland. Some day, they knew, that army would arise in its might and drive the oppressors headlong. But help must come from without the wide frontiers of old Poland stretching from the Baltic to the Carpathians and from Silesia in the West to Bug and Niemen in the East. The rise of Napoleon seemed to bring it.

Poles flocked to the eagles of France when Napoleon had overrun all Central Europe and penetrated into Poland to establish at least one part of the country as a State. This was known for a while as the Duchy of Warsaw, and in this capital the youth of Poland gathered to enrol in the Chevaux-Legers de la Garde, better known as the Polish Lancers whom we have met at Somo Sierra on the road to Madrid. The national headdress appeared in the exaggerated form that was modified in other countries and adopted by some regiments of British cavalry, without essential change in the thirties of last century. A curious sidelight is thrown on the state of the French Army of that time, in the aside by Ex Sous-Lieutenant Niegolewski, when the Emperor asked his Polish escort mounted, ready to attack the ridge: "You have cartridges?" "No Sire," and in an aside, "what would be the use since the flints in our locks are of wood?" Under all the gorgeousness of French uniforms in Napoleonic days, there was a good deal of make-shift. The Polish Lancer was among the most resplendent of the French cavalry. The national costume of Poland was given plenty of expression though somewhat "stilized." The light

“chapka” originally a round cap of cloth or fur, square topped and criss-crossed with braid, became a formidable erection of glazed leather, lavishly decorated with a rising sun in front, and long “lines” ending in heavy tassels, to supplement the chin-chain should it be no longer able to hold on. The double-breasted coat came to be called “Ulanka” as being the right thing for the “Ulan,” the Lancer, its bright coloured lining was turned outward across the chest on gala occasions and a foot or so of plume waved freely over the whole confection.

It is very likely that the British Army adapted the Polish Lancer dress for some of its most distinguished regiments of Light Cavalry by reason of the valour shown by the prototypes on all occasions. There were few British troops at the battle of Leipzig, in fact only the Rocket Troop of the R.H.A., but this body must surely have heard of gallantry and heroism by Polish Cavalry covering Napoleon’s retreat. The Saxons having deserted Napoleon on the second day of the battle, there was nothing left but to retire with all possible speed. Before he hurried away the Emperor entrusted Prince Poniatowski, nephew of the last King of Poland and Commander of the Polish Corps, with the heavy responsibility of fending off the encircling Germans, while the broken French armies made good their escape. When pushed up against the River Elster the Germans called upon Poniatowski to capitulate, he replied “God has conferred upon me the preservation of the honour of the Poles, and I shall render it unto Him.” This gallant descendant of a royal line was soon afterwards drowned when trying, wounded, to swim the Elster. It seems that the Polish warrior comes out strongest in the direst need. There was Zolkiewski resisting the Turkish invasion in 1620. The Moldavians betrayed him, and Zolkiewski found himself surrounded by a force of nearly 200,000 Turks and Tartars. He formed all his mobile units and wagons, a force ten times weaker than that of his foes, into a moving quadrangle, fought his way from the battlefield of Cecora back into Poland and saved his army, but was killed in the course of that movement.

Loyalty is the keynote of the Polish soldier’s character.

It was always proof against the temptation to desert an unfortunate leader. Poniatowski's Corps proved this at Leipzig, and men of the Polish Legion formed by Dambrowski in Italy went into exile at Elba with the Emperor to whom they had sworn allegiance. This loyalty was extended even to one of the Great Powers that had shared in the partitioning of Poland. Austria's treatment of subject races was generally stupid but not so vicious as that meted out by others, and there was the bond of a common confession that of the Catholic Church. When therefore the last world war broke out, Poles gallantly defended the double eagle of the defunct Holy Roman Empire and formed a Legion devoted to the interests of Habsburg. Only one condition was imposed upon and accepted by Austria, i.e., that this Legion should be officered by Poles only. Austria broke this condition. This breach of faith was no new experience by Poland at the hands of her neighbours, yet a generous people has always been found to put its trust in solemn promises and assurances. Austria's breach of faith was probably foolish rather than wicked. Germany's action in 1939 was criminal. There is no occasion to recount the story of how the Third Reich fell upon and rent her trustful neighbour, everyone interested in causes of the present war knows how the catastrophe developed. One German allegation was really too silly to employ even on the many among us to whom the geography of Eastern Europe is veiled in the mists that obscure "foreign parts" and the strange things that happen there. Poland was accused of intending to seize Stettin and Dresden. According to modern methods of going to war, invasion should begin before an ultimatum expires. To give this method full effect you should have mobilized your armies well before zero time and posted them at their battle stations. Germany was careful to observe modern methods, sent several divisions by sea to East Prussia in the summer of 1939, and by the end of August had massed 54 front line divisions, of these 14 were shock troops and 16 Reserve Divisions. A total of 73 divisions was supported by two groups of German air squadrons amounting to 2,000 machines. The Polish Army of 30 Infantry Divisions

on peace footing with reserves called out in March 1939 on the presentation of Germany's demands on Poland, numbered some 250,000. Of those 30 Divisions only 18 and some odds and ends of National Defence Brigades were moved to action stations.

The general outline of the campaign in Poland is known to those who follow the course of warlike events in these stirring times. True, accounts of details are not available, nor likely to be so, for many months to come, but one thing is certain, i.e., that, handicapped as they were, the Polish Army and the population of Poland lived up to its gallant record. It is not true, as is generally supposed, that the Poles gave way everywhere as the pressure of the German pincer movement made itself felt. There was violent fighting about Minsk-Masowiecki-Kalusyn on the 13th of September, in the course of which the greater part of the East Prussian armoured division is said to have been destroyed. In the North and South West at Lublin and Zamosc the German armies were in danger of being cut off, while German troops made little progress with Warsaw still holding out, until Poland was stabbed in the back by Soviet Russia. Even German and Soviet troops suffered heavy losses at the hands of the Poles. In these actions Polish cavalry took a devoted part, the quality of its service and the cost of its self sacrifice is yet unknown and will add a glowing epic to the story of Cavalry throughout the ages.*

There have been frequent revolutions one of them led by Kosciusky. The great war began full of promise for Polish freedom, fulfilled it seemed until the enemies of old were strong enough to repeat their former outrages on a country still in process of securing its rightful position. The only free Power of Europe has again inspired this indomitable race, thousands of Poles made their way across Europe, under terrible hardship, till they arrived within hail of Great Britain. Polish horseman are now riding with British cavalry, firmly and justly persuaded that their freedom will be won only in the close comradeship of free men, the fighting men of Britain and the British Empire.

*NOTE.—Roughly speaking the Poles were as 1 to 4 against the Germans, 1 to 20 in regard to tanks. Yet the German losses amounted to 100,000 killed, 200,000 wounded, nearly 1,000 tanks and 1,000 planes. Not till the Germans came to grips with the British had they to put up such a stiff fight.

WILD LIFE IN AFRICA

By N. M. S.

ONE of the most wonderful places for observing the denizens of the African forest is that part of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan near the frontier of North West Abyssinia where the Nile tributaries, the Dinder and the Rahad (which means in Arabic the Resting Waters) pour down from the Abyssinian plateau and spread over the plains of the Blue Nile valley.

It may be mentioned here that the Arabic word for blue *Azrak* is the same for blue, black, grey, dark, and the Blue Nile was so called because it is the dark Nile when for half the year it is in flood, and where it joins the White, meaning clear, Nile at Khartoum the junction of the turgid dark Nile and of the clear White Nile is a study in contrasts. The two streams flowing side by side for some miles before they mix together.

On the 23rd May, I was on the upper waters of the Dinder, then at its lowest, having a shallow stream only fifty yards wide in a dry sandy bed, in places a mile wide, bounded by a forest containing imposing natural groves of the gigantic Baobab, known to Arabs as the *Tabeldi* tree and to science as *Adansonia digitata*, typical of wild Africa. It bears a large fruit, part of which is edible and it comes to fruition in the winter months. Being a tree which when in vigorous health grows hollow inside, it is used in many parts of the Sudan by the Arabs for the storage of water, which is poured into it by hand from neighbouring pools after rain, then during the heat of summer the water is run out into leather troughs for the thirsty flocks. Some of these trees attain a diameter of twenty feet and their age extends to thousands of years.

Doctor Livingstone, in his Expedition to the Zambesi, when he discovered the Victoria Falls, mentioned Baobabs of 74, 84 and 100 feet in circumference, equivalent to a diameter of

ten yards and estimated the life of these trees at about 500 years. He found that the negroes on the Zambesi used the bark for making strong game nets, stretched across the outlets of ravines into which antelopes, zebras and other animals were driven.

It is well known that the naturalist, Adanson, by a happy chance found in the interior of the trunk of a Baobab in one of the Cape Verde Islands an inscription which had been traced on it by the English 300 years previously. Starting from this point and comparing the diameters of the stems of many of these bulky trees, the French scientist succeeded in proving that some of these primitive inhabitants of the African forests might be at least 5,000 years old, so that many of the Baobabs under which we camped must have been alive when Abyssinia and the Blue Nile were ruled by the Queen of Sheba. Before us in the vast tract of varied vegetation were glades of grass and interminable acacia trees from 10 to 20 feet high, exuding the crystal clear gum arabic and gums of different colours used in the Ptolemaic era for making varnish, a word which is thought to have been derived from the port of Berenice (Arabic Bernas) on the Red Sea, whence the gum was exported to the east and north.

Our attention was at once arrested by the wild beast paths or more literally roads, which led to and from sloping approaches to the riverine drinking places, known in Arabic as *Mushra*. These roads bore the fresh traces of elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe, buffalo, roan antelope, lion and lesser game. Herds containing hundreds of *Corrigum hartebeest* were resting in the shade while lesser antelope including the graceful Ariel were moving across the river bed to drinking pools. The only thing we saw no trace of were ostriches, which frequent more open country.

Our party consisted of myself, two of the sword hunting Arabs, or *Agagir*, and two Arabs of the Hoømr cattle owning tribe of the Western Sudan, who had been hunting in the district and therefore acted as my guides.

Although we were all mounted and armed with sword and spear I had with me a .303 deer-stalking rifle and a double 8-bore

which I could trust to give a knock-down blow to any charging big game at close quarters, but as it fired about 12 drams of black powder I was often afraid to use it in some of the long elephant grass which at this season was as dry as tinder for a single spark might have caused a conflagration from which nothing could have saved us.

On the 18th May, the first storm of the rainy season (*Kherif*) had filled many water holes by a six hours' downfall, and as the weather was warm and we were only away from our main camp for thirty-six hours, we required practically no baggage except some dried elephant meat which was very satisfying, biscuits, salt, sugar, coffee and a little water and corn.

We were now in a desolate region of the Dinder valley known as Babiheir, in which rhinoceros were said to abound. I soon sighted a herd of roan antelope led by a colossal bull with a magnificent pair of horns. As they were to windward I dismounted and taking my .303 was about to work towards them when a loud crashing was heard in long grass down wind and next moment from a hundred yards away a rhinoceros came towards us at a swift trot. I had no time to change my rifle and stood ready to meet him with a soft-nosed bullet which I knew could not penetrate his hide. The Arabs simply stood with spears and swords uplifted. With loud snorts our opponent swerved to one side, to his right, as soon as he made out what we were, and passed us within a few yards,—I recorded the distance as fifty yards in my diary,—plunging through a tangle of thornbush in which the Agagir could not tackle him with the sword, because in order to hamstring elephant or rhinoceros open grassless country is essential. Such country is generally bare owing to grass fires which are very prevalent. I followed with my eight-bore but never got up to him again. We had been surprised ! an unpardonable sin for a cavalry officer. At sunset we had reached the junction of the Dinder and a stream called the Abhojar or father of stones. There we came upon a warthog boar and with my hog-spear and the two Hoømr Arabs we gave chase. By cutting off corners I speared him first and as he turned and charged me, struck him in the heart. He measured

between sticks 5 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. ; height, foretoe to withers, 2 ft. 10 in. ; lower or cutting tusks, 6 in. ; upper digging tusks, much worn down, 17 in.

I give these as average dimensions because some books state that the height is seldom over 30 in. I may mention that the record warthog upper tusks from Annesley Bay, Abyssinia, measure 27 in. and 28 in. respectively. For fear of having our beauty sleep spoilt by wild animals going to drink we bivouacked away from the Dinder in open level country with no wild beast tracks near us.

The Arabs cut some forked sticks, stuck them in the ground and made me a bed about a yard high on which I lay just as I stood, ready with my .303 rifle. We slept very soundly without a move, and when I woke in the early dawn I saw walking past me within ten yards and not having noticed us, a large brown striped hyena. As I gradually moved my hand to my rifle, he saw me and made off, but I dropped him with a shot through the heart at sixty yards. I never saw another brown hyena though I killed several specimens of the spotted grey laughing hyena at Roseires. During breakfast we heard lions roaring to one another, possibly six miles distant, for the lion by putting his muzzle close to the dry ground causes the ground to act as a sound conductor.

We pursued our way in search of game, when suddenly two of the Arabs, Ramadan and Yakub, signalled a halt and became wildly excited. I thought at least that a herd of elephants must be coming at us, but to my astonishment Yakub whistled to a tiny bird which was chattering on a tree. The bird flew to another tree chattering and whistled to by Yakub, who continued to follow it for half a mile, while we pursued them at a respectful distance. Finally, the feathered guide stopped and we did so also. The Arabs began looking curiously at the nearest trees and then Yakub exclaimed " here ! " A succession of bees were seen coming and going from a small hole in a tree less than a foot in diameter. A small smoke fire was kindled and the tree felled with a light chopper and then masses of bees honey, beeswax and grubs were disclosed. The grubs were laid in a

row on the fallen tree and the bird was left to its banquet while the Arabs made a meal of honey-comb and brought away a supply for future use. African travellers have stated that the bird likes to eat the honey, honey-comb or grubs indiscriminately, and that, apparently as a friendly act, it has been known to lead men to a leopard and to a snake.

This was my introduction to the bird genus *Indicator* or honey-guide, the Arabic name for which is *Kareima*. Our little friend was of light brown plumage and about the size of a skylark. There are more than a dozen species of honey-guide in Africa between the Sudan and the Cape and all native races, as well as the South African Dutch, are guided by them to wild bees' nests. There is also a species of *Indicator* in the Himalayas and another in Borneo.

Of course we had heard distant lions in the morning, in fact nearly every night within a few miles of the Blue Nile south of Karkoj lions were heard. Before the Senar dam was completed lions drank on the east bank at Senar and Captain Stallard, who was with me at the time, went on horseback a few miles to the south of Senar on the west bank and shot a brace of lions which had been holding up traffic on the road; but in thick bush lions are not often met by daylight except when they come to drink at a Mushra. We were therefore agreeably surprised when, at about 11 o'clock in the morning we heard a lion roaring and giving the succession of low, guttural, deepening and shortening grunts, which are the summons or challenge of the king of beasts. He was within half a mile of us on the far side of the river.

We were not slow to accept the invitation but it was impossible to proceed on horseback, owing to the thick vegetation in which we found ourselves, mostly acacia thorns. I therefore went on foot with my 8-bore while Ramadan, the sword hunter, came as tracker carrying my .303 rifle which he knew how to use for he had done some fighting in his day. A third man followed with some water and a spear.

We soon found where the lion had been rolling about in some long grass and every moment I expected to rub against

him in some of the thick cover we went through. Ramadan went in front tracking while I tried to look beyond him for the first glimpse of the lion. At length we came to a tunnel only about two feet high through thorns through which the lion had led the way. I went as advance guard, crawling and being scratched by thorns. After forty yards we got into grass again. I heard a rush through it and very nearly shot at a fine bull koodoo. On examining tracks we found that he had been startled, not by us but by the lion who seemed to be still walking along leisurely. The bush and grass was still so thick as to be only passable where the lion had pushed his way and one could only see from two to eight yards ahead. We moved silently, pausing occasionally to listen. After three hours we came into an open glade and there was the lion twenty-five yards ahead. As he turned to the right intending to face us I shot him behind the right shoulder at twenty yards and he disappeared hidden by grass about two feet long, but he gave vent to a succession of deafening roars. I was afraid that he might make off so I charged forward to where he lay and gave him the coup de grace, but my first shot had penetrated his heart. He was an old dark maned lion. One of his upper molars was broken in half and one of his teeth was black with decay. Under the skin all over his breast lay thorns which must have penetrated the skin as he charged through thorn bush at his prey. He was flayed in haste as there was a storm brewing. One man carried his skin rolled up on his head and the other the lion's head, while I carried the rifles. The horses were within two miles and our triumphant return was the signal for loud laughter when we learnt that one of the horses, an Arabian who had been in the wars on hearing my shots, had tried to break loose and charge forward into the fray.

According to a tribal custom, Ramadan retired to his home and went to bed for seven days in order to recover from the effects of the lion's evil eye.

He has since succeeded his father, Sheikh Abu Shotat, as chieftain of the Hamej tribe on the Blue Nile.

THE WAR, DECEMBER, 1940—MARCH, 1941

BY "OBSERVER."

NOW that the CAVALRY JOURNAL has become a four-monthly instead of a quarterly periodical, these accounts of the course of the war will in future cover a space of four instead of three months. In the last issue the story was brought down to the opening of the British offensive in Libya. This instalment will close with the commencement of the Axis spring campaign in the Middle East, which is in full course as these lines are being written.

Whatever may be the issue of this campaign, the period of the winter months of 1941 will probably stand out as one of the most important of the war—perhaps even as its turning point. It saw many great and far-reaching events—the diminution of the invasion menace to Britain—the opening of the battle of the Atlantic, following on the whole-hearted alignment of the United States on the side of the democracies—the weakening of the German air offensive against our industrial and civil life, and the strengthening of our air counter-attack—the destruction of the Italian maritime power and overseas empire—and the first moves in the Axis drive into south eastern Europe. We shall review each of these great events in their order.

First let us deal with the threat of invasion. This threat, we are assured, has not yet disappeared, nor can it be said definitely to have done so as long as the enemy maintains, as he still does and may still do for many weeks yet to come, all the troops and the whole machinery necessary for that operation in a state of full readiness for action facing our shores. Even if and when that purpose is abandoned, he may still think it well worth his while to keep those troops and that machinery there, for until they are dispersed such an abandonment could not safely be counted upon, and we must retain strong forces on guard in this island. The mere threat will continue

to act as a container of those forces of ours, even though the actual danger may be, as it probably is, diminishing and will no doubt one day disappear entirely. From that point of view alone, since Germany has no shortage of troops anywhere and must keep them somewhere, the threat is a good military investment, well worth maintaining. But is the peril now so real and menacing as it formerly was ?

The writer has suggested in earlier articles in this series that the Germans' best chance of successful invasion of Britain was let slip when we were allowed a respite to recover and prepare for defence after the evacuation of the B.E.F. from Dunkirk, and the collapse of France, but great as the peril then was, it is probably true that had the operation been undertaken then, it must have been a hurriedly improvised and imperfectly prepared one ; and the Germans have no liking nor any particular aptitude for operations of that sort. Their forte is in careful, even meticulous, prearrangement for heavy blows delivered at their own chosen moment, with every foreseeable safeguard against check or failure and every prerequisite for success thoroughly provided in advance. Then they are at their best, and formidable foes indeed. But this favourite process of theirs takes time, and time can be—though often it has not been—put to profit by their enemies too. If, as all the available evidence goes to prove, Hitler preferred to a swiftly improvised attempt to overthrow Britain by a snap invasion last summer a more powerful, more planned, better prepared invasion in the autumn, he erred in giving us valuable time to get ready to meet and defeat it—a time which we put to better use than he did. His invasion was thus still born, and the advent of winter then put it out of the range of possibility for some months.

Will it ever come now ? The writer has always doubted the possibility of any invasion succeeding, and therefore—since he had no reason for supposing the German High Command less knowledgeable or clear-sighted than himself in realising the difficult and desperate nature of such an attempt—the probability that it would ever be made. It is frequently said that Hitler must try to invade us, for only by this means can he hope

finally to defeat us. That a successful invasion would be the swiftest and surest way to do so requires no demonstration. But to say that it is the only way that Hitler can devise is surely to underrate his ingenuity and self confidence. And in any case, granted that it is the only way, it may still be an impossible one to attempt with any reasonable hope of success. The writer believes that it is impossible, that it has always been impossible, and that it becomes more and more patently and definitely impossible as time goes on. Time usually works on the side of the defender, if he is allowed it, and it certainly works for us now. It is for that reason that the writer believes the danger from, and therefore the possibility of, invasion to be decreasing from week to week, and if it ever recurs in an acute form, it will probably be only after and because the enemy has succeeded in diverting elsewhere the powerful defence forces that now stand on guard here to forbid it. Meanwhile he gains something by keeping them pinned where they are.

So much for invasion. We now turn to consider Hitler's "second string" effort against this country, the Battle of the Atlantic, caused by his attempt to cut us off from the resources of the New World on which we are now largely dependent for the necessities, not only of war, but of life itself. This battle is being waged on his part by means of surface raiders, submarines, and long range aircraft. How is the tide of battle running up to the present? On the whole, we may say, not too badly for us, and not too well for the enemy.

In the first weeks of the attack, our shipping losses were uncomfortably heavy, but not even then dangerously so. They are still heavy, but they are steadily, if not fast, growing less. It was only to be expected that the initial total of losses would be severe. The enemy had the advantages of surprise, of large numbers of new attacking sea and air craft, and of being able to put forward simultaneously all the effort accumulated by his winter of intensive preparation. But these advantages, if they could not be maintained, could not be recovered, and the results could only be decisive if they were swift and overwhelming. Neither of these conditions for complete success

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has so far been achieved, and the probability is that both now will decrease with the passing of time. It is merely a question of whether we can provide enough escort craft for the adequate safeguard of our shipping, and whether we can make good our shipping losses before they become crippling heavy. The possibilities of our doing both are growing greater week by week, though there are, of course, a number of factors complicating the two problems, which cannot be dealt with in detail here. The decisive factor in the solution of both is the speed and extent of American aid. Amply sufficient in extent that aid will certainly be when once America, with her unrivalled industrial resources and power, has got fully into swing in the task of providing it. But can she do so in time? There is every reason to hope and believe that she can. The Lease and Lend Act has engaged all her great power fully and wholeheartedly in the cause of aid for Britain. Already making itself strongly felt, that power will do so more and more widely and decisively in the near future and at a progressively increasing rate. At the same time, the strength of the hostile effort and its effects will probably continue, as now, to decrease. Despite ups and downs from week to week, the general trend of our totals of shipping losses since the opening of the battle of the Atlantic is on the fall, while our total net losses throughout the war—that is to say, when our gains from new building, capture of hostile tonnage, and purchases and so forth have been deducted from our gross losses—amount only to about a million tons in all. This is not a large proportion of the 31 million tons of shipping owned by the Allies; heavy as it is, it cannot be called in any sense crippling, and it would have to be much increased before it could possibly become so. It works out at a weekly net loss rate of about 12,000 tons a week, and that rate will almost certainly soon begin, and thenceforward continue, to decline. The battle of the Atlantic is not yet won, by any means, and will probably not be won for many weeks yet to come. But we have good grounds for hoping for and expecting a victorious end to it, be that end remote or near at hand.

The weakening of the German air offensive may perhaps be

taken as an indication that the futility of the attempt to break the morale of our civil population has at length been recognised. Certainly in this last four months, during which winter weather has, of course, interfered to a considerable extent with air operations on both sides, the hostile attacks have been directed far more against objectives such as ports and industrial areas, which may be regarded in a total war as legitimate. These attacks have been carried out almost entirely by night, for the British skies are now far too perilous for day raiders to enter. Even by night they are becoming more so, as the steadily growing toll we are taking of the night bomber squadrons of the enemy goes to show. We have, of course, a long way to go before this toll can become prohibitive, if indeed it can ever be made entirely so ; but what we can hope to achieve before long is to prevent the enemy from regularly carrying out mere nuisance raids by night, as we have already done by day. When there is some large and important task to be carried out, the Germans, as their habit has always been, will launch great forces quite regardless of cost, and will persist in their efforts until it becomes impossible for them to do so any longer. Our task will then be to make the cost of these great efforts high and their duration short. As yet we are far from having reached that stage.

On the other hand our own air effort is now becoming more powerful with the numerical and qualitative growth of the R.A.F. Not only are we raiding Germany heavily and effectively almost nightly, but we are carrying out almost unopposed daily sweeps over the coast and territory of France and the Low Countries, keeping a close eye on hostile activities there, and attacking every target that offers itself. Our bombers over Germany are still directed principally against military or industrial objectives, but the civilian casualties incidentally caused by these attacks on targets, many of which are situated in the heart of great centres of population, are known to be considerable. Quite apart, however, from the main question of policy in the matter, which we have already argued in an earlier article, it is doubtful if these casualties, or their moral effect, can have any real influence on Germany's will to war

for some time to come, any more than our probably higher losses in German air attacks have weakened our own resolve to fight on. A proud and virile people—and it would be folly for us not to face the fact that the Germans are both—is not so easily reduced to throwing up the sponge; and even if, with some reason and justice, we think ourselves tougher than our foes under the hammer blows of air bombardment, we must remember that the German people are far less able than we to make their voices and wishes felt against the war policy of their ruthless rulers—assuming, of which there is at present no real evidence, that they are actually opposed to it.

We are surely right, therefore, from the point of view of policy only, in adhering to our plan of striking at Germany's war potential and war resources. Seriously to impair these will take all our time and energies over a long period, even after we attain the full mastery of the air (which is not yet ours by any means, though it may well be before this time next year). Meanwhile we are even now almost certainly damaging the enemy, in the strict military sense, more severely than he is damaging us, and we shall increase this advantage as time goes on—provided that, as we have hitherto done, we direct our blows wisely and deal them effectively. To allow ourselves to be diverted from that policy, at any rate at present, would be to sacrifice that advantage and set back the day of ultimate victory.

Meanwhile, the many new types of bombing aircraft and their greater numbers, as well as the more powerful bombs carried by them, will greatly increase the weight of our attack in the next few months. The latest raids against Berlin and Kiel have, according to reports from reliable neutral sources, been the most devastating of the war—far more severe than anything we ourselves have had to endure. Germans, for the first time since Germany became a nation, are now learning in their own land the real nature of war. Let us hope, for their sakes and the world's, that the lesson will be well taught and profitably digested.

We now pass to another and, from our own point of view, even more satisfactory phase of the winter war of 1941—the

destruction of Italy's empire in Africa. This is indeed a most astonishing story of military achievement, accomplished by forces inferior in numbers, not notably superior in armament or equipment, but of incomparably higher morale and military spirit, and better trained and led.

Italy's series of *debâcles* began in Libya in December, 1940. For the whole of the autumn Marshal Graziani, with a force five times greater than his small, half-trained and poorly equipped adversaries had been timorously halted just east of the Libyan frontier with Egypt, unable or unwilling to "put it to the touch." Meanwhile, General Wavell was growing stronger and waiting and planning for the moment when he would be able to strike and wrest the initiative from the enemy. In November his time seemed to have all but come, when the Italian attack on Greece necessitated the diversion thither of part of his air force and a further postponement of his own offensive until the beginning of December.

As first planned, that offensive was to take the form of a large scale raid with a limited duration only to be exceeded if all went so well that we could secure intact the large stocks of petrol the Italians had accumulated in their forward areas and use it for our further operations. This, thanks to the swiftness and success of our attack at Sidi Barrani we were able to do. The enemy's advanced force there, surprised by the vigorous drive of our armoured forces through a gap in his defences, the existence of which he was unaware that we had discovered, was completely defeated and practically destroyed, and we were in a position to make the very utmost of our victory. Marshal Graziani made our task of beating his superior force with our inferior one easier for us by the unaccountable manner in which he allowed his command to be caught piecemeal and destroyed in detail in the ensuing battles at Bardia, Tobruk, Derna and Benghazi. General Wavell's purpose had, in fact, originally been to halt at Tobruk and hold his ground there, suitable as it is for defence by small forces, thus making the bulk of his command available for service elsewhere. But so sweepingly did the tide

of victory run, and so patently incapable were the remnants of the Italian army of further serious resistance, that he decided to complete their destruction. By the end of February the annihilating triumph at Benghazi, in which the residue of the Italian army was entrapped and captured or dispersed, had given us the whole of Cyrenaica, the eastern province of Libya, a huge haul of prisoners, numbered in tens of thousands, and a vast quantity of material, at the ridiculously trifling price of some 2,000 casualties. It was a most astonishing campaign, for the vanquished enemy was no collection of ill-armed barbarous savages, but the troops of a great European Power that had spent millions on equipping its army with all the most up-to-date weapons of war, and had for years regarded military conquest as its destined purpose and policy. Yet the Italians were found by the hard test of realities to be inferior to their foes in every factor of victory save that of numbers, and they displayed once more all those hereditary martial weaknesses which have so frequently sullied their military history with defeat. It is true that the rank and file, particularly of the native units, had little understanding of or zeal for their cause, and had suffered far too prolonged a spell of apparently purposeless inactivity. It is true that the leaders were dubious of the chances of the campaign and that there was mutual dislike and distrust between the regular and Blackshirt militia troops and their respective commanders. It is true that the Italian armoured fighting vehicles were inferior in quality to ours and that the troops were insufficiently equipped for anti-tank defence. All these were causes working for failure, yet the basic truth seems to be that Fascism, though it has given the Italian soldier in lavish measure the wherewithal to fight, has not succeeded in making a good fighting man of him, so that in Libya as in Greece, he was completely outclassed. With the demonstration of that unwelcome truth came the realisation by Germany that her sole ally in arms was not an asset but a liability, which, so far from being of help to her in her march to world conquest, might well drag her down into the dust of defeat.

The Italian débâcle in Cyrenaica was quickly followed by a series of others, even more widespread and catastrophic, throughout the whole of East Africa. Here little had occurred since the Italian declaration of war in June, 1940, except for the conquest by greatly superior hostile forces of British Somaliland in August. There had on our part been sundry small withdrawals under pressure in the border areas of Eritrea and Abyssinia, but no serious attempt by the enemy to follow up or press us anywhere, and in the winter months of 1940 some of the ground thus given up was recovered. But not till mid-January, 1941, were we ready to pass to the attack on a wide scale. General Platt in the Sudan and General Cunningham in Kenya had both been sent military and air reinforcements and the weather was suitable for campaigning. Moreover, the native guerilla bands in the interior of Abyssinia, their zeal for war inflamed by the arrival in their midst of their former Emperor, Haile Selassie, were already in action against the Italian garrisons and lines of communication all over the country, while the enemy troops must already have been shaken morally by the news, thoughtfully brought to their ears by us, that Marshal Graziani's defeat had isolated them once and for all, far from home in a hostile land, from which they could not hope to escape alive save by surrender.

The Italian commanders, both in Eritrea and in Italian Somaliland, adopted a strategy different from that followed by Marshal Graziani in Libya, and staked the fate of their commands, and of the territories under their charge, in a single pitched battle. In Eritrea the hostile defensive position was at Keren, on most difficult ground for the assailant, where the sheer side of a high plateau, almost unclimbable save by trained mountaineers, blocked the road to Asmara, the capital, and Massawa, the Red Sea port of the colony. Early in February, after occupying Kassala and Agordat, General Platt's forces came up against this fearsome position. The troops garrisoning it were in superior numbers to themselves, were of good quality, and fought with great stoutness. The natural fortress could only be stormed by sheer hard battling, and stormed piecemeal; this

took six weeks of incessant and of renewed efforts to accomplish. Less spectacular by reason of its comparative slowness, this was the finest single feat of arms of the war in Africa. Indian units, who a few weeks before had helped to deal the first staggering blow in the war at Sidi Barrani, 1,500 miles to the north of Keren, played a leading rôle in General Platt's hard won victory here. Once won, that victory proved decisive of the fate of Eritrea. The Italians had put their best troops in line there, and these had fought in a manner worthy of their high reputation, but in vain. There was no other resource for defence left, now that these troops had been defeated, and the formidable ground they had tried to hold had been wrested from them. The early days of April saw the bloodless surrender of Asmara and the capitulation of Massawa after only a perfunctory show of resistance for the honour of Italian arms. Eritrea had thus passed wholly into General Platt's hands, and with it over 30,000 enemy prisoners. All that remained for us to do was to follow up the disorganised and fleeing remnants of the beaten army as they made their painful way southwards into northern Abyssinia, where there was in fact no abiding safety for them, and to complete their destruction. That process has now been accomplished. Our victory in Eritrea is complete, and that old established and flourishing little colony has finally slipped from the dying grasp of Mussolini's new Roman Empire.

Meanwhile, hundreds of miles away to the south, the Imperial army of General Cunningham was carrying through a whirlwind offensive which rivalled the best efforts of the Germans at a blitzkrieg. In the last week of January, 1941, he commenced his advance into Italian Somaliland. Three weeks later, after having overrun all the country west of the Juba river, his forces came up against the Italian main army deployed for the defence of that strong line. For some days the battle raged along its banks, then the passage was forced, first on the Italian left wing and then in their centre, and their whole array was shattered. Within a month from the start of our advance we were in Mogadishu, the capital of Italian Somaliland, and all effective resistance throughout the colony was at an end. All that

was left for us to do there was to sweep up the few remaining bands of hostile stragglers and send detachments, many of them by air, to the outlying parts to show the flag and help the civil authorities, who were glad to co-operate with us, to maintain peace and order.

The main body of General Cunningham's forces had meanwhile passed on northwards into Abyssinia, moving fast and far up the excellent motor roads built by the Italians in the course of their development of the country during the five years of their occupation, now so soon to end. In mid-March it had traversed the plain of Ogaden, and was approaching the ridge of high ground running east from the great central plateau of Abyssinia to the borders of French Somaliland and the Red Sea. Our first objective was the railway from Jibuti to Addis Ababa, the Italians' only good line of communication with the outside world, and this was reached and cut at Dire Dawa by the end of the month, after a stiff little action in the mountain pass covering the approach to the town from the east. One result, and a most satisfactory one, of our rapid progress was the regaining of British Somaliland, the only trophy the Italians had to show for her nine months of otherwise unsuccessful war. A force from Aden crossed the Red Sea to land at Berbera, and pressing forward to the southwest to Hargeisa, made its junction there with a detachment sent out by General Cunningham to meet it. The few scattered Italian detachments which had not previously made their escape were thus cut off and were easily dealt with.

It was expected that the Duke of Aosta, the Italian viceroy of Abyssinia, whose military and personal reputation stood high, and who was known still to have a strong force at his disposal, would stand to fight for Addis Ababa, probably behind the line of the Awash river, the deeply cut gorge of which forms a trench before the eastern face of the central plateau. But nothing of the sort happened; the position was found by our advance guard to be without defenders, and our entry into the capital was unopposed. The Italians had fallen back westwards, the ranks of their native units daily thinned by mass desertions, and their prospects of being able to put up any

prolonged resistance remote. From all sides, from the north from Eritrea, from the south up the Great Rift, from the west from the upper course of the Blue Nile, and from the north-west from the area of Lake Tana, other forces, Imperial and patriot Abyssinian, were closing in upon them. It had seemed possible at one time that the great rains, which set in at the end of April, might come in time to enable them to prolong a precarious and hopeless resistance until the autumn. That hope can hardly now sustain them, and their end cannot now be long delayed. All Italian East Africa is as good as lost to Italy, and in Abyssinia the Emperor Haille Selassie again reigns in the Italian viceroy's room.

The main impression left on the observer by all these operations of our Middle Eastern armies, both in Libya and in East Africa, was one of breathless speed and confident assurance. There was no fumbling generalship such as we often saw on all sides in 1914-1918, no long inactive pauses between operations, no stickiness on the part of the troops, no checks, setbacks, or disappointments. This was in part no doubt due to the unequal nature of Italian resistance, and the often unaccountable errors of Italian leadership; but the enemy showed at Keren what he could do when at his best, and in any case the main difficulty in war is always to be the first to see and take advantage of an adversary's errors, when errors are usually made by both combatants. In the Middle East these qualities of swift perception and resolute action were exemplified on our side to a highly gratifying degree. Equally impressive was our mastery of the new technique of mobile warfare. The Germans in the West had triumphed by putting into practice the doctrine of aerial and mechanised action that we ourselves had been the first to formulate. Profiting by their example and by our possession of superior armament, both on the ground and above it, we now applied the same methods to Germany's unfortunate ally. The result was a series of victories, won at ridiculously trifling cost, and exploited at full speed and with shattering vigour to wring from them the maximum strategic fruit. Everywhere air supremacy was the primary condition of these victories, and

the gaining of this proved to be a question of relative quality of pilots and machines, rather than numbers, which were usually on the side of the enemy. Once air supremacy had been obtained and maintained, our armoured fighting vehicles had free rein to assert their superiority on the ground. Here again, it was a case of quality prevailing over quantity ; for the Italian tanks, though numerous and often bravely fought, could not hold the field against ours. We had motorised units available to follow up victory and keep the enemy on the run, and these were handled with the utmost energy and boldness wherever opportunity offered—as it frequently did, once the first crust of hostile resistance had been punctured. It was by these means that in six months' campaigning we succeeded in laying in ruins the whole of Mussolini's imposing, but ill-founded, Empire in Africa.

The early months of 1941, however, saw events in Europe taking shape for yet another phase of the war. It became clear that Germany, strangely quiescent on land since her conquest of France, was once more preparing to use her trump card, her great and formidable army, to extend still further her dominance and lay her hands on yet further resources for her duel with Britain. Her eyes naturally turned to south-eastern Europe, where fresh stocks of oil and food and raw materials might be had, and she set to work at her usual game of combined threats and cajolery, backed by the menace of her armed might on land and in the air, to pave the way thither. The first stages in this progress were successfully accomplished without the use of arms, and Hungary, Roumania and Bulgaria submissively passed under the yoke of the swastika. The way was thus opened for an attack on Greece, to be followed, no doubt, by one on Turkey, the guardian of the straits between Europe and Asia, and of the shortest route to the oil fields of the Caucasus, Iraq and Iran. Meanwhile Italy, Germany's anything but brilliant second, was ordered to deliver a grand attack on obnoxious Greece in the hope of eliminating that gallant little enemy without the necessity for employing German arms in the task. At the same time the Italian fleet, under German direction, was launched into the Eastern Mediterranean in an attempt to cut off the help that we were

known to be sending across from Egypt to Greece. Both enterprises were carried out with the usual Italian ineptitude and met with the usual fate of Italian ventures in arms. The offensive in Albania, after a week of heavy fighting, was sanguinarily repulsed all along the line. The Italian warships met with complete disaster in a fight off Cape Matapan, the southernmost point of Greece, and thirteen of them were sunk without one of the British ships being hit or a single British sailor being hurt. Emboldened by these evidences of Axis weakness, the people of Yugoslavia, whose unrepresentative Government had actually signed the usual humiliating terms, placing her under the German heel as a vassal state, rose against their traitors in high places, tore up the odious treaty of surrender, and prepared to fight. They were swiftly attacked with all the paraphernalia of German blitzkrieg war, and by mid-April Greece, Yugoslavia and Britain were at grips with Germany and Italy, with Bulgaria, Hungary and Roumania standing ready to act as the Axis jackals, and Turkey, still non-belligerent, watchfully guarding the gateway into Asia.

These great events, of which the unhappy issue is now all too well known to us all, must form the subject of a subsequent article. How do we stand therefore at the end of the winter of 1940-1941 with a second spring and summer of war ahead of us? So much surely is clear. We have survived the most deadly peril of all that faced us last summer and autumn, that of being overwhelmed by hostile invasion from sea and air. That invasion may yet be tried, but never again with the same good chances of success as it could then have been. Our foes have had to fall back on their second alternative line of attack—the indirect assault on our sea lines of supply, coupled with an Eastern drive, which is primarily a quest for the means to enable them to continue and intensify the war rather than an attack on Britain herself. Hitler seems no longer to hope to be able to finish the war with a great annihilating blow. He has had to reconcile himself to a prolonged and embittered struggle against a power whose resources are growing daily and with her resources her power to hit back hard at his heart.

For ourselves the future no doubt holds as many and as grave tests and trials as the past. But we have lived through those that are gone, and we shall equally survive those that are to come. We shall do it all the more swiftly and easily because we know ourselves to be on a rising tide of power—power not only to endure and repel attacks but to strike and wound our foes in our turn. Mastery of the sea, the mastery of the air—that way lies the road to final victory. The goal may be far or near, but we are in a fair way to achieving our mastery of the sea already, and the mastery of the air is even now in hot dispute, with our power on the up grade all the time. We can look forward with sober confidence to the future, proud and thankful that we have passed safely through so much, and resolute to face whatever may now await us, before the day dawns that will see the full triumph of our arms.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

Now that the CAVALRY JOURNAL is being published three times a year only, it is proposed to deal in this number, first with the periodicals for January, and then with those for April.

JANUARY, 1941, MAGAZINES

The "Army Quarterly" devotes three articles only to the present war. An anonymous author chronicles the war at sea from September to November, 1940; Lieut.-Colonel de Watteville describes the Axis manœuvres in the Balkans and the first phase of the campaign in Greece down to the capture of Sta. Quaranta on December 6th; and there is a reprint of an excellent article by Captain Thompson of the American Army on German engineer work in the *blitzkrieg*. The last war receives almost as much attention. General Edmonds contributes a fascinating article on the development of German strategy, of which he has not a very high opinion. There is a paper on the manœuvres by which Ludendorff and the German General Staff endeavoured to exonerate themselves from the onus of having urged the asking of the armistice in 1918, and articles on the German crossing of the Danube in 1916, on the war record of the 234th German Division, on the memoirs of a prominent Austrian soldier, General Von Bardolff, and on Von Schlieffen, Chief of the German General Staff before the Great War, as an instructor. Captain Campbell has an interesting discussion of the defensive tactics suitable for dealing with swift armoured attack as practised by the Germans in Poland and France; his system is based on the two principles of offensive action and surprise, and he claims that it will economise casualties, make the best use of anti-tank obstacles, and check the "soft spot" tactics of infiltration so dear to the enemy. Some hints in junior leadership and a couple of historical articles make up the rest of the number.

The February issue of "Fighting Forces" includes summaries of the work of the three Services in 1940 and the usual review of Parliament and the War by Lieut.-Colonel Macnamara, which the author devotes to a review of the military situation, in a spirit "full of optimism." He expects an attempted invasion, with every known, and perhaps some unknown, weapon employed, for which we must be fully ready. General Rowan Robinson describes the war in Libya down to the fall of Bardia, and the editor summarises the views of a Polish writer on the functioning of the new pattern German war machine in the Polish and French campaigns. Captain Trooton pleads for more flexibility in the organization of our army's lines of communication, and suggests the abandonment of supply by categories in the actual theatre of operations and the establishment of separate base depots not for each category of stores but for each formation to be supplied. Only so, in his opinion, can we secure the necessary mobility and flexibility in operation required by modern conditions. There are several other items of more limited interest, including some reminiscences of Turks and Greeks as fighting men in the last war.

The "Royal Artillery Journal" for April, apart from three items of minor interest, consists of an article on the battle of Cambrai in November, 1917, and an account of her experiences as an ambulance driver in France by Mrs. Portal. The first of these, from the practised hand of Major Becke, deals in general with the course of the battle, and in particular with the 51st Division's failure before Flesquieres, the result of which had so great an influence on the subsequent course of our attacks. The necessity for armoured formations to keep reserves, and the failure of the successful commanders on either side of Flesquieres to exploit their progress by carrying out on their own initiative a double enveloping attack on the salient formed by this village, are the main lessons drawn by the author of the Cambrai article, Mrs. Portal's story, though primarily one of personal adventure, shows in full light the courage and adaptability of British women in the war zone, besides the disorganization and lack of resilience which so powerfully contributed to the collapse of France.

In the "Journal of the United Service Institution of India" (October, 1940) Major Warren discusses the value of mechanization in India and suggests that until the Indian army is mechanized throughout, the full benefits of the change will not be felt. This means that infantry must be mechanized as well as the other arms, and the author suggests a composite transport organization, consisting both of motor vehicles and pack mules for alternative use as and when required. Lieutenant Bell has some valuable ideas for improving the morale of the Indian soldier, which he fears is not all that it ought to be at the beginning of what may be a long and embittered war. Captain Jones sees in East Africa an admirable fighting theatre for the Indian army to operate in. There are several other articles of interest.

"The Journal of the United Service Institution of India" for January is a really first-class number, the best we can remember. It opens with a thought-provoking article on "Land Warfare" by Brigadier Dorman-Smith. He reviews the changes in the art of war brought about by new weapons on land and in the air, and shows how these changes were fully understood and applied only in Germany, whereas France and Britain failed to do either. Our task now, he considers, is to assure the safety of the vital parts of our Imperial defence—Britain herself, Malaya, Egypt and India—and the communications between them, and then prepare an amphibious army for the counter offensive, both in the West and in the Middle East. Another article on the same lines, "The Problem of Force to Space," by 2nd Lieutenant Cookes, also deals with new developments in the art of war caused by new weapons and methods; he envisages the new army as one of mobile striking forces based on stationary garrison areas fortified against land and air attack. Captain Tomson-Rye gives his impressions of Spain and an anonymous author his of Greece. A New Army officer offers suggestions as to methods that the army might well adapt from business practice in civil life, and an Indian Army officer gives a vivid description of an episode in the Norwegian campaign.

The April "Army Quarterly" is a full and varied number. The present war is dealt with in a digest of the war at sea; in air notes by Air Commodore Fellowes; in a reprint of an article from the United States "Infantry Journal" on the operations of the 51st Highland Division in France, which led to the capture of the bulk of it at St. Valery; in a diary of the retreat to Dunkirk compiled by the D.A.Q.M.G. of a division of the B.E.F.; and in a full and encouraging account by Mr. Cowie of the way in which our Dominions are preparing their armed forces to play leading parts in our struggle for victory. All these items are well worth reading. The last war is dealt with in articles by General Edmonds on the campaign in Russian Poland in the autumn of 1914, and in some anonymous papers dealing with various phases of the war from the enemy side. There are also various other articles dealing with older wars, including an interesting account of the medical measures—or absence of them—taken to combat disease, that scourge of armies of the past. Two articles on leadership and selection and education of officers are no doubt legacies of a recent Press controversy. Major Edwards has something interesting to say on the history of regimental bands and regimental marches.

"Fighting Forces" for April devotes much of its space to *resumés* of the speeches of the three Secretaries of State for the Services on the introduction of the Estimates. "Parliament and the War," by Lieut.-Colonel Macnamara, surveys the general strategic situation in wildly optimistic terms; the author still expects invasion, but looks forward to its failure and the time when we shall be able to pulverise Germany from the air and batter her into surrender. The anonymous "Air Notes" discuss German air strength, which is put as high as 12,000 planes of all categories, and her losses, now well over 20,000 machines, and still continuing out of all proportion to ours; the importance of our new policy of daylight sweeps over occupied territory; of the rôle of the air arm in the battle of the Atlantic; and the growing Axis petrol shortage. An article on the future of cavalry, relating the various stages of its conversion, physical and spiritual, from horses to machines, and

some reminiscences by Mr. Dawson of the Salonika campaign in the last war, together with two lighter items complete the number.

The "Royal Engineers Journal" for March includes apart from the usual technical items, an account by Major Henniker of his experiences at Dunkirk, reprinted from "Blackwood's Magazine," and a narrative by General Edmonds of the German passage of the Danube in 1916. The American article on the 51st Division in France is also reproduced here.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Tim Harington Looks Back." By General Sir Charles Harington, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L. (Messrs. John Murray.) 12s. 6d.

Though, with the possible exception of Mr. Winston Churchill, one can think of no politician to whom one would willingly entrust the handling of a military situation, there have been many soldiers—Marlborough, Wellington and Kitchener, to cite no others—whose handling of a political situation has redounded to the immediate benefit of their country as to their own everlasting credit.

To this distinguished company must certainly be added the name of General Sir Charles Harington, the author of this lively and profoundly interesting volume. For, admirable as was his work as Chief of Staff to Lord Plumer's IIInd Army during the days of The-War-Called-Great, his ultimate fame will surely rest upon his masterly handling of the highly ticklish situation which arose when, in 1922, the urge of the triumphant Kemalists to chase their faltering Greek antagonists back from Asia across to the plains of Thrace, threatened to bring them into collision with the Allied Army of Occupation based on Constantinople and the Gallipoli Peninsula. As always, the army in question consisted of little more than a Corporal's Guard; and it was only by the consummate tact and diplomatic firmness displayed by "Tim" Harington that a conflagration was averted.

Unhappily, there were those in the tottering Coalition Government of Mr. Lloyd George who would have welcomed the red herring of an overseas war as a means of distracting attention from the morass of ineptitude and misgovernment into which affairs had sunk at home. Thus, while it could be said that Harington had preserved the peace abroad, he had signally failed to preserve the Coalition's chances of a return

to power with the General Election which shortly followed. It is, therefore, small matter for surprise, to those who bear in mind that political mentalities are better at remembering a grudge than at recalling a service, to learn that the victor of Mudania was denied his Field Marshal's bâton and the post of C.I.G.S., to which it might almost be said that he possessed a prescriptive right.

But "Tim" was too good a cricketer and too big a man to "appeal." He did the jobs to which he was thereafter assigned with that conscientiousness, competence and sincerity which, combined with a simple directness of character which bordered upon genius, commanded the respect and affection of all who had the good fortune to come into contact with him. How well he performed each and every task that came to hand, whether of work or of play, this unpretentious chronicle, despite all absence of literary artifice—or maybe because of it—makes abundantly clear.

The brave, sane book of a man who played a clean, straight bat from the very first trial ball to that moment when the Umpire signalled that the stumps be drawn. R.H.

"Fieldcraft, Sniping and Intelligence." By Major N. A. D. Armstrong, O.B.E., F.R.G.S. (Gale and Polden.) 6s. 6d.

No one could be better qualified to write on this subject than Major Armstrong. The author was Chief Reconnaissance Officer to the Canadian Army and he is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

The work should prove an invaluable assistance to officers for the purpose of instructing their scouts and snipers. Training scouts and snipers to-day presents a greater problem than it did during the last war, because with the advent of mechanization mankind has to a considerable extent been removed from animal life. The author stresses the importance of studying nature—viz., page 39:—"Animal Life.—Knowledge of animal life and experience of woods is a great help to the sniping or scout officer in the use of camouflage. Nearly every animal has been given a certain amount of protective colour which will

blend more or less with its surroundings in both light and shadow a great many animals and birds appear to have a very good knowledge of their visibility, and how to render themselves inconspicuous as possible."

In the old days it was a simple matter to find men in a squadron of cavalry or company of infantry with a vast knowledge of animal and country life—viz., gamekeepers or their sons, herds, stablemen (for horsemen are ever naturally observant particularly those who have been employed as hunt servants) and one must not eliminate the poachers who had learnt to hide from keepers with as much skill as they had used in stalking game. These men including the latter "scallywag" element invariably produced excellent scouting material!

The book includes every possible subject and detail which the scout or sniper may require including the use of telescope, camouflage, writing of reports, map reading down to the examination and interpretation of aeroplane photographs. It is well illustrated with photographs and diagrams. Strongly recommended.

F.C.H.

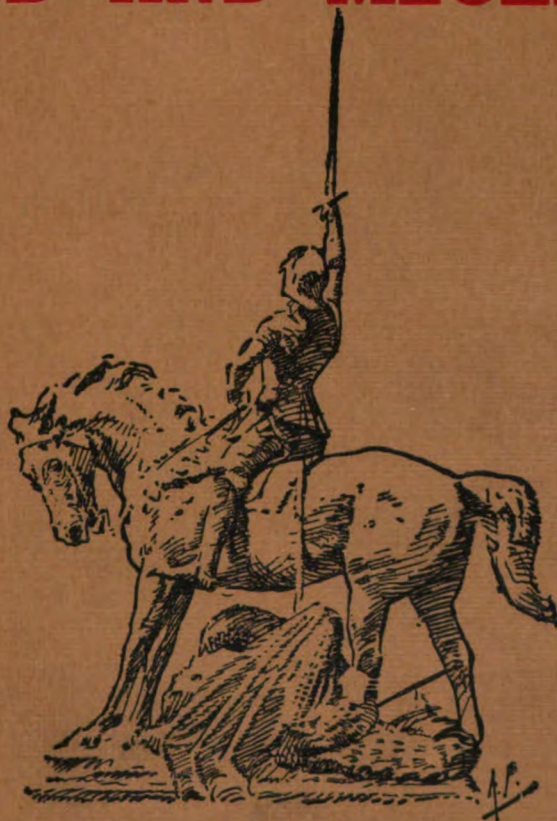


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THE ROLL CALL—BALAKLAVA
By R Caton Woodville

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of the CAVALRY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In an article in the April number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL entitled “The Old Hussars,” it is stated on pages 196 and 197 that Lord Cornwallis, the British commander, was besieged in New York and there surrendered to Washington.

This should, of course, have read as Yorktown. Yorktown is in Virginia, on the York River, 65 miles south-east of Richmond. Cornwallis having withdrawn into it with his whole force of about 7,200 men, its investment by some 16,000 Americans and French began on October 5th, 1781, and lasted till October 19th, when Cornwallis having expended his last barrel of powder, surrendered.

The town was again besieged during the American Civil War in 1862, when it was held for a month by the Confederates.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST RYAN.

To the Editor of the CAVALRY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Colonel Granville Baker in his interesting article on “The Chivalry of Poland” in the April CAVALRY JOURNAL, mentions that the original lancer headdress was a round cap of fur and cloth, with what has become the characteristic lancer square top.

It may be added that this original cap was revived in the

A

'sixties of the last century for the Austrian Uhlans, being given the fanciful name of *tatarka* as resembling the headgear of the Tartar tribes of Central Asia. It lasted only a year or so, being superseded by a striking lance cap with an extremely narrow neck and crown, which was worn by Austrian lancers till their extinction at the end of the last Great War. Specimens of the *tatarka* with eagle feather plume are to be seen in the Army Museum of the former Arsenal in Vienna, and a photograph of the Polish *czapka* (literally "cap"), last worn in the Austrian cavalry, appeared in the January, 1938, number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Regarding the Napoleonic lancers, only the regiments of Polish origin wore the *czapka*, those raised in France having instead a brass helmet with bearskin crest. They were called *Cheveau-légers Lanciers*, and all of them earned our respect as doughty opponents during the Peninsular War and at Waterloo.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST RYAN.



NOLAN AND BALAKLAVA

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

“ *Where bullets whistle, and round shot whiz,
Hoofs trample, and blades flash bare,
God send me an ending as fair as his
Who died in his stirrups there !* ”

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

THE career of Captain Edward Nolan furnishes one of the most decorative and at the same time fascinating stories ever provided by a regimental cavalry officer of the line. There is a decided romantic flavour in his career almost from the cradle to his unknown grave surrounded by that grand atmosphere which can only be created by horses. To cavalymen and horsemen he will always appeal as the ideal *beau sabreur* of the *arme blanche*, emphasizing as he did all the essential characteristics which are embodied in the true meaning of *l'esprit cavalier*.

Nolan's early life was in striking contrast to that of the average British officer who is gazetted to his regiment, or corps from either Sandhurst or Woolwich, except that he had a soldier's background. He was the son of Brevet Major Babington Nolan, who had served in the 61st Foot, later the 2nd Battalion The Gloucester Regiment, and who on retirement from the service accepted the appointment of Vice-Consul at Milan, which was then Austrian terrain and where he settled with his wife and three sons.

The Nolans came of Irish stock, and the subject of this article was the youngest of the three brothers, who were all destined for military careers, not, however, in the British Army.

The eldest son Archibald Buchanan was born in 1816, Edmond de Courcy in 1818, and Edward or Lewis Edward, as he appears in the Army Lists, was born in 1820.

Through the influence of one of the Austrian Archdukes—Major Nolan in his official capacity being in close touch and very popular with the Austro-Hungarian Court—the three brothers duly entered the Austrian Military College. It was, however, the father's intention of eventually having one of his sons transferred into British Cavalry, which then demanded a substantial purse for the purchase of a commission. Living in a foreign cavalry regiment did not present such a financial obstacle, and with the Irishman's ingrained love of horses which is hereditary even with the poorest of Erin's sons, a Hungarian Hussar regiment appeared to provide the outlet for such natural inclinations.

Hungary is the traditional home of the Hussar* as Poland has likewise been regarded as the birthplace of the Lancer. Hungary, too, can be likened to Ireland as being the very cradle of the horse, and no doubt the Puszta of the Hortobágy with the droves of horses reminded the young Nolans of the pastures of Tipperary and Limerick. Archibald Nolan was commissioned into an Austro-Hungarian Hussar Regiment, Edmond de Courcy received his commission in the 5th Regiment of Hungarian Hussars, whilst Edward was gazetted to the 10th Regiment of Imperial Hussars (Hungarian) having passed with credit through the Viennese Military College. He was the only one of the three brothers to join the British Army, which he did in April, 1839, having purchased a Cornetcy in the 15th The King's Hussars, after being nominated by Lord Fitz Roy Somerset at Horse Guards. He had the previous year been presented at the Coronation Levée in the uniform of a Hungarian Hussar by Prince Paul d'Esterhazy, and he had witnessed the Coronation Review in Hyde Park, which became renowned for the humiliating experience suffered by the veteran of Napoleonic Wars, Marshal Soult, in being "dropped" by his horse during the ceremony.

On joining the 15th, Nolan had the advantage of some years of soldiering in Hungary and on the Polish frontier, and he had already established a reputation as a horsemaster of outstanding

* The word Hussar is of Hungarian extraction—Huszárók.

merit, and as a brilliant swordsman ; further, the continental background had given him scope for becoming a linguist, and he had perfect command of French, German, Italian and Hungarian. In his keenness to join British Cavalry he was prepared to sacrifice his seniority and place as the Senior Lieutenant in the 10th Hungarian Hussars, and fall in at the foot of the roster of a British regiment. Nolan's name first appears as a Cornet in the "Fifteenth" in the Army List of 1840. There were reasons why he should select this regiment, the 15th Hussars was under orders for India where he wished to serve in order to exploit his theories in training cavalry remounts, and study the various types of horses, and test the stamina of the entire Arab over other breeds under military conditions. Further, his father appears to have had several friends serving in the Madras Presidency, and the 15th were earmarked for Bangalore. Later we find he fulfilled the rôle of A.D.C. to Sir Henry Pottinger, Governor of Madras, but not before he had completed some twelve years' service with his regiment.

There appears to have been another reason for his choice of regiments, the "Fifteenth" had strong historical associations with Austro-Hungary. As the 15th Light Dragoons they had charged at Villers-en-Cauchies, 1794 (hard by Le Cateau, the scene of several cavalry encounters in August, 1914), alongside the Hungarian Leopold Hussars against the French. In this action, which was a splendid example of the shock tactics, élan, and initiative which cavalry can employ, the 15th particularly distinguished themselves and wrested colours from the French infantry whom they charged down.*

* Up to within recent years, or whilst the 15th Hussars remained on the "horsed" establishment of the army, the Battle of Embsdorf, 1760, was commemorated by the regiment in displaying crossed Bourbon flags reversed on their drum banners and on the hind corners of their shabracques. They had also displayed their unique device on the plate of their Light Dragoon helmet before they were converted into Hussars. These emblems being such reminders of a French defeat caused much embarrassment in French circles and the method of displaying them pointing downwards wrangled considerably, accordingly there was much pressure to have them removed from the crest and appointments of the regiment. The removal of any emblem or device embracing such regimental tradition as a trophy of war is to be deplored. One believes that during the Great War years the French likewise brought pressure to bear regarding the eagles so proudly worn by the Royals, The Greys, and the Royal Irish Fusiliers, emblems likewise demonstrating French reverses and outstanding incidents in the histories of the respective regiments. One

For this conspicuous share in the defeat of the French, several officers of the 15th were awarded the Order of Queen Maria Theresa.

The 15th Hussars embarked for India in January, 1840, the regiment being accommodated in three troopships, that in which Cornet Nolan sailed was the well known "Malabar," one of those Indian troopships which was derisively styled "Lobster Pots" by the long-suffering soldiers owing to the fact that they combined a maximum of internal discomfort with a minimum of stability at sea. The ship was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Walter Scott, Bart., son of the Scottish bard, who was second in command of the Regiment.

At Cannanore on the Malabar coast this third of the regiment disembarked and proceeded to the most southern Cavalry Station in India—that of Bangalore, where the regiment became united. Throughout his thirteen years' service in India Nolan showed a remarkable zest for soldiering, training remounts,

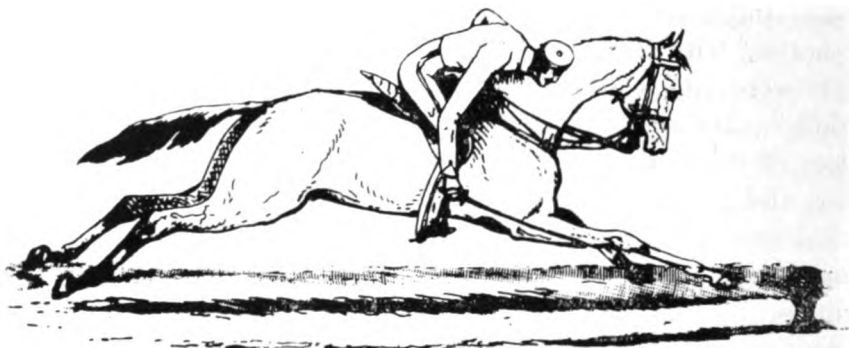
recalls that it was also suggested that the nomenclature of Trafalgar Square and Waterloo Place should be altered to appease French sentiments in order to foster the "entente cordiale!"

One applauded the restoration in 1938 of the well known badge of the Austrian double-headed eagle belonging to the 1st King's Dragoon Guards. For eighteen years from 1896 to 1914—the K.D.G.'s had the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria as Colonel-in-Chief and the crest of the House of Habsburg was adopted as a compliment to him. The connection, however, between the regiment and Austria had commenced as far back as the War of the Austrian Succession, 1740-48, when the K.D.G.'s took the field on behalf of Queen Maria Theresa. On the outbreak of war in August, 1914, the Emperor of Austria wrote to the regiment conveying his sorrow at the coming conflict and stated that if any member of the K.D.G.'s should happen to be taken prisoner by Austro-Hungarian troops he should be informed of the fact instantly by the regiment.

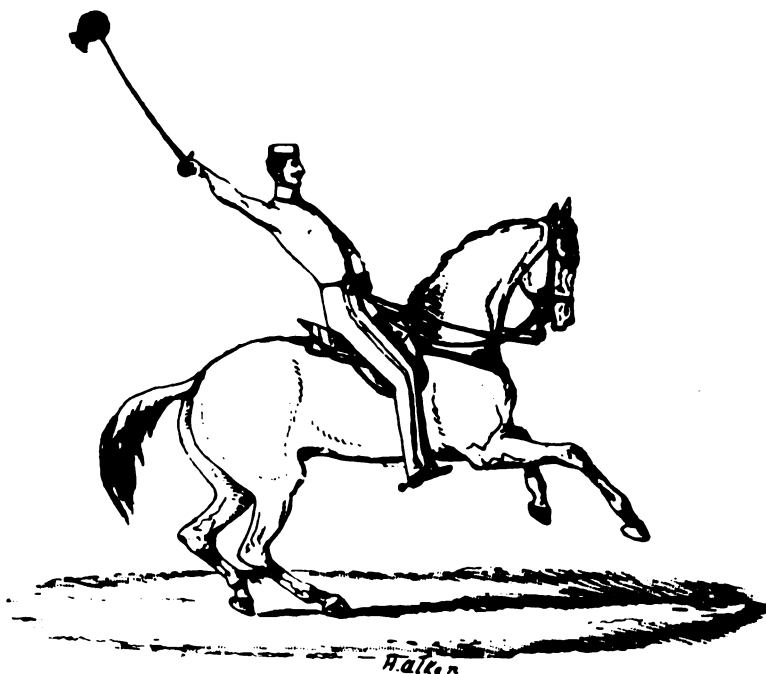
In 1915, the regiment was ordered to remove the Austrian badge from their headress and a star badge embracing the letters K.D.G. was substituted; simultaneously the regiment was ordered to discontinue wearing decorations awarded by the Emperor. The writer happened to be at the Base Camp, Rouen, when this order was circulated and he recalls the disgruntlement of some K.D.G. officers who had to deprive themselves of Austrian medal ribbons. It is unsound policy ever to tamper with regimental insignia or to remove any emblem embodying traditions which are so essential for the fostering of *esprit de corps*; it was, however, somewhat ironical that the Austrian badge, which the regiment had been agitating for, should have been restored barely two months before the Anschluss became a *fait accompli*.

The 14th King's Hussars likewise obtained sanction for the revival of their former badge, the Prussian Eagle, which was discarded during the Great War (in 1915) for their original badge of the Royal Crest within the Garter.

In 1798, the Prussian Eagle was approved as the badge for the 14th Light Dragoons in honour of the Princess Royal of Prussia, Duchess of York, having been appointed Royal Patroness of the regiment. It was not, therefore, an emblem associated with the battlefield but it had been displayed on the headress, the sabretaches and shabraques of the 14th throughout their many campaigns which embraced such battle honours as those numerous cavalry actions in the Peninsula, in the Punjab, the Central Indian, and South African Campaigns.



PREPARING TO PICK UP A BASKET HEAD.



THROWING UP THE LAST HEAD, AND BRINGING THE HORSE TO A CANTER.

From Captain Nolan's Training of Cavalry Remount Horses.

and carrying out endurance tests with such breeds as the Arab, Persian and Turcoman which he considered were unrivalled as war horses, with the exception of "the fine Irish troop horses" which were not then as he stated "to be procured in the market." He also carried out trials in order to test the capabilities of troop horses as well as the relative merits of entire horses and geldings for the purposes of war. These tests were carried out by a squadron of the 15th Hussars, 100 troopers being mounted on stallions, and 100 being mounted on geldings.

This squadron marched upwards of 800 miles from Bangalore to Hyderabad, and returned to Bangalore 400 miles by forced marches, only one rest day being allowed. The last six marches were made at the rate of thirty miles a day.

Stallions and geldings did their work equally well and were all in good condition on their return, only one led horse being brought in.

The result of the test went in favour of the geldings as they had all been gelded without reference to age only six months previous to the trial.

It is recorded that Nolan learnt Hindustani and several native dialects, and found time to write his books entitled: "The Training of Cavalry Remount Horses," and "Cavalry; its History and Tactics."

The former work was published in 1852 and was a treatise on equitation based on Baucher's "*methode*" of training horses, which system had been applied successfully to British Cavalry horses in India by Nolan. This book, which is profusely illustrated by the celebrated artist Alken in fascinating black and white sketches, depicts the author in the saddle. Nolan was strikingly good-looking and had a lithe horseman's figure. One has only to regard the portrait of the author in the History of the 15th Hussars and compare it with Alken's illustrations to see how ably the artist has taken Nolan for his model. This work includes several interesting letters written by Nolan's Commanding Officers testifying to the soundness of his methods and the excellent results obtained by their employment with

horses of various descriptions—Arab, Persian, Cape, Waler, and the country-bred of India.

His second book, "Cavalry; its History and Tactics," was first published in 1853, and it went into several editions. In this book, which aroused the attention of the authorities at Horse Guards, he recorded his views on the correct employment of cavalry, and the role of the various branches, *i.e.* Hussar, Dragoon, Cuirassier and Lancer, and Cavalry versus Cavalry, and Cavalry versus Infantry. He based his theories on the history of successful cavalry encounters in the various theatres of war from the days of Gustavus Adolphus and the lessons to be learnt from Cromwell's tactics at Marston Moor, in fact he made a vast research into military literature when he wrote this altogether very admirable work.

Several chapters are devoted to arms, accoutrements and saddlery and he pointed out the mistake of using a cumbersome saddle with heavily padded panels which prevented the rider from sitting in close against his horse, and from applying the necessary leg pressure. He severely criticised the Hussar saddle of the day which raised the rider high off his horse and which was the cause of so many sore backs. He advocated a saddle of hunting pattern which facilitated grip and comfort for mount and man, and preferred a natural hunting seat to the rigid military position.

Nolan deplored the fact that our military riding was being influenced by the continental style or that adopted by the French and Germans which was stiff and artificial.

Further, he considered that Haute Ecole and the methods practised in the continental school, *viz.*, teaching the "airs de manège" such as croupades, pirouettes, etc., cramped the style of the soldier and that the intensified study of these monotonous riding school movements killed the initiative or élan of the cavalry man. "No officer," he wisely pointed out, "would for a moment think of riding cross country in a foreign seat, or in any other manège fashion," and he states, "the Ironsides of Cromwell kept their national and natural seats, and rode on the field of battle as they would have ridden across country."



“REINING IN”—THE HORSE YIELDING.

An illustration reproduced from the *Training of Cavalry Remount Horses*, by Captain L. E. Nolan, depicting the author in the saddle, by H. Atken.

Further, the horses themselves got overbent and developed a cramped unnatural action or gait from such concentrated manège work. He records that in some of the foreign armies detachments were sent to their various riding schools where they remained for a year's instruction carrying out nothing but riding school work and never going at a faster pace than a canter. In fact the men had never ridden their horses at speed or used their arms at that pace when they were returned to their regiments.

To emphasize the importance of saddlery for the efficiency of cavalry he quotes the following letter from that great cavalry leader Cromwell styled in his quaint phraseology.

WISBEACH, THIS DAY,
11th Nov. 1642.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Let the Saddler see to the Horse-gear. I learn, from one, many are ill-served. If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as nought.

"From your friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"To AUDITOR SQUIRE" (subsequently Cornet Squire).

"Every Cavalry officer," remarks the author, "will do well to remember this curt epistle which will prove the attention Cromwell bestowed on horse, gear and sharp swords."

The preface of both these books was written by the author on his return from India in the Army and Navy Club, that to his second publication being dated 1st July, 1853.*

Thus, he never allowed his passion for horses to outweigh his interest in his profession, and he had become well known on the Turf in India, winning numerous races at Guindy Park, Madras, and at other meetings.

When the 15th Hussars completed their tour of Indian Service they returned to England, but the indefatigable Nolan

* The 15th Hussars could claim another very distinguished writer on horses in Lieut.-General Sir F. Fitzwygram, Bart., formerly of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, who was colonel of the "Fifteenth" from 1891 to 1904. His well-known book, "Horses and Stables" is a classic on the subject of stable management.

preceded them by some months to visit Turkey and Russia in order to study their respective military systems and methods employed by their cavalry for training for war.* He made an exhaustive study of the Russian Army which was to prove of immense value the following year, in fact such invaluable information, and such a knowledge of these countries did he obtain, that he was on the outbreak of the Crimean War dispatched in advance of our Army to purchase suitable remounts and mules for that theatre of war in Turkey. Whilst on this mission he made such a fine selection of horses that he received the thanks of Lord Raglan for his services and was appointed A.D.C. to Lord Airey, Chief of Staff to Lord Raglan. He thus got his everlasting wish to see active service which he would have missed had he remained with his regiment, for the "Fighting Fifteenth" were not destined to take part in the campaign.

BALAKLAVA

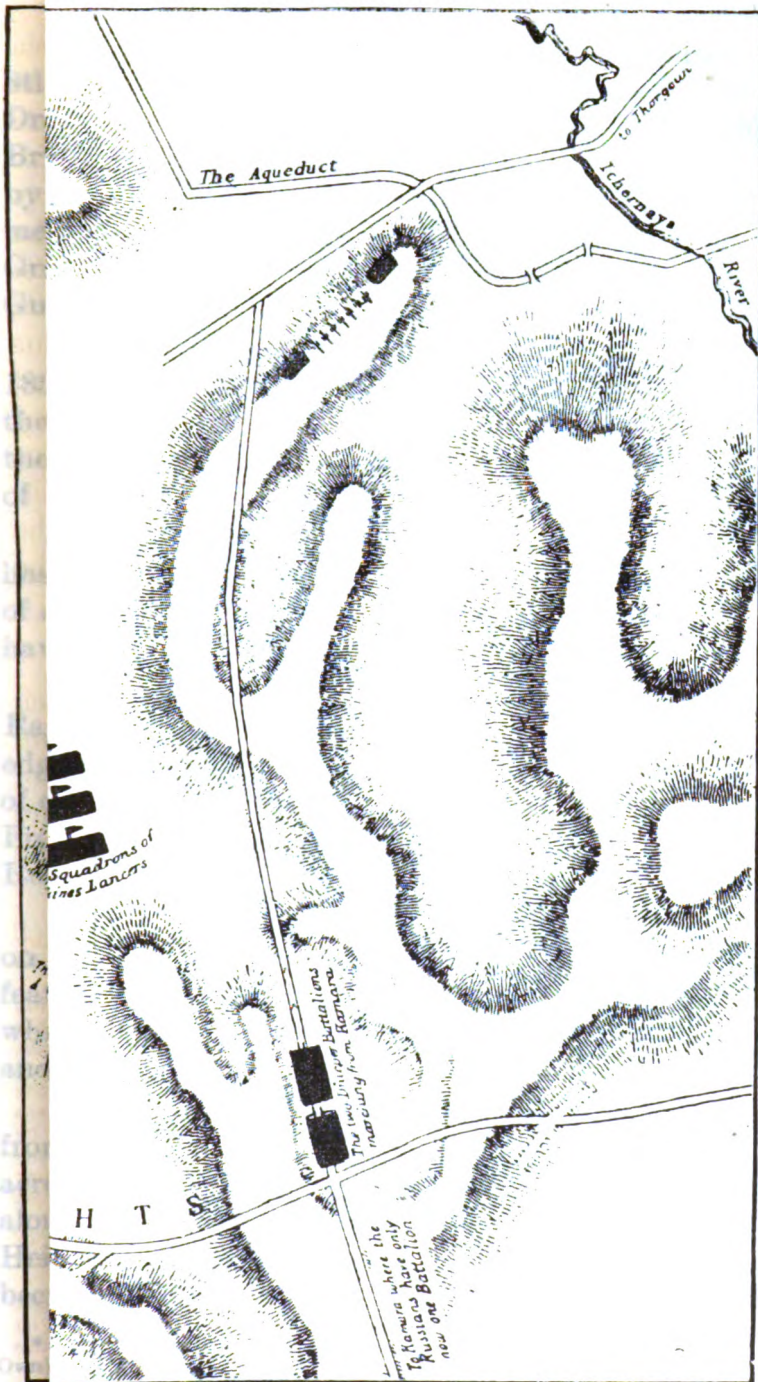
Since their arrival in the Crimea the cavalry regiments which comprised the Light and Heavy Brigades of the Cavalry Division, commanded by Lord Lucan, have been drawn up in front of their encampment, standing to their horses one hour before daybreak, awaiting the Russian threat to their base—the harbour of Balaklava.

* Nolan was so much impressed with the type of bridle used by the Russian cavalry regiments that he brought back a military bridle and head stall from Russia which he contrived to improve on for campaigning.

It was simplicity to the extreme and had only four buckles, the bit and bridoon being attached by hooks and links enabling the bit to be slipped out of the horse's mouth for feeding. Buckles on reins were an anathema to Nolan and he wisely stated that that rein should be sewn on for the strain is then on the breadth of the rein instead of the tongue of the buckle. According to Nolan the Carabiniers and Inniskillings used bridles of a more workmanlike pattern than the Russians at this period. On his return from Russia he was stationed at Maidstone with the depot troop of the 15th, and whilst he was there he carried out experiments with saddlery of his own design or modelled on those used by the various European armies. Apparently the old firm of saddlers—Messrs. Gibson, of 6 New Coventry street, constructed a number of saddles designed by Nolan. It is of interest to note his remarks on biting, great stress being placed on the proper bit.

This was a subject which was on the continent regarded as a science. "The art of suiting to each horse a bit of more or less power, according to the shape of the mouth, the sensitiveness, and the temper of the animal is looked upon abroad as a science."

"They say that the best broken horse would be ruined if a bit was put in his mouth which did not suit." Nolan believed in "finding the key to the horse's mouth," and he continues "they will tell you seriously that to shorten the curb chain one link, or to use a bit half an inch longer or shorter in the cheek, will make the difference between a well-broken horse and a restive one."



e in support. Lord Lucan's

the History of the 11th Hussars

The Light Brigade consisting of the *4th Light Dragoons, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, 11th Hussars, †13th Light Dragoons, and 17th Lancers, was under the command of Brigadier Lord Cardigan. The Heavy Brigade, commanded by Brigadier The Hon. Scarlett, likewise consisted of five regiments in The 1st Royal Dragoons, 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, and 5th Dragoon Guards.

The Light Brigade on this raw cold morning of 25th October, 1854, could only muster 673 of all ranks on parade, approximately the equivalent of a single regiment at war establishment, whilst the parade strength of the "Heavies" was round about 800 of all ranks.

Sickness has taken its toll, warm clothing, food and forage has been conspicuous by its absence in this most mismanaged of all our campaigns, and if the troops have suffered, the horses have suffered doubly and have succumbed like flies.

Every morning at this "Stand to" hour, it was Lord Raglan's custom to gallop up to the commanding ground on the edge of the plateau which overlooked the anticipated theatre of operations accompanied by his own and French staff officers. From this coign of vantage Lord Raglan could depict the Russian hordes massing for their attack on the British base.

In order to follow the course of the fighting which occurred on this memorable day it is essential to note the topographical features of the terrain and refer to the preliminary incidents which were responsible for launching firstly, the Heavy Brigade and secondly, the Light Brigade into battle.

Some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles due north of Balaklava stretched a valley from east to west of some $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, the narrowest part across the valley measured approximately 5 furlongs. Right along the southern ridge overlooking the valley lay the Causeway Heights crowned by six redoubts held by the Turks, who have been loaned some of our naval 12-pounders, which protected

* 4th Light Dragoons converted into Hussars in 1861, with the title of the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars.

† 13th Light Dragoons converted into Hussars in 1861.

to some extent Balaklava—the very natural Russian objective—which the Cavalry Division had orders to protect as well as their own camp.

The Russians at this critical moment had driven the Turkish garrisons out of the redoubts and Lord Raglan was faced with a serious situation with Russian Cavalry streaming over this ridge or Hog's Back into the southern valley. In their path, however, lay a knoll where a feat of arms was enacted and which has been handed down in our fighting annals as "the Thin Red Line." The 93rd Highlanders (now the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) received the Russian horsemen with cold steel and a withering fire and the Russians, whether of the old Imperial Army or of the loathed Bolshevik calibre had no great stomach for meeting resolute British troops. In fact the 93rd, under the veteran Colin Campbell, inflicted such a severe hiding to the Russians that the remnants turned tail and galloped off. (Here, incidentally, the 93rd gained a richly deserved and unique distinction for infantry in receiving the cavalry battle-honour Balaklava and the bar on their Crimean medals.)

But this was only the vanguard of the Russian army advancing from the east and heading to the Balaklava harbour, simultaneously as this force advanced our Heavy Brigade was riding on a converging route bound for the same destination completely unaware of the fact that a force of 3,000 was less than a quarter of a mile away.

Suddenly a veritable forest of lances with the broad Russian pennants makes its appearance over the ridge, the situation demands instant action and Scarlett with a true cavalryman's alertness of mind, grasps the opportunity and wheeling his leading regiments, the Greys and Inniskillings, old comrades of the Union Brigade at Waterloo into line he orders the trumpets to sound the Charge. Ahead of his men he leads them hell-for-leather into the grey-green Russian mass which recoils and turns—demoralized. It was a brilliant feat of arms superbly carried out costing only some 80 casualties. (Colonel White, of

the Inniskillings had his helmet almost cut in two ; it is a much treasured regimental trophy to-day.)

* * * * *

Lord Cardigan is riding about in front of the Light Brigade as if it were impatiently but his calm demeanour and cold tranquil voice do not betray his emotions. He is wearing the uniform of his regiment, the 11th Hussars, he has always been justly proud of the "Cherrypickers", of which regiment he is colonel and on which he has lavished large sums of money for their uniform and remounts.

He is at once a striking figure in the decorative uniform of the "Eleventh" with slung pelisse and the distinctive crimson overalls which at this period were more conspicuous as they were worn by the officers over the boots and strapped beneath the instep, the other ranks wearing booted-overalls.

What manner of man might this Brigade Commander, who was destined to fulfil such a distinguished rôle in this most famous of all cavalry charges, have been ? James Thomas Brudenell, 7th Earl of Cardigan, had earned a reputation of being a martinet for his severity and harshness ; in fact, some of the officers of the "Eleventh" had resigned their commissions rather than subject themselves to his tyrannical regime. So far in his career he has never seen active service, which fact has galled him considerably, as it would naturally sour any true professional soldier. Nevertheless, he has always shown himself courageous to a degree and has figured in a duel in which he wounded Captain Harvey Tuckett, late 11th Hussars, on Wimbledon Common. (For "feloniously shooting" his opponent resulted in his being tried by his fellow peers in the House of Lords and in being acquitted. It was stated at the trial by one of the witnesses that he was recognised on his arrest as "a real lord because he swore something fearful.")

Inheriting the aristocratic features of the Brudenell family and of tall stature he is now rising 60, 57 to be precise, but he can boast a slim lithe figure which is characteristic of men who have all their lives been inseparable from the saddle. His

worst enemies—and he has not a few—envy his seat on a horse.

After a discussion with Captain Morris, 17th Lancers, who was urging him to ignore his orders and exploit the success of the Heavy Brigade by falling on the retreating Russian horsemen, Lord Cardigan rides forward on his magnificent chestnut to take up his position eight horse-lengths in front of his command, his body moving in rhythm with his horse's action.

But the strict discipline of the barrack square prevails, Lord Lucan's orders are to protect this very piece of ground and the cavalry camp. In spite, however, of his strict obedience to these orders he does not curb his remarkable flow of language at having to comply with them. "Damn those Heavies!" he mutters, "They have the laugh of us this day."

Meanwhile on the commanding ground at the western end of the valley Lord Raglan fumes at the Light Brigade's inaction; the presence of the French staff* was not conducive to his calmness; the French have always been renowned for their criticism of the British army and up till this campaign had been our traditional enemies. Raglan felt he had to uphold the

* The French Staff Officers who were witnessing this glorious feat of the Light Cavalry Brigade are reputed to have exclaimed "C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre," to which General Bosquet added his quota of criticism "C'est de la folie." Caurobet the French C-in-C. considered a charge by cavalry against guns in action was the height of insanity. Barely sixteen years later he was destined to see French gunners being sabred at their guns by the 12th Cavalry Brigade of the Prussian Army at Mars-la-Tour. This daring charge, known as the "Death Ride" which was carried out by the 7th Magdeburg Cuirassiers and the 16th Uhlans under Von Bredow, prevented the union of the French Army of the Rhine under Bazaine with the Army of Châlons under MacMahon, which was so instrumental in the defeat of France and the formation of the German Empire. The German Army was thrilled in admiration and without doubt no little envy for the indomitable courage displayed by the British cavalry. Balaklava acted as an inspiration to Von Bredow, who undertook his audacious charge without, however, having to contend with enfilade fire from his flanks, and further a depression in the terrain concealed his approach for some considerable distance, and he was favoured by an error on the part of the French battery commander who believed the advancing horsemen to be French!

When the elated Germans were celebrating their victory they said "Our troopers went through the French guns as the English went through the Russian guns at Balaklava." The fame of Cardigan's exploit could never die.

In his absorbing description of "The Death Ride," or to give it the French rendering, "Le Chevauche de la Mort," the late Colonel F. E. Whitton has recorded that "Six squadrons well led, well handled and charging home, had in forty minutes altered the history of the world."

The field of battle is not unknown to find stereotyped theories, and even the principles of war as set out in the text books, at fault on occasions for nothing is impossible in warfare for resolute and disciplined troops imbued with the true fighting spirit when they are audaciously led.

This war has furnished a superb example in the exploits of the 12th Lancers in Belgium in May, 1940, which were referred to officially as "an example to all of what can be achieved by a highly trained and disciplined regiment, fearlessly led."

honour of the army under such critical eyes. He can see Russian troops massing at the end of the valley whilst on the high ground on both flanks of the valley is held by the enemy. It appears to him and his staff that the Russians were abandoning the Turkish redoubts overlooking Balaklava which they had just captured and he imagines he sees teams of Russian artillery horses coming forward to remove the captured British naval guns which the Turks had abandoned. In those good days the loss of a gun was indeed a stigma on the escutcheon of a regiment, or a corps, and we know how men of the calibre of Lord Roberts' son and the late General Congreve, V.C., afterwards risked their lives to save the guns at Colenso. Likewise the saving of the guns at Maiwand, Afghanistan, in spite of the casualties incurred, amply repaid the rescuers and upheld the honour of that force. The exploits of the 9th Lancers in the retreat from Mons and the feat of the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers in manhandling our teamless guns out of action at Etreux in August, 1914, in the face of a regiment of Uhlans which they badly mauled, are deeds which should never be allowed to fade.

Here occurred the blunder, Lord Raglan having jumped to the wrong conclusion, for the Russians were not removing the guns, in fact they remained there until the end of the war. Rightly he decided that the guns must be saved, for if the Russian army could claim the capture of British guns it would reflect seriously on the prestige of the army in the Crimea ; he, therefore, decided that the Light Brigade should go to the rescue.

Pulling a notebook from his sabretache, Airey, his Chief of Staff, scribbles a message to Lord Lucan. There were several gallopers standing by, and the first for duty steps forward to be waived aside brusquely by Lord Raglan saying "Send Nolan." He could see from the steepness and the extremely rugged nature of the terrain that it would demand an expert horseman to deliver this message speedily and safely. Perhaps, too, Lord Raglan was aware of the fact that Nolan was good-humouredly referred to as "that madman", for he had a reputation somewhat similar to the intrepid Graf Moritz Sandor of

Austro-Hungary, famed for his feats in the saddle. As he swings on to his horse Lord Raglan calls out "Tell Lord Lucan the cavalry is to attack immediately." It is enthralling to read eye-witnesses' accounts of Nolan's exploit in delivering this fateful message to Lord Lucan down in the valley where the Light Brigade is standing motionless. The Heavy Brigade, who have just contributed the most audacious and the most forgotten of all cavalry charges in history, are now forming up elated with their thrilling experience. Why the blazes, they wonder, will those Hussars and Lancers not move? As they watched, one regiment, chafing for the order to advance, did actually edge forward but was instantly recalled by the restraining arm of Lord Cardigan.

Suddenly they espied a lone horseman galloping down a precipitous and rugged *Khud* side barely fit for goats. Great was their admiration and no doubt some of them became so excited that only the stern discipline which pervaded that grand force prevented them from giving a "View Holloa!"

Slithering and sliding down on its hocks, Nolan, fine horseman that he was, kept his mount on its legs on this treacherous "going" at a pace and in a manner which made watchers hold their breath, to deliver this historic message over which so much controversy has raged since 1854.

What was the wording of that fateful message which Nolan delivered to Lord Lucan and which launched the Light Brigade into action?

"Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop Horse Artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate.

"(Sd.) R. AIREY."

The words "rapidly to the front" should be borne in mind as the Light Brigade was drawn up facing towards the extreme end of the valley when the message was written.

It is recorded that Lord Lucan was so bewildered at these so obviously insane orders that he hesitated and protested at having to comply with them. Surely it cannot be that Lord

Raglan wishes him to charge some Russian battery at the far end of the North Valley ? His hesitation is too much for the impatient Nolan who reminds him curtly that the cavalry shall attack immediately. "Attack what ?" asks Lord Lucan with no little anger in his voice. "There, my lord, is your enemy ; there are your guns", replied the galloper, simultaneously pointing to the end of the valley, not to the Causeway Heights. Lord Lucan turns to the Brigade Commander, who is his brother-in-law, and with whom he is not on the best of terms, and explains the contents of the message. "But allow me, Sir, to point out to you that the enemy have a battery in the valley in our front, and batteries and riflemen on each flank." Lord Lucan replies "It is Lord Raglan's positive orders." Lord Cardigan brings down his sword in salute and then rides off to take up his place in front of his brigade.

The last word has been said, "there's not to reason why," and he mutters to himself "well, here goes the last of the Brudenells" for he well knew "that someone had blundered."

Calling to Lord George Paget of the 4th Light Dragoons, the next in seniority to himself, he informs him that the Brigade is to attack in two lines with the 11th Hussars, 17th Lancers, and 13th Light Dragoons in front and the 4th Light Dragoons and 8th Hussars in the second line. Lord Lucan, however, directs the C.O. of the "Eleventh" to fall back in echelon to form the second line, making three lines in all, in order to decrease their frontage, which appears too wide for the narrowness of the valley.

Nolan now trots over to his old friend Captain Morris, 17th Lancers, and asks to ride beside him, for he had no intention of being thwarted of this glorious opportunity to take part in the coming charge owing to his duties as galloper to Lord Airey. It was this intention which was uppermost in his mind when he set off with the fateful message.

Captain Morris is on this day in command of the "Death and Glory Boys" but unlike his men who are wearing their lance caps cased, his head-dress is merely a forage cap. Morris is a veteran of much cavalry service in the Sikh War, having

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fought with the 16th Lancers at Aliwal, and at Sabraon where he had been wounded. He is a short stocky man of such physique that he is affectionately alluded to as the "Pocket Hercules" by his brother officers.

Owing to casualties and sickness, command of the other leading regiment, the 13th Light Dragoons has likewise devolved on a squadron officer in Captain Oldham.*

Lord Cardigan takes up his position in front of his Brigade and quietly gives the orders "The Brigade will advance, 'Walk march,' 'Te-rott.'" Not once did he look behind him as he trotted steadily at the head of his command towards the dense clouds of smoke which began to rise at the far end of the valley. Coolly he takes his line of country to ride by the centre flash of flame which came from the Russian battery. Suddenly and without sound of trumpet† but conforming to the example set by its Brigadier the Light Brigade breaks into what we would term a collected canter with a parade ground precision. It is at this psychological moment that Nolan races out from his place alongside Captain Morris of the 17th, diagonally across the front from left to right, riding in front of his Brigade Commander who has already suffered interference with his Command by Lord Lucan. Nolan waves his sword wildly in the direction of the Causeway Heights as if to indicate to Lord Cardigan the true interpretation of the message he had conveyed and to endeavour to rectify the mistake by diverting the Brigade towards the guns in the old Turkish redoubts on the Causeway Heights instead of down the valley as indicated by Lord Raglan. At that moment, however, a shell bursts beside Lord Cardigan and a fragment struck the gallant Nolan to

* Killed in the charge.

† In spite of conflicting accounts it would appear to have been established that the "charge" was not sounded at Balaklava.

The late General Sir Robert White, K.C.B., who as a captain in the 17th Lancers on that day and who led the squadron of direction riding just to the rear of Lord Cardigan's right hand until he was severely wounded, has recorded that "the omission to sound the 'charge' was due to the fact that the interval succeeding the initial call 'Walk March' was so interrupted by the storm of shot and shell assailing the Brigade that any subsequent calls, such as 'Trot' or 'Charge' were useless, as the whole Brigade were only too anxious to forge ahead and thus escape, if possible, from that 'inferno of enflaming fire.'"

Should "the actual clear and unmistakable trumpet call of 'Charge' have been sounded it was not sounded sufficiently distinctly to have been heard, or indeed acted upon."

the heart. He gives a muffled yell, his sword arm drops, and his horse swerves and gallops back with its lifeless burden through the squadron intervals of the 13th Light Dragoons. Nolan's knees are clenched against the saddle in a vice-like grip emphasising that death itself found it difficult to separate his body from its natural place. On a flank his corpse falls to the ground and his charger, which was a troop horse belonging to the 13th Light Dragoons, was caught by Troop-Sergeant-Major Lincoln of the same regiment, whose own horse had been shot under him. Mounted on Nolan's charger the gallant Lincoln* led his troop of the "Thirteenth" crash into a group of Russian Hussars, again his horse was shot, and it apparently fell across him as he was captured sprawling on the ground.

Morris of the "Seventeenth" had endeavoured to curb the impetuous Nolan from riding out of his place by shouting out "No, no, Nolan, that won't do! We have a long way to go, and must be steady." (One mile and a quarter was the distance the Brigade had to cover before it reached its objective, the Russian guns.)

Shells are now screaming overhead and plunging into the serried ranks from the front and grape and cannister from the old Turkish redoubts on the Causeway Heights on their right flank and shells from the Fedioukine Hills on the left flank are subjecting the horsemen to a raking enfilade fire taking a

* Lincoln was frog marched off by the Muscovites to endure all the hardships which have ever befallen prisoners of war in Russian hands, including torture to extract information. He survived and escaped and lived to the ripe old age of ninety-five, dying, it is to be deplored, within the precincts of a workhouse, a fate which befel many other veterans of Balaklava, which caused Rudyard Kipling to write those tragic lines in 1891, dedicated to the "Last of the Light Brigade," to wring the hearts of a not too charitable England when it was all too late.

"They laid their heads together that were scarred and lined
And gray;
Keen were the Russian sabres, but want was keener than
They;
And an old troop serjeant muttered, 'Let's go to the man
Who writes
The things on Balaclava the kiddies at school recites.'"

Nolan's fallen charger was afterwards identified by the saddlery, and the Hussar pattern bridle with its crossed face-pieces and rosettes (one of which was missing and replaced by an odd one on the eve of Balaklava) together with the throat plume, and his cloak, were retrieved and sent home from the Crimea by Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, and they were afterwards deposited by his grandson in the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall.

B2

terrific toll, but as men and horses bite the earth their places are automatically taken with a parade ground precision by the rear ranks and conform to the dressing knee to knee.

Even in moments of extreme danger Lord Cardigan would brook no affront from a subordinate, now Captain White of the 17th, is the culprit, "Thinking it better as he related afterwards to get out of such a murderous fire, and into the guns, as being the best of two evils." His Brigadier's sword is calmly laid across his chest implying he is about to create a breach of etiquette by riding in front of his Commander.

Not once did Lord Cardigan swerve from his objective, riding straight on that ever recurring flash of the centre gun. As he closed to within 150 yards of the Russian batteries his superb and iron-like control over his command went, racing pace now animated the leading regiments, or all that was left of them. He could no longer restrain the fierce impatience or curb that admirable spirit of regimental rivalry.

A sturdy little cluster of the "Thirteenth" was led by a trooper calling out "Come on! Don't let those — of the 17th get in front of us." That was the spirit which animated all ranks of the Light Brigade as they rode down the Valley of Death, slap in amongst the Russian gunners for whom they had presented such perfect targets and who now in return became the victims of thrusting lances and slashing sabres.

Lord Cardigan had his charger blown half round by the windage of a shot, unscathed he straightened him out and forced his horse through a gap between two guns, and galloped on to pull up alone in front of a mass of Russian Cavalry lined up behind their guns. Such was his impetus, however, that before he could wheel his horse he received a lance wound from a Cossack. He rode back through the guns alone bewildered at his isolation, those of his remnants having forged on into the void, whilst the second and third lines must have swept round the guns on either flank.

There was nothing but carnage and loose horses careering about, some badly maimed were feverishly nibbling at the

bleached up grass and whinnying alternately as is their custom in such circumstances of terror.

Here that superb leader of the 17th, Captain Morris* was severely wounded. He had been actually tethered by his sword arm to the corpse of a Russian officer whom he had run through the chest, and could not withdraw his sword. He was defenceless against the lances of the Cossacks and received two sabre cuts and a lance wound.

Lord George Paget had meanwhile, and in spite of being encumbered by nine riderless horses which closed in upon him, led his second line composed of the 4th Light Dragoons, 8th and 11th Hussars† right through the guns and into the dense mass of Russian horsemen who through lack of initiative or stupefied by fear committed the error of receiving these British warriors at the halt. Then was enacted a remarkable scene of some 200 exhausted remnants of the Light Brigade divided now into two wings and unbeknown to each other, driving the Russian cavalry pell mell from the field. Perhaps the sight of the officer of the 4th Light Dragoons who went completely "berserk" cutting down the Russian gunners until he was dripping with their gore, assisted in demoralizing the Russian troopers.

Lord Cardigan could now discern the Heavy Brigade halted midway down the valley and it surged through his mind that Lucan might have kept back his second and third lines with the "Heavies" and that he had been charging the Russian guns with the first line only. It was characteristic of him that in spite of his terrific ordeal he was the personification of dignity and calmness as he rode slowly back, a solitary horseman along

* In his narrative of Balaklava, Serjeant Major Smith, 11th Hussars, who was unhorsed and was making his escape from Russian Lancers, records the fact of overtaking an officer of the 17th wearing a forage cap—"When I spoke to him he looked over his right shoulder but made no reply, his face was covered in blood. This officer was Captain Morris who had led the 17th Lancers so gallantly. Had I followed him a little further I should have seen him fall down by the dead body of Captain Nolan."

There is no record of Morris having found the body of his friend, in fact, Nolan's body was never identified. It is surmised that Morris must have collapsed at the spot from loss of blood. It is, however, a very touching finale to the camaraderie which had always existed between these outstanding soldiers.

† Here Cornet A. R. Dunne, 11th Hussars, won his Victoria Cross. After the war, Lieutenant Dunne "sold out" but in 1858 assisted to re-raise the 100th Regiment, later The Leinster Regiment, in Canada, becoming its Lieutenant-Colonel in 1861.

the valley, his horse carefully picking its way to avoid the recumbent figures of men and horses which twenty minutes previously formed the bulk of such a superb fighting force. He was still a target for the Russian batteries on either flank but he bore a charmed life and was completely oblivious of any danger.

Actually he was nursing a great grievance which his thrilling experience had failed to dislodge, for Nolan's grave breach of etiquette in riding across him, or "riding him off" so deliberately, following upon Lord Lucan's interference with the 11th Hussars, rankled him sorely and he was rating against the fallen officer whom he believed was only wounded, in no unmeasured terms with his cold, rapier-like tone, until he was interrupted abruptly by Scarlett's voice, "Say no more, my lord, you have nearly ridden over Captain Nolan's dead body."*

The parade strength of the Light Cavalry Brigade on the morning of 25th October, 1854, and the casualties which were incurred appear to have been as follows:—

<i>Regiment</i>	<i>Went into action</i>	<i>Returned</i>	<i>Losses Officers & Men</i>	<i>Casualties amongst Horses</i>
4th Light Dragoons	118	39	79	80
8th Hussars	104	38	66	47
11th Hussars	110	25	85	79
13th Light Dragoons	130	61	69	86
17th Lancers	145	35	110	93

* In spite of his reputation for intolerance and despotism Lord Cardigan was not without a kindlier side to his nature.

Writing in the *CAVALRY JOURNAL* of Oct., 1939, Major Reginald Hargreaves records the fact that it was his Lordship's custom to sit for hours at the bedside of Trumpeter Brittain, 17th Lancers, who acted as his trumpeter on that day and who was severely wounded in the charge. Everything that money could purchase was lavished on the wounded man.

Lord Cardigan died as he would have wished if not destined to be killed in action.

Hacking home after a long day's hunting his horse came down with him at Deene Park, Northamptonshire, and he died from his injuries on March 28th, 1868.

Of the 17th, one officer Sir William Gordon had a miraculous escape due entirely to his horse. Having passed through the Russian battery unwounded he continued in pursuit of the Russians; he was interrupted by a body of Cossacks and received five sabre wounds in head and neck. Hardly able to keep himself in the saddle he lay hugging his horse's neck trying to keep blood out of his eyes. His horse, although badly wounded through the shoulder, managed to stagger back with him out of danger when it collapsed and died almost at the identical spot from where the brigade had launched their attack.

These totals, which are given in the history of the 11th Hussars, show a parade strength of 607. Elsewhere in their history and in the other regimental histories the parade strength is shown as 673. The 4th Hussars history records its strength as 130 officers and men, not 118.

The casualties amongst the horses were 470 killed, 42 wounded, and 43 were "put down" later as being unserviceable or unlikely to recover from their wounds. 113 horses were all that remained and the majority of these were to die from exposure and starvation during the rigorous winter which was to follow! (The intensity of the Muscovite artillery can be understood when it is calculated that the Brigade was exposed to it for under twenty minutes).

When the roll* had been called (at which only two officers and eight mounted troopers of the 13th Light Dragoons put in an appearance) Lord Cardigan rode up to them and said, "Men, it was a mad-brained trick, but it was no fault of mine" to receive instantly the reply, "Never mind, my lord, we are ready to do it again."

* Parties of the enemy's cavalry which were too cowed to stand up against the Light Brigade's attack, afterwards followed up the remnants of the Brigade and beset our stragglers.

According to an account in the history of the 13th Hussars the death-role of the Balaklava Charge was greatly increased by the butchery of wounded men on the field itself, and the spearing of armed or unarmed dismounted officers and troopers by the Russian regulars and Cossacks. Lieutenant Chamberlayne of the 13th, whose favourite horse "Pimento" was shot under him, owed his escape to the following incident: He was seized by the side of, and bemoaning his dead charger, when a brother officer called to him to take off its saddlery—saying: "another horse you will get, but you will not get another saddle and bridle easily." Chamberlayne took his advice and placing the saddle on his head returned back along the valley, threading his way amongst the marauding Cossacks, who were looting our dead and killing our wounded as they lay on the ground. They took Chamberlayne for another pillager, and it was due to this fact that he owed his life.

When the remnants of the Light Brigade got back to their encampment, which had been left without any protection, they discovered that some of their horses which had been left behind tethered to their picket ropes had been mutilated by Cossacks who had broken into the camp. Some of the unfortunate animals had received severe sword cuts across the head and one had received a "terrific gash" across the quarters from these savages.

That night, however, the Light Brigade was to receive a windfall in much needed remounts in the shape of 200 Cossack horses which had stampeded and dashed into our lines to be caught.

However great the blunder had been on this day there is one outstanding fact which is always overlooked in referring to Balaklava as a glorious disaster. Balaklava left the Russian cavalry completely demoralized at the thought of meeting British cavalry, and they could never be got to face our troopers again and galloped away in abject terror. The so-called fruitless charge had therefore proved to have been worth the great sacrifice of life.

Caton Woodville has depicted this scene in an altogether admirable painting which he executed in 1899, having as was his wont questioned veterans of the Charge as to the correct details regarding the uniform, equipment, and saddlery of the respective regiments on that day. Further, he appears from all contemporary accounts to have portrayed the type of horses on which the Brigade was mounted.*

It was indeed deplorable that both Nolan's brothers should have been slain in battle, although the actual dates and details are lacking. It is presumed that they fell in some of these cavalry encounters which signalized the Austrian campaigns, or the Magyar war of 1848 and 1849. That such a family of warriors should have become extinct was a tragedy.

No stone marks the resting place of Edward Nolan, his bones lie, therefore, in an unknown soldier's grave in the Valley of Death, and, as he would have wished, with those of his gallant companions both human and equine of the famous Light Brigade.

But, if his name is not carved on any headstone, it is assuredly carved deeply into the annals of the finest feat ever performed by the *arme blanche*.

Truly did this most accomplished soldier and horseman in an

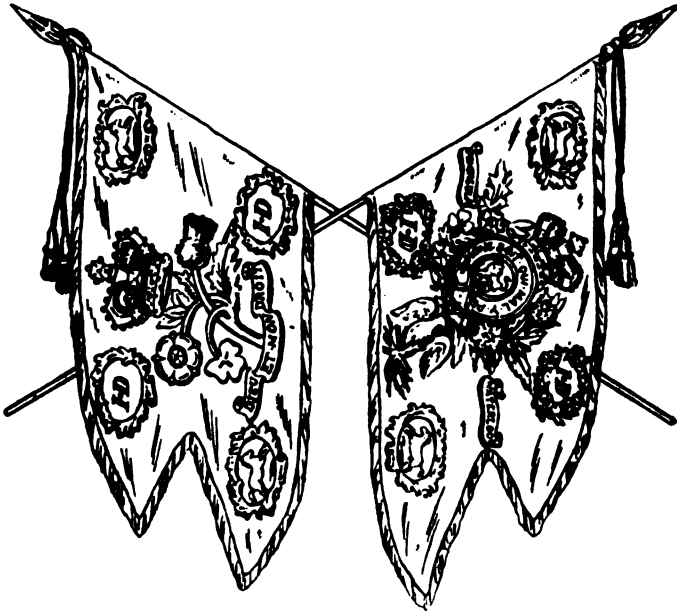
* Conditions were desperate to the extreme and few horses survived the rigours of the winter, the history of the 11th Hussars records the fact that the Cavalry Division had been reduced from 2,000 to 200 available men by December 1854. The horses were picketed out on the plateau near Sebastopol exposed to the winds and where there was "not a blade of grass for the poor animals to nibble." The remnants were used in carrying biscuit up to the front from the harbour, each "dilapidated trooper" leading his horse which he had to assist on this nightmare of a seven miles journey through a veritable quagmire. So covered with sores and so feeble were the poor horses that they often fell exhausted under the burden of eighty pounds to be engulfed in the mud or snow, where their carcasses remained until devoured by the wild dogs. It was remarkable that any man or horse should have survived these appalling conditions. In view of this fact it is amazing to find the remarkable record of a troop horse called "Old Bob" belonging to the "Cherry-pickers," which was afterwards known as "Crimean Bob." This remarkable horse commenced his career in the 15th Hussars and on the embarkation for India was transferred to the 14th Light Dragoons, and afterwards to the "Eleventh." He served throughout the Crimean War and was ridden at the Battle of Alma, Inkermann, and in the charge of Balaklava by the Farrier-Major of the regiment. He was never known to be sick or sorry and returned with the "Eleventh" to the United Kingdom. He died aged approximately thirty-four, in November, 1862, at Cahir, County Tipperary, where the regiment was stationed, after a total of thirty years' service and was buried with military honours at Cahir where a tombstone is to be seen erected to his memory.

age of chivalry and horsemen live up to the cherished motto of the "Fighting Fifteenth"—

"MERE BIMUR."

*"For the hand of my rider felt strange on my bit,
He breathed once or twice like one partially choked,
And sway'd in his seat, then I knew he was hit—
He must have bled fast, for my withers were soaked."*

—ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.



THE CAVALRY BELL

By LIEUT.-COLONEL C. C. R. MURPHY.

TOWARDS the end of the Boxer Rebellion, Wilson's Horse, a regiment that had been raised in India during the dark days of the Mutiny, found themselves encamped outside the city of Tientsin. They were all in the highest of spirits, having just received orders to return to India immediately. During their few months in China they had had a very interesting time, and had seen much that was new and strange to them; but the rebellion itself had proved a tame affair from a soldier's point of view, and all ranks were delighted at the prospect of their impending departure for Meerut, a station justly acclaimed as one of the best in India. Yet the officers of Wilson's Horse had good cause to remember for the rest of their natural lives that brief sojourn in the Celestial Empire.

Near their lines in Tientsin was a temple, possessing a bell with a wonderfully rich tone. It was too heavy to be swung, but when struck—as frequently happened—it gave out notes of rare melody that “trembled away into silence” like the “Lost Chord.” One night, however, the temple caught fire and was burnt to the ground; and when morning broke, all that remained of it was the bell, and two enormous stone demons still guarding what had once been the entrance.

One of the squadron commanders went over and surveyed the ruins. He had a good look at the bell, and came to the conclusion that, in spite of its size, it would make an excellent trophy for the regiment to take back to India. Even if it weighed half a ton, no doubt the regimental comprador would find a means of shifting it. So he went back and broached the idea to his brother officers, but it did not catch on. The colonel sneered at it. The captains jeered at it. The subalterns were profanely humorous about it. Some declared that the bell

would be difficult to move, and in the end would turn out to be rather a white elephant. Others protested that it was not playing the game to loot a temple.

The squadron commander, however, argued that there could be no harm in taking it. There were thousands of bells in China, some of them weighing several tons apiece. Bell-metal was everywhere cheap and plentiful. After all, the soldiers and sailors of the other countries represented in the International Force had been looting right and left, and were going home laden with lump silver and bar gold from Tientsin, and with embroidered silks and dark blue porcelain from the Temple of Heaven. Wilson's Horse, on the other hand, had got nothing worth having, except perhaps a few ugly-looking gods which had been acquired at prices far beyond their face value. He did not see why they should not take away as a souvenir an unwanted bell that was now homeless. No one, however, paid much attention to his argument ; but the major was a masterful man and, undeterred by this lack of enthusiasm, went ahead with his plans for the removal of the bell.

A few days later, the troopship arrived. On the following morning the comprador, whose religious scruples had been set at rest by a suitable *cumshaw*, appeared outside the temple with a gang of coolies. Having raised the great bell from its ashy bed by means of an elaborate arrangement of bamboos, they staggered down the pathway with their load, the two demons scowling diabolically as it passed into the hands of the "foreign devils" and vanished for ever from their own lawful charge. It was then covered over with a tent by way of camouflage, and amid much yelling and shouting was carried down to the wharf and hoisted aboard. That evening the ship sailed ; and in due course, after a slow but uneventful voyage, steamed up the Hooghly and arrived safely in Calcutta.

Disembarkation began at once and proceeded rapidly ; but when men, horses, and baggage had been put ashore, there still remained the problem of the bell. The difficulties of handling it, which had been experienced in Tientsin, had now to be tackled all over again ; and by the time it had been got out of

the hold and put on to a special truck, the quartermaster and his staff had called it all the names they could lay their tongues to.

On arrival at Meerut, the regiment was met by a large crowd of people who had assembled to welcome it. It was many years since the fluttering pennons of Wilson's Horse had been seen in the cantonment; and one of the sowars who had joined there as a recruit was now returning as risaldar-major.

On the following morning, the bell was hauled up from the station to the lines and dumped in the mess compound, where it lay neglected and forgotten for several weeks. When the regiment had settled down in its new surroundings, the major, who had been the first to cast covetous eyes on the bell, and whom the subalterns had irreverently nicknamed "the Bell-wether," was asked what he proposed to do with the white elephant. He now suggested that it should be suspended from a steel framework, to be erected in the compound, and that it should be used as a dinner-gong. No one raised any objection, and the major was allowed to proceed with his scheme. When the work had been completed, one of the mess servants would go out twice nightly and strike the bell a series of sharp blows with a heavy wooden mallet. Thus after months of silence, its deep-throated, silver voice was heard once more—no longer calling the worshippers to the temple, but in the words of Byron as

"That all-softening, overpowering knell
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell."

The innovation, however, was given short shrift. It was never very popular, and the bell, in spite of its wonderful tone, was summarily ousted in favour of the trumpet whose functions it had usurped.

The question then arose as to what should be done with the bell when the regiment left the station. It was far too cumbersome to be moved about from place to place, and the officers therefore decided to bequeath it to the incoming regiment as a handsome legacy.

One morning at breakfast a discussion took place as to what metal the bell was made of. One said copper and tin, or perhaps copper and zinc. Another declared that there must be some lead in it, or it would not be such a tremendous weight. The former, however, argued that if it contained lead it would not possess such a good tone. Finally, the two parties had a bet about it. The stakes, consisting of two tickets in the Calcutta Derby Sweep, were to be handed over to the one whose guess was the nearer. At this stage, the mess president, who had been listening attentively, remarked that perhaps he might be able to assist in deciding the bet, as the assay-master at the Calcutta Mint was an old friend of his. If a lump of the metal were cut off the bell, he would send it to his friend, who no doubt would have it assayed. This was considered an excellent idea. The regimental *mistri* was promptly summoned to the compound, and as soon as the necessary sample had been obtained, it was despatched to the mint with a covering letter. The result was eagerly awaited.

In due course, the mess president received an answer from his friend the expert, to the effect that the bell did not contain any copper, tin, zinc or lead. Both parties were wrong, and the bet was therefore cried off.

The same morning, an emergency mess meeting was called for the following day. At that meeting, the mess president announced that the report he had received from the mint contained the startling news that *the bell was made of silver and gold in the proportion of two parts to one.*

When those assembled had sufficiently recovered from their astonishment, they began to discuss the best way of disposing of their treasure. After a lengthy debate it was decided that the negotiations for the sale of the bell should be entrusted to the regimental agents—one of the leading banks in India. In the meantime, the utmost secrecy was to be observed. Not a word was to be breathed to anyone.

Not long afterwards, the colonel received a letter to say that the bell had been sold for £20,000. He suggested that the money should be divided amongst those officers who had served

with the regiment in China. The Bell-wether, however, demurred and claimed the bell as his own property. He declared that he had been roundly abused for bringing it back to India, and that having received all the kicks, he should now receive the proverbial ha'pence. While the dispute was still going on, one of the officers received a friendly hint from his brother in Simla, who had been let into the secret, warning him that if the Indian Government got to hear about the affair, they would probably step in and confiscate the whole amount. The prize-money was therefore distributed according to the colonel's scheme, the Bell-wether wisely agreeing to accept his share.

The beneficiaries enjoyed their good fortune to the full. The secret of it was well kept ; but their opponents on the polo-ground sometimes wondered how Wilson's Horse had suddenly acquired such a superb string of ponies.



GERMANY'S BLIND SPOT

By "AIGUILLETTE"

"THE British soldier," wrote the late Sir John Fortescue, his historian, "cannot hate his enemies. It is not that he lacks spirit, or would submit to anything. But it is not in him to bear malice against a foe in the field."

In this significant characteristic the British soldier is no more than the mirror of the British nation. Capable we may be of a deep-seated loathing, of a just, cold and deadly anger; but to the blind, animal passion of hatred we do not yield ourselves. And who shall say that we are not rendered the more formidable adversaries by virtue of that very abstention?

By contrast, it would almost seem that the average German "feeds full on hatred as on a natural fruit." From the time of the thirteenth century *Nibelungenlied*, with its exaltation of violence, cupidity and malice, down to the fabrication of those vindictive Racial Discrimination laws that stand to the name of Streicher the Jew-baiter, the red strand of hatred has woven itself ever more firmly into the warp and woof of the Teutonic character until the pattern would now be unrecognizable without it. Moreover, since the programme of German colonial and maritime expansion which made its first tentative appearance in 1884, the tide of Teutonic hatred has been harnessed and directed, almost without deviation, against Britain and all things British.

During the conflict of 1870-71, Teutonic methods of waging war exhibited such a ruthless determination to employ the technique of the Jack-boot that British sympathies were predominantly on the side of the French; and this despite the pusillanimity and ineptitude of Louis Napoleon's conduct of affairs in the field and the very close affiliation existing between the English throne and that of Prussia. It was

a partiality for which Germany—not a little exuberated by that recent federation which had transformed an aggregation of petty States into the Royal and Imperial Empire—was at no pains to hide her exasperation. Nor was the situation bettered when, with the accession of William II, Germany's King and Kaiser found himself *vis-à-vis* an avuncular Heir-Apparent—his junior in “rank”—of such dignified regal poise and polished diplomatic astuteness that his own shallow and meretricious qualities were revealed for the pinchbeck simulacrum of regality that, fundamentally, they were.

More often than not, hatred is the tribute that mean inferiority pays to innate superiority. And the outcome of the Kaiser's subconscious realization that, in contrast with the sturdier, more upright and virile British, the race he ruled compared unfavourably, was his adoption towards his North Sea neighbour of an attitude which alternated between the pose of patronizing mentor and the more congenial rôle of envenomed critic. It was in this latter mood of bitter malice that he penned the notorious “Kruger telegram” at the time of the abortive Jameson Raid. That was a straw which faithfully drew attention to the prevailing direction of the wind. Thereafter, since a manifestation of cold-blooded cruelty may safely be taken as the sure indication of an equal capacity for red-hot hate, it is not without significance to recall the words of the All-Highest, addressed to the German troops destined to join the Allied Forces in the suppression of the Boxer Rebellion. “There will be no quarter, and no prisoners will be taken,” was the bloodthirsty order of the War Lord, whose constant references to himself as the chivalrous knight in shining armour lacked nothing in self-adulation. “As a thousand years ago the Huns under King Attila gained for themselves a name which still stands for terror in tradition and story, so may the name of Germany be impressed by you for a thousand years on China so thoroughly that never again shall a Chinese so much as look askance at a German.”

The Germans are innately, servilely responsive to command ; and when predilection walks hand in hand with obedience,

thoroughness is a goal achieved with singularly little difficulty. Thus the activities of the German contingent throughout the ensuing campaign bore only too painful witness to the whole-hearted manner in which their Kaiser's exhortation had been taken to heart. Moreover, the arrogant and malicious treatment of the British quota, placed under his orders, which characterized the conduct of General Count von Waldersee—who had been invested with supreme command at the Emperor's shrill and nagging insistence—left few doubts as to the festering enmity with which the German attitude towards ourselves as a race was so virulently infected.

Well might Sir Eyre Crowe, in a 1907 Memorandum to the Foreign Office, give it as his solemn and considered opinion that, "the antagonism between England and Germany is too deeply rooted to allow of its being bridged over by the kind of temporary expedients to which England has hitherto so long and so patiently resorted."

But it was not until Britain's ultimatum to Germany in the August of 1914 that the Teutonic batteries of hatred were unmasked in all their strength and plenitude. Up to the very last moment, many authoritative quarters in Berlin had held firmly to the belief that a Britain all-unready, by some means or other, would contrive to evade her treaty obligations to Belgium. The shock of astonishment which greeted the discovery that she meant honourably and firmly to abide by them was only exceeded by the roaring spate of execration levelled at an Albion so perfidious as to prefer the stern path of duty to the easy road of tricky defection and dishonourable accommodation. The Kaiser's bombastic command to sweep "French's contemptibly little army" incontinently from his view, focused the swirl of hatred seething in every Teutonic breast for those insolent islanders who had dared to stand forth boldly in the pathway of a trampling and utterly merciless aggression. And "frightfulness," in all its ugliest and most ensanguined manifestations, was solemnly decreed as the only fitting means whereby retribution could be exacted from the offenders. In a land as little noted for its employment of the

catch-phrase as for its exercise of a recognizable sense of humour, the guttural anathema *Gott strafe England!* passed swiftly into the category of a universal litany. But it was left to the sorry poetaster, Ernst Lissaur, to put into officially approved terms the great, swollen tide of boiling Teutonic detestation for all that is meant by British, in that pitiful piece of doggerel everywhere acclaimed under the title of *The Hymn of Hate* :

“ We never will forgo our hate,
We have all but a single hate ;
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND ! ”

It might not be verse, but it was at least stark truth.

Versailles cowed but it did not quench the vials of hatred cherished by Germany for the prime instrument of her downfall. The fires might be banked, but they smouldered on sullenly beneath the grey surface of submission. But with the rising power of Hitler—the greatest specialist in hatred of them all*—they were fanned anew into a very ecstasy of conflagration. Under frenzied Nazi tutelage Germany became the fount of a veritable witches’ brew of detestation, so envenomed as to poison the very well-springs of its source.

In the myopic view of the opportunist rulers of the Third Reich there was even less likelihood of England honouring her pledge to Poland than, twenty-five years earlier, there had been probability of her coming to the support of Belgium. More than ever violent, then, was the storm of hate and fury which greeted Britain’s entry into the war at Poland’s side. It is a rage and hatred which has been abundantly made manifest in the wanton and indiscriminate bombing of towns, villages and buildings of not even the remotest military importance ; in the deliberate machine-gunning of men and women in the open fields and streets. It is a curdling abhorrence that glories in sinking refugee ships crammed with children and, in prisoner-of-war camps, in savagely discriminating

* Readers of *Mein Kampf* will recall the relish with which the author wrote of Germany’s “ resurgent spirit of national pride, of haughty manliness, and of hate, the child of rage.”

against those whose chief cause of offence lies in their citizenship of the British Empire. No project too large, no pettiness too small, lies beyond the compass of a malevolence so monstrous and sadistic ; a malevolence which, like appetite, " grows on that it feeds on."

But one thing Germany overlooks.

Hatred is a weapon that turns within its wielder's grasp, wounding the would-be striker. As a stimulant to action its effect is as unreliable and short-lived as that of any other drug ; for stamina is not maintained by resource to dope, and reaction into demoralization and debility is the inevitable outcome of its habitual employment. Hate bemuses him who indulges it, deflecting his purpose, clouding his vision and warping his native powers of judgment ; it inflicts an insuperable handicap upon design and acts as a ponderous drag-chain on subsequent endeavour. To yield to its malignant influence is to plunge head foremost into the abyss of stupidity ; but as Schiller made rueful discovery, where his compatriots were concerned, *Mitt der Dummheit, Kamphen die Gotte selbst vergebens !* For hatred, like jealousy, its too-frequent progenitor, is impervious to reason as it is deaf to all appeal.

It is clear, then, that hatred is a form of weakness ; and there is a peculiar significance in the discovery that, to describe that lamentable psychological condition known as an " inferiority complex," the Germans should have been driven to the production of a word of such fearful portentousness as *Minderwertigkeitscomplex !* Only a nation possessed of too avid a lust for hatred would, by the invention of so monstrous a syllabic combination, have made admission of the over-important part played in their national make-up by that " inferiority complex " which, almost invariably, is hatred's *alter ego*.

The strong know not hate, nor need they ;

Only the weak know hate ; hate for the strength

They recognise in others.

Or to put it in more homely phrase, if you're in the right, there's no need to hate ; if you're in the wrong, you can't afford to.

C₂

COACHING—OLD AND MODERN.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ERNEST RYAN, T.D.

A RECENT leading article on "Coaching" in *The Times* was concerned solely with the petrol-propelled vehicle of many-hued Lines. Yet it is little more than twenty years ago, at the conclusion of the last Great War, that the motor coach—then an open charabanc—made its appearance on the road in competition with the prevailing high railway fares. As it has now become customary to speak of "Horsed Cavalry," it may be necessary to specify that this article treats only of "Horsed Coaching" !

EARLY COACHING.

The Coaching Era as we picture it—and millions who have never seen a four-horse coach must be familiar with its general appearance from the Pickwickian Christmas cards, which it seemed were particularly numerous this year—began later than is often thought ; not till the closing decades of the eighteenth century. Before then, even the high or turnpike roads were only trackways and highway robbery was frequent. Horatio Walpole, the author, who settled at Twickenham about 1750, wrote that if squires did not leave off shooting partridges and take to shooting highwaymen* instead, society would be dissolved. It took four days to make the journey from London to York ; the pace was about three miles an hour and ample opportunity was afforded for alternating walking with riding.

Contemporary paintings and engravings by Hogarth (1697-1764) and Rowlandson (1756-1827) show that stage coaches throughout the latter half of the eighteenth century, were very similar in construction to private carriages of that period,

* By the roadside at Boxmoor, near Berkhamstead, are two stones marking the grave of what is said to have been the last highwayman in England. One of them is inscribed "Robert Snooks, 11th March, 1802." The writer photographed it 30 years ago and it is probably still there.

during the early stages of which, they were generally covered with black leather ornamented with rows of studs. The body alone was suspended on leather braces,* the coachman's seat being on a high boot† built up from the axle bed, without any springs. Behind the body which held six passengers (at an earlier epoch, eight), was a large basket in which the populace was carried at lower fares. There were at first no seats on the roof, but travellers frequently sat there holding on as best they could. Seats were afterwards added, still known to the older generation of coaching men as "gammon-boards," from a Mr. Gammon who procured the passage of an Act of Parliament in 1788 prohibiting coaches, which had become dangerously top-heavy, from carrying more than six persons on the roof. The usual team was a unicorn one in summer, increased to six or eight in winter to drag the "machine" through the mire, a postilion driving the leading pair.

The first mail coach ran from Bristol to London on 2nd August, 1784. In the previous year, Mr. John Palmer of Bath, had put on his "diligence" from that city, which was so successful that it overcame the opposition of Parliament to his scheme for carrying the mails on fast guarded coaches. Till then, this had been done by postboys on horseback, and mail carts, which from the hazards of the road and the untrustworthiness of the "boys" was very unreliable. Postage by mail coach was much more expensive, a letter costing two shillings from Bath to London, instead of fourpence by postboy. These early mail coaches or "old heavies" were the first to be drawn by what has become the typical British four-horse coach team, and carried six "insides," with, until Gammon's Act, twelve "outsides." The guard of the coach who was then on the box beside the coachman, according to a writer of the times, "always sat

*Two eighteenth-century State carriages which belonged to Earl Darnley and Lord Clare, and which now stand in the hall of the National Museum of Ireland, show that the earlier vehicles covered with leather were suspended on iron standards and straps, while the later, much lighter in construction with painted panels, were hung on steel whip springs and straps.

† The original "boot" was a sort of open box built out on either side of Elizabethan carriages. Extra passengers, usually pages, sat in the doorway, with their legs in it, and so not unnaturally it was called a "boot." When what we now call "boots" were added to a carriage, the name went with them.

with his carbine cocked on his knees." The Bath "diligence" did the journey of 108 miles to London in eighteen hours, and the Bristol Mail that of 117 miles in seventeen hours or at the rate of seven miles an hour, about double the speed of the mounted postboy.

In 1792 sixteen mail coaches left London daily, and seven years later these had increased to about eighty. On some roads the slow "long stages" remained; thus in 1798 the "Telegraph" which left Gosport at one o'clock in the morning, did not reach Charing Cross till eight in the evening, occupying nineteen hours over a journey of eighty miles; a speed of little over four miles an hour. The dress of the early coachmen was that then universally worn—three-cornered hat, tail-coat and breeches—and which is still used to-day in an elaborated form as a livery for full State occasions.

Before coaching could develop into the great national institution which it became in the succeeding years, it was necessary that some new system of road making should be invented, and that the whole coach should be suspended on springs. It was quite in accordance with British traditions that strong objection should be made to the latter course, principally from the coach proprietors, who feared that if the coachman were made comfortable by having springs fitted beneath him he might fall asleep, as did actually happen on rare occasions at night. It had become the fashion to hang coaches increasingly higher from the fallacious idea that in this way they rode more lightly. The Manchester "Telegraph" which "Nimrod" (J. C. Apperley) drove, was the first coach to be fitted, about 1815, with the present low platform springs, which are still known to coaching men as "telegraph springs." The new mails made on contract by Vidler were stronger and more compact than the "old heavies," and had room for four "insides" only. Early in the last century the basket on the hind axle had been altered to a boot called a "rumble," which was open at first, but later the passengers travelled *on* instead of *in* it, and it became as to-day. Front and hind boots being joined to the body, the four-horse coach assumed its general present-day form.

The problem of repairing the turnpike roads was solved by Macadam, his system of "macadamised" roads being approved in 1818, and these were rapidly made all over the kingdom. He died in 1836 when fast coaching was at the zenith of its prosperity. His work was greatly aided by that of the engineer Telford, who cut through the hills to obtain easier gradients. With good, firm and level roads the speed of mail and stage coaches increased, and the endeavour to combine speed with safety, brought about in 1820 further important improvements in coachbuilding, such as smaller wheels, lower hanging and stronger underworks.

MAIL AND STAGE COACHES.

The brief "golden age" of coaching may be said to have commenced in 1820 with the accession of George IV, and to have lasted fifteen to twenty years before its rapid decline. Illustration III shows the York Mail* which was the last mail coach to run from London to York previous to the railways. All the Royal Mails were painted alike; the under-carriage red, the body a maroon or claret colour. On the sides of the front boot was the cipher G.R. or V.R. of the Sovereign, in large interlaced gold, script letters; on the sides of the hind boot the number of the coach in similar letters. The doors had the Royal Arms with the words "Royal Mail" in gold, and above on the crest-panel the names of the towns between which the mail ran. On the four black quarter panels of the body were the Stars of the four Orders of the Knighthood of the United Kingdom; of the Garter on the near and of St. Patrick on the off side behind, and of the Thistle on the near and of the Bath on the off side in front. The names of the places between which the mail ran were also on the hind boot panel. The body of the coach was comparatively

* This typical mail coach was built by Waude of the Old Kent Road in 1820. During what is known as the Coaching Revival in the 'seventies it was used on the London-Brighton road till 1894 and afterwards occasionally in the Lord Mayor's Show. It was bought for the nation at Messrs. Holland and Holland, the well-known coachbuilder's sale at their Oxford Street premises (now, I believe, part of Selfridge's store), in June, 1912, and belongs to the Science Museum, Kensington. It was driven in the Parade of Historic Carriages at Olympia in June, 1920, and exhibited but not driven at a similar display at the Royal Show at Windsor in July, 1939.

light with a heavy carriage-part, and had room for four outside passengers only ; one on the box and three on the front roof-seat. The guard sat alone on a small seat supported by irons, with a fur covering. In front of him, a box containing his blunderbuss and tools took the place of the hind roof-seat. There was no door at the back of the hind boot, the mails for security being put in through an opening in the top, closed by a lid on which the guard's feet rested. Passengers' luggage and parcels were put in the front boot. Mail coaches had not, generally, names like stage coaches, but were known by that of the town to which they ran. At first, baggage was not carried on the roof as on stage coaches, but as correspondence and newspapers increased, the additional sacks were piled up there under a cover, to a considerable height.

Stage coaches were loaded more heavily than the mails, there being an extra hind seat on the roof for three passengers and the guard's rumble being wide enough to seat two more, hence the expression "eleven and four" in coaching ditties meaning a full load :

" As he rattles along with eleven and four
And a petticoat on the box."

The name of a stage coach was in large letters on the back of the rumble, or occasionally under the footboard. Instead of the Royal Arms and other insignia, the names of the places between, and through which it ran, were painted on the boots and door. Both mail and stage coaches were comfortably stuffed and lined inside and had arm slings, as the inside places were the highest priced. Brakes which had been introduced in the eighteen-thirties, were not fitted, being derided by the old school of coachmen as a French invention. They depended instead on their breeching and the use of the skid,* which the guard could put on by means of a line and crank without alighting, and if sufficiently skilful, jerk off again when going over some

* A curious relic of old coaching days existed till recently, built into a garden wall at Leatherhead, belonging to relations of the writer. It was the skid-pan of a coach which met with an accident here when descending the adjoining declivity called Gimcrack Hill. The wall has now been pulled down.

unevenness on the road, so that the wheel jumped. All the coaches were the property of the coachbuilders, who hired them out to the proprietors of the road or the mail contractors, at so much a mile run per month. The average fares were: 2½d. to 3d. per mile outside, 4d. to 5d. inside passengers; the mail fares were about double those of the stage coaches.

Though most stage coaches travelled at speeds of about eight miles an hour at the beginning of the last century, no attempt was made to keep to any exact "time bill" at inns and turnpike gates* or when changing horses. With the Royal Mails matters were entirely different, the guard being responsible for the punctuality of the coach, and each evening when leaving the General Post Office he was handed a watch officially set and locked in a case, so that it could not be tampered with. Every second was economized, changes being made often in less than a minute and the Royal Mail paid no tolls, the turnpike keeper having his gate open ready for its passage. In the quiet country villages and towns, so remote in those times from the outside world, the event of the day was the passing of the mail by which country folk set their clocks as it sped along. The other side of the picture was presented by those night stages which carried heavy baggage at cheap rates. They had a tray underneath for extra luggage, and were generally overloaded and worked with glandered horses, from whom many of the horsekeepers caught the disease.

On a long route several proprietors together furnished the horses, employed the coachmen, and managed the business generally, dividing the profits according to a monthly settlement. In 1835 there were about 700 mail† and 3,300 stage coaches running in England worked by over 150,000 horses, while 30,000 men were employed as coachmen, guards and ostlers. Mr. W. Chaplin, the member for Salisbury, was the largest proprietor; he had five yards in London and owned

* The first turnpike gate was erected on the Great North Road in 1663 to collect tolls for repairing the highway in Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire and Huntingdon. Amongst those now, or till recently, in existence, were the tollgates at Sandwich, Shoreham, Menai Bridge and at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. Numerous tollgate keepers' houses are to be found where the gates have long since gone.

† The Brighton and Hastings mails had only two horses.

1,300 horses. The dues paid by stage coaches to the revenue were very heavy, amounting to about one-fifth of the receipts, and in 1835 came to nearly half a million pounds. When in the 'forties it no longer paid to run a coach through districts not served by railways, humble people were put to great hardship, being set down at stations up to twenty miles from their homes, which they could only reach on foot. Such districts saw a revival of postboys on ponies carrying the mails.

COACHMEN AND GUARDS.

The old-fashioned coachman of a heavy coach, as described by Nimrod, was generally a gin-soaked individual of uncouth appearance and manners. He usually wore a sailor's low glazed hat and in winter his legs were bound with straw. The stages being then about twenty miles long, when whipcord was of avail no longer, he produced from the boot a sort of cat-o'-nine-tails jocularly called the "apprentice" without which the coach might often have been left on the road. When good roads made fast work possible, coach driving became popular with many of the nobility and gentry who set a new standard among the professionals. The coachman's stage was forty or fifty miles and home again. His wages were supplemented by tips from the passengers, who were admonished when the time had come to open their purses, by a polite "Gentlemen, I leave you here."

The guard went the whole way with his coach. Those on the Royal Mails were servants of the Government and wore red coats—the Royal livery. The stage-coach guards were employed by the coach proprietors; on unimportant roads without mail coaches they were in charge of the mail bags, and sometimes if no mails were carried there was no guard, thus making room for an additional passenger. The coaching horn or "yard of tin" was used principally by the mail guards; on stage coaches a bugle with keys, which came into use in 1810 and was also known as a Kent-bugle, was often preferred. To obtain an appointment as a mail guard

I.



**THE INNISKILLINGS' (6th DRAGOONS) COACH.
COLOGNE RACES. 1920.**

II.



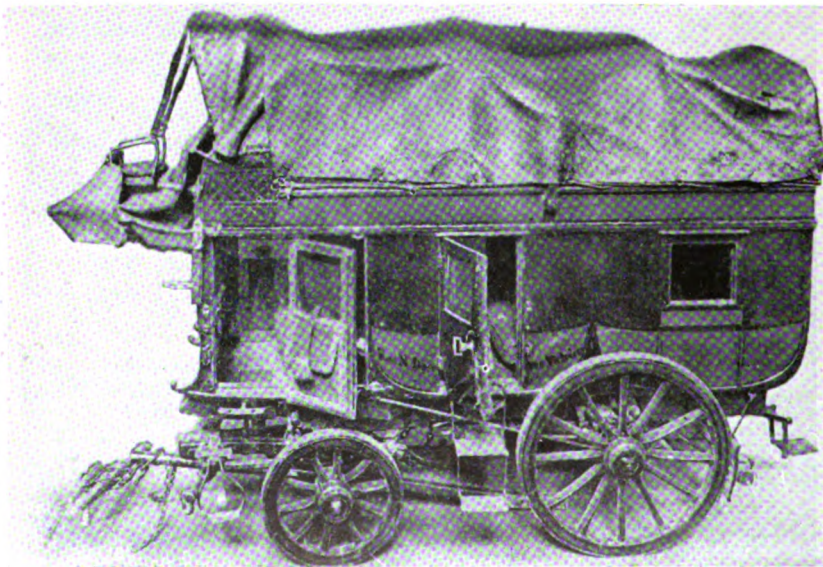
**GENERAL DEGOUTTE (FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF), DRIVING TO
WIESBADEN RACES. 1920.**

III



**YORK ROYAL MAIL.
PERIOD 1820-1840**

IV



**PARIS-STRASBOURG DILIGENCE, MESSAGERIES ROYALES.
1820-1845.**

V.



**Mr. VANDERBILT'S "VENTURE."
BRIGHTON. 1908.**

VI.



DERBY DAY, COACHES ARRIVING.

VII.



AMERICAN CONCORD COACH.

VIII.



BAVARIAN "POST KUTCHE."

it was necessary for the applicant to be recommended by a Member of Parliament, and if accepted he had to spend a term in a coach factory learning how to repair any damage which might occur on the road. His pay was only 10s. per week but he might make up to £4 weekly in perquisites. It was the first principle of the coaching code to get forward if humanly possible, and the feats of endurance accomplished in snow, fogs, and floods, when the coach had sometimes to be abandoned and the mail bags carried on the horses, show these men to have been a very fine type of public servant, whose courage and resource deserved everything that has been written about them.

THE COACHING AGE.

Old coaching pictures by Pollard, Cooper-Henderson and Hunt which are now so popular, of dates from 1815 to 1838, give us vivid glimpses of "the light of other days," when the horse was supreme. One by the first, depicts the mails leaving the old G.P.O. in St. Martin's le Grand, whose departure took place every evening, except on Sundays, at eight o'clock. Among the majestic mails are a number of one-horse carts which have brought the postal bags there, or are taking them to the Gloucester Coffee House in Piccadilly, whence some of the West Country mails started. The Peacock, Islington, is the subject of another of Pollard's pictures showing passengers mounting the North mails; Hatchett's, so well known to modern coaching men, was the point of departure of the stages for the West. A gala procession of the mail coaches was held annually on the King's birthday from 1799 till 1835. Messrs. Vidler, who had for about fifty years almost a monopoly for the supply of these, used to issue invitations for this parade from their factory in Millbank, Westminster. About thirty-six new mail coaches were built yearly by them, and some twenty-five of these, shining with varnish, the teams with new sets of harness, and the coachmen and guards in new uniforms, met in Lincoln's Inn Fields and drove to St. James's Palace, there turning back to finish at the General Post Office. As in Royal carriage

processions, a horseman rode between every two coaches, to make the spectacle more imposing. Gentlemen used to lend to the proprietors who horsed the mails, their best teams for this occasion. The horses on the mails and their rivals the fast day coaches, lasted about four years; those on the slower stages anything up to seven. Rather exaggerated accounts are sometimes given of the speed of fast coaches at the zenith of their prosperity; thirteen miles an hour means galloping for the greater part of the way, and probably none were timed at even eleven miles an hour, however much faster was the pace of opposition coaches when racing on May Day, as was customary, or when "springing them" on "a five-mile stage in eighteen minutes." Washington Irving and De Quincey were both contemporary with the coaching era, and their writings, like those of Dickens, convey the "atmosphere" of the road at first hand.

A few couplets of an old coaching song may come in here :—

"The road, the road, the turnpike road,
The hard, the brown, the smooth, the broad,
Without a mark, without a bend,
Horses 'gainst horses on it contend.
Men laugh at the gates, they bilk the tolls
Or stop and pay like honest souls."

An Act of Parliament for transmitting the conveyance of the mails to the railways was passed in 1838, and by 1844 there was no mail coach on the road out of London. In some districts where the railways had not penetrated, coaches continued to run for nearly twenty years more; the Oxford and Cheltenham stage did not begin to carry the mails till 1848, and lasted till 1862, when the opening of a new branch line ousted this lingerer on the roads.

IRISH AND CONTINENTAL COACHING.

In Ireland the four-wheeled jaunting car or "Long Car," which was introduced there in 1815 by an Italian from Como named Bianconi, took the place of the coach as a cheap means

of conveyance. Bianconi started his business at Clonmel in Tipperary, by buying up the jaunting cars belonging to the gentry, which they could no longer afford to use on account of the new carriage tax, and horsing them with army remounts obtained at from £10–£20 each, owing to the cessation of the Napoleonic War. His Long Cars seated six or seven on each side, and mails or luggage were put in and over the “ well ” which extended along the middle behind the driver. There was no guard, the driver blowing a bugle. These cars weighed about sixteen cwt., the same as the mail coaches. Such vehicles ran in many parts of Ireland not served by railways, till the motor era.

Coaching in France was very different from the English pattern. A set of prints by Victor Adam—of which the writer possesses copies—shows the three types of vehicles used, corresponding to our stage and mail coaches and post chaises. The first of these was the diligence; illustration IV is from a model of one in the Musée Carnavalet, Paris. Instead of the coach boots, the diligence had two additional compartments. The foremost or *coupé* held three passengers separated from the horses by windows, the middle or *dedans* six, while behind was the *rotonde* entered from the rear, in which there was room for four or six persons sitting sideways as in an omnibus. Above was a perch whence the horses were driven, and behind it, above the *coupé*, the *banquette* seating three more with the guard or *conducteur*, under a leather hood. A tarpaulin covered the baggage on the *impériale*. These diligences were built by Laffitte and Caillard and weighed, when fully loaded with passengers and baggage, as much as five tons. Smaller diligences were also built with a boot replacing the *rotonde*. The teams used were three horses abreast or *limonière*, as afterwards employed on the Paris omnibuses, and, more usually, *arbalet* or pickaxe—two wheelers and three leaders—with on hilly routes an additional pair of leaders driven by a postilion. The horses were great Normandy stallions like those in Rosa Bonheur's picture of a French horse fair; the harness had breast collars and rope traces. In early days the pickaxe team was driven by

a gaily-uniformed *postillon* with heavy "jacked" boots and cocked hat, mounted on the near-side wheeler, but afterwards, probably from motives of economy, he was replaced by a peasant who drove from the perch, going a single stage and back. The *coupé* was the dearest place, but to avoid the dust and heat from the horses, British travellers usually went on the *banquette*, the floor of which was encumbered with sacks of treasure in the custody of the *conducteur*. A screw brake was fitted to the vehicle. Travelling by diligence was rather tedious as the pace never exceeded five miles an hour; vehicles of this type were running on the mountain roads in the Engadine, Switzerland, till the last war. The mail coach or *malle-poste* was much faster, making ten miles an hour; it was a semi-closed carriage seating two travellers only, with a dicky covered with a hood for the *conducteur*, behind. Four horses were driven from a small seat. Post-chaises were, like all carriages in France, fitted with swingle-trees for the wheel horses; the postilion's stiff "jacked" boots were often attached to the pommel of his saddle, so that when chucked up on to his horse, he thrust his legs into them.

The feature of old-time German coaching appears to have been the gay costumes of their postilions, who wore scarlet, blue, or canary-coloured jackets with gold tassels and aiguillettes. Four horses were driven by one man on the near-side wheeler. Till recently a small *post kutsche* like that in illustration VIII was in common use in Bavaria. They were painted yellow* and drawn by a pair of horses; during winter snows runners were fitted in place of wheels. The driver's costume comprised white breeches and top boots, blue tail-coat and plumed cockaded hat; he carried a small horn. What was said to be the last one, was running before the present war between Holzkirchen and Dietramszell in the Bavarian Alps. A yellow four-horse mail coach was also running in 1939 between Neuruppin and Binenwalde in the Mark of Brandenburg, the journey taking 2½ hours. In Italy the coaching proprietors or *vetturini* put a pickaxe team to a large barouche, and the same type of equipage is still used

* The traditional colour of stage coaches in Germany was bright yellow, this colour being associated with the princely House of Turn and Taxis who had a monopoly of posting there.

in Hungary with a *huszdr* servant on the box beside the coachman.

AMERICAN COACHING.

The American stage coach was first seen in this country in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Called "Concord" coaches, from Concord, New Hampshire, where the majority were built, they resembled the mid-eighteenth century English stage coach arrested in its development, since the conditions of the roads on which they were used resembled English ones of that period. Illustration VII shows the general features of this vehicle. The body held nine inside passengers on three seats, the middle one folding up at the sides to allow access to the other seats, and having a strap across for the passengers to lean back against. The sides were not solid but closed by curtains which could be rolled up, with a narrow glass pane on each side of the door to admit light when the curtains were down. The roof-seat passengers rested their feet on the box-seat cushion. Corresponding to the front boot of an English coach is a footboard with leather sides and the hind boot was a baggage-rack with a leather cover. The usual team was six mules, the coachman driving with both hands. There were no springs, the body being suspended on thorough-braces, so that the coach when running had a fore and aft motion, enough to make some passengers sea-sick. This rocking to and fro added to the difficulty of driving, because the arms had to go backward and forward to counteract the movement of the coach. These Concord coaches were exported to Australia and South Africa, and one of them, the Gwelo Coach, which was attacked by the Matabele in the rising of 1896, used to perform this incident at Earl's Court. Others with teams of ten mules were used in the Matoppo Hills south of Bulawayo—where Cecil Rhodes and Jameson are buried—till recent times. In Spanish America the *coche* was a heavily-built omnibus, the windows having Venetian blinds. They were driven over the Argentine Pampas with five horses; specimens are to be seen in the Museo Histórico

Nacional in Buenos Aires. The stage coaches used in New Zealand were very similar, but with some outside places.

THE COACHING REVIVAL.

The interregnum between the old coaches, whose organization had been brought to such perfection by nearly fifty years of hard effort, and the new coaching era in which the standard was changed from that of a serious business to an amusement, was filled by the driving clubs, which kept up the traditions when it seemed that four-in-hand driving was about to become one of the lost arts. Members of the Four Horse Club drove yellow barouche-landaus instead of coaches and were renowned for their extremely *outré* attire. The last of these clubs, the Bensington Driving Club, broke up during the Crimean War, when many of its members had outlived their generation. Thackeray in his papers on "The Four Georges," written in 1852, described the appearance of "the charioteer of the one solitary four-in-hand" to be seen in the London parks. This was Sir Henry Peyton, who introduced the two mounts found on driving whips. On peace being proclaimed in 1856, the Four-in-Hand Driving Club was formed under the presidency of the late Duke of Beaufort, and the revival brought about the establishment in 1870 of the less exclusive and limited Coaching Club. All the cavalry regiments as well as the Guards and Highlanders kept a coach, the driver of which was ex-officio a member of the Coaching Club, while the officers driving the Guards' regimental coaches were also members of the senior club. The Coaching Club is now, since the last war, the sole existing one. It meets twice in the Season at the Magazine, Hyde Park.

When the Coaching Revival started in the late 'sixties, few can have imagined that soon a dozen coaches would again be rattling down Piccadilly every day, to the echo of the horn. Yet in 1873 such was the case. In the "Driving" volume of the Badminton Library, published in 1889, a full account is given of this *renaissance*, which was then recent, but has now become, alas! ancient history. The Brighton,

Dorking, Guildford and Windsor roads were apparently the favourite ones, but those to Oxford, St. Albans, Tunbridge Wells and Hampton Court were also kept busy. Mr. Rumney—of “Ridge’s Food” fame—drove his “Wonder” coach for fourteen consecutive seasons from Hatchett’s to the Peahen at St. Albans, two extra horses being employed for the steep ascent up Holywell Hill at the end of the journey. The “Defiance” which ran from London to Brighton by a long route through Sevenoaks and Tunbridge Wells, used three leaders abreast on the hilly ground from the latter place to Lewes, where the horses were stopped at the bottom of the steep hill, before the final burst up it, into the town.

The “high light” of the revival was the “Old Times” which, first put on the road in November, 1878, ran winter and summer on various routes for eleven years. It was a subscription coach, the proprietor being the famous professional James Selby. In July, 1888, Selby drove from London to the Old Ship, Brighton, and back, for a wager of £1,000 to £500 offered and taken, that the journey could not be done in eight hours, completing it in ten minutes under time and forty minutes within the record. On the galloping stage at Lowfield Heath the pace was twenty miles an hour, and several of the changes were made in under a minute.

The modern “road coaches,” as they were now called, were essentially the same as the former stage coaches, but there were some differences. Since 1870 the roof and hind seats have been made to overhang so as to seat four passengers each, including the guard, and back rests called “lazy backs” have been provided for passengers. The inside of a road coach is finished in hard wood, as passengers are not now generally carried inside. On private and regimental drags, grooms occupy the hind seat, which is, like the guard’s seat on a mail coach, supported on irons, and ordinary carriage or Collinge* axles are generally used, instead of the mail axles on road coaches. Amongst other minor differences are, that

* Collinge axles, named after their inventor, were introduced in 1792, taking the place of mail axles except on coaches and mail phaetons. They require less frequent oiling, but the old mail axle is the safer.

the door of the hind boot (which on a road coach contains tools, but on a drag, lunch boxes) opens sideways on the former but lets down for use as a tray on the latter. Hand brakes were fitted and later foot brakes also ; a type of Bowden brake strong enough to skid a coach was invented by Messrs. Holland and Holland before the last war. The modern coaching horn is longer than the old "yard of tin," averaging fifty inches ; it sounds more mellow and can give five or six notes instead of three or four. Horns were formerly of copper but are now made of brass. A new fashion, which does not appear to have any traditions, is the carrying of a spare horse-collar on the side of the front boot of road coaches. The weight of a drag is from 19-23 cwt. and of a road coach from a ton to 26 cwt., unloaded ; the "Old Times" weighs just a stone over the latter figure.

TWENTIETH CENTURY COACHING.

An early memory of the writer is of Mr. John Thompson's "Tantivy" coach which ran in the 'nineties from the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, through Enniskerry, where he was then living, to the Bray Head Hotel in County Wicklow. Later, Lucan in County Dublin became the destination. Its successor was the "Shamrock" coach, put on in the early years of the present century, by another good sportsman, Mr. Keith Fraser Malcolmson, which took the Cabinteeley route between Dublin and Bray. Another recollection is of "The Nine Days' Wonder" which, driven by Captain (now Major-General) Geoffrey White, R.H.A., was on the London and Aldershot road in 1904. It was said to have earned £70 in fares during a very short season.

The year 1908 was an *annus mirabilis* in modern coaching history. Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, who had previously done much driving in the States, encouraged probably by the patronage given to the London coaches by American visitors, started his "Venture" coach, in friendly rivalry with Lord Leconfield who was working the Brighton road with the famous "Old Times," on which Selby broke the record just twenty years earlier, dying in the same year. The International Horse Show had opened

its doors at Olympia in 1907, the Coaching Marathon from Hampton Court to there—which was started in 1909—being the most spectacular feature of the programme. Illustration V shows the “Venture” leaving the Hotel Metropole, Brighton. Mr. Vanderbilt brought over a specially selected stud of a hundred horses, sixty of which were employed at the same time on the road. Even the coach, conspicuous with its white panels, was American, having been built by the well-known firm of Brewster in Fifth Avenue, New York. However, the guard, Sid Scarlett, was an unmistakable Britisher, his name matching his coat worn with a white beaver hat. He had spent the previous season in Ireland on the “Shamrock.” Lord Leconsfield’s professional coachman was the renowned whip Ted Fownes of a famous coaching family, and who, with some ninety years to his credit, is still hale and hearty. On the Holmwood, near Dorking, a stone has been erected to the memory of Mr. Vanderbilt—who perished in the *Lusitania* in 1915—“on his favourite road.”

Other well-known road coaches which ran in the years before the last Great War included the “New Times” (Guildford and London), “The Reynard” (Windsor and London), the “Vivid” and “Venture” (Hampton Court and London), “The Red Rover” (Herne Bay and Margate), and the “Sporting Times” (Edinburgh and Linlithgow). Piccadilly had been deserted for Northumberland Avenue, the Hotel Victoria or Metropole, taking the place of Hatchett’s White Horse Cellars as the London starting place. Mention should also be made of the London and Brighton Parcel Coach, which was a four-horse van maintained by the Post Office, forming an interesting link with the old mail coaches. The Richmond Royal Horse Show, which celebrated its coming of age in 1912, had also a Coaching Marathon, Hyde Park being in this case the starting point. Another great coaching personality on the other side of the Channel was Edwin Howlett, who owned the Paris and Versailles coach, and whose book called “Driving Lessons,” published early in the present century, is well known. Illustration VI is of coaches ascending the Hill on the Epsom Course on Derby Day, at the beginning of the motor era.

Coming down to post-war, illustrations I and II form an interesting contrast. The charioteer of the Inniskillings' drag was Mr. Birch Reynardson, a kinsman of Colonel Birch Reynardson who wrote "Down the Road" in 1875. It will be noticed that the coach which was hired from a Cologne coachbuilder has Stars on the panels, which is, of course, incorrect except for a mail. The German cavalry regiment, the 8th Cuirassiers, who were quartered in the *Kürassier Kaserne** at Deutz across the Rhine, before our occupation, used also to go to the Merheim *Renn Platz* on this coach, attired in military frock coat and with a sword. Coaching became very popular in Germany before 1914, several of the drags which used to stand in the old Baker St. Carriage Bazaar, going there. The coach of the French C.-i.-C., General Degoutte, shown in the second illustration, has an open body like a landau, large enough to seat six ladies inside, but with room for eleven "outsides" only, like an old-English stage coach. There is no perch, the body being suspended on elliptical springs and fitted with a screw brake. The horses have breast collars (*bricole*) and bells attached to their bridles, and the wheelers draw from movable bars instead of from a fixed splinter-bar, all in the French tradition. It will be seen that the coachman is driving with both hands, the whip reposing in its socket.

During the post-war boom there were again at least four well-appointed stage coaches on the road in this country. Unfortunately these were short-lived, but in 1926 the late Captain Bertram W. Mills, of circus fame, revived the glories of the Brighton road with his "Old Berkeley" coach, the route being via Reigate and Horley. During the early part of the following season, the destination was the Burford Bridge Hotel at Box Hill, Dorking, while in September the coach ran to Oxford. During one stage on this latter road, at West Wycombe, a postilion with an extra pair of horses, was in the lead. The "Tally Ho!"

* Cavalrymen who served in Cologne may be interested to hear that this cavalry barracks where the Inniskillings, 14th Hussars and other regiments were quartered, no longer exists. The writer who re-visited Cologne a couple of years before the present war, was surprised to find that the fine barracks and stables had been converted into a vast local historical museum—the "*Haus der Rheinischen Heimat in Köln*" How much of this has survived the attentions of our bombers is another story!

also made the journey to this seat of learning. In 1929 Messrs. Souter Sanderson and Unwin put on the original "Old Times," lent by the owner, Captain Mills, from the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, to the Castle Hotel, Windsor. After this there was no stage coach out of London till Coronation year, when Messrs. Thomas Tilling started the "Magnet" to Hampton Court, the London departure point being again shifted farther west to the Dorchester in Park Lane, to avoid the traffic. It was continued in 1938, the single change being made at the Ranelagh Club. The same route was followed in 1939 by its successor "The Perseverance," which was an institution on the Dorking road in the 'eighties and 'nineties and during the opening years of the present century, the stud of horses which were purchased in Ireland during the spring by that renowned whip, Mr. George Chapman, being sold on the outbreak of the present war. The ideal coaching stage is considered to be about seven miles and a horse to each mile of road should be allowed for a double journey; thus Mr. Sanderson's Windsor coach had about thirty horses for working this road of about thirty miles in and out each day. About nine miles per hour is the pace on modern roads, and the changes of team are made in leisurely fashion, giving passengers the opportunity to get down for a few minutes.

Cavalry regiments have not for many years had their regimental coaches, which are now forbidden by the Regulations, but the R.A. Aldershot, R.H.A. Woolwich, and R.E. coaches remain.* A newcomer after the last war was the R.A.S.C. coach.

* I am indebted to the Secretary of the Coaching Club, Mr. R. A. Brown, for the following details concerning regimental coaches.

The drivers of the drags of the different cavalry regiments became *ex-officio* members of the Coaching Club between the years 1875 and 1888, the first to be admitted to membership being the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers in 1875, followed by the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers) in 1876, with a further fourteen cavalry coaches in 1877. Each regiment nominated an officer as its coachman at the annual general meeting of the Club each year.

All the cavalry coaches were discontinued after the last Great War, but they were not taken off the list till 1920 when it became evident that no regiment would in future run one permanently. The 1st Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards remained as members till 1932 and 1931 respectively. The 3rd Hussars put a coach on the road again on occasions between 1933 and 1936, and the 10th Hussars from 1925 till the same time, while the 13th/18th Hussars ran one when stationed at Shorncliffe in 1928. In addition to these, some regiments in India had coaches.

As well as the drags belonging to the Royal Artillery at Aldershot and Woolwich, the R.H.A. battery at St. John's Wood horsed a coach until the present war, turning out at various Coaching Club meets from 1932 to 1939, while the R.A. brigades at Bordon and Larkhill also took the road with one from 1925 to 1932 and from 1931 to 1936 respectively.

All of them compete at the new Aldershot Horse Show as well as at Olympia and Richmond.

What of the future for driving ? Before the present war, there were signs of a marked revival of driving as a sport, through the formation of driving clubs, and it is the hope of many sportsmen that the sordidness of mechanized warfare may produce a reaction in favour of the horse both for use and amusement, and that the fascination of driving horses, beside which the motor car seems, by comparison, an unpleasant soulless thing, may not **BECOME LOST TO HUMANITY.**

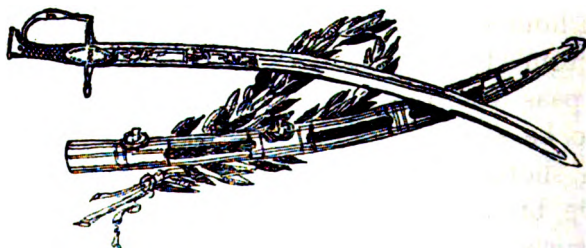
The following works have been consulted :—

British : “ Driving ” (Badminton Library, 1889), “ The Coaching Age ” (Stanley Harris, 1885), “ An Old Coachman’s Chatter ” (Corbett, 1890), “ Early Carriages and Roads ” (Sir Walter Gilbey, 1903), “ Carriages and Coaches ” (Straus, 1912). The first three are embellished with the drawings of John Sturgess. Also “ The Road ” and “ Road Coaching Album ” and “ Baily’s Magazine.”

American : “ A Manual of Coaching ” (Fairman-Rogers, 1900), “ Driving ” (Price Collier, 1905), and “ The Rider and Driver.”

French : “ Driving Lessons ” (Howlett, 1906).

German : “ Das Luxus Fuhrwerk ” and “ Das Buch vom Pferde ” (Graf Wrangel, 1898 and 1910), “ Anspannen und fahren ” (Achenbach, 1920).



BUSH-WHACKING IN ANGOLA.

By H. C. MAYDON.

WHAT fun those trips used to be. I wonder if we shall ever have the chance to do them again? Here is the story of one of them.

Our fellow passengers on the comfortable Intermediate Union Castle steamer looked on us with mild surprise. "Getting off at Lobito, are you? What on earth for? What is there to do there?" Our reply that we merely wanted to have a look round; that there were one or two queer animals in Angola that we wanted to try and shoot, was met with little understanding if not with incredulity. Surely there were only two ways of passing one's time—making money or spending it by the many too easy methods. Who ever heard of going off into the jungle to find enjoyment?

Our reception at Lobito was cordial if not too encouraging. We were expected, of course, but the English Consul was away and his understudy was new to the country. He hinted at difficulties.

Our first impression at dawn of our new land of abode was not too bad. The climate in December was bearable, the sun did not sear your eyeballs as it rose a red disc from the sea and there was a cool breeze. The land enclosing the bay did not look over civilized. It was thinly built over, a country of sparse bush rising in tiers to the loom of mountains beyond. The sort of place where you would expect to see something to shoot in an hour's motor drive, as indeed you could.

The Custom's formalities, despite the Vice-Consul's assistance and a free pass from our hosts—the Portuguese Government—were not to be easy. "You cannot buy whisky or European tobacco on shore at any price," said the Vice-Consul, "so I hope you've brought plenty in your stores?" We had not, looking on such as commodities. As a result I made four farewell

visits to the ship before she sailed at midnight, emerging each time with my pockets crammed with ship's tobacco. The widow's mite, but tobacco I cannot live without.

The new hotel was the pride of Lobito, a hideous ultra-modern shell with comfortable airy rooms, but most atrocious food, and the tariff of the Ritz. Like all port hotels it thrived on the madness of bored sea-farers, who insisted on eating and wining there for a change from their own excellent ship-board fare. At least half the port snatched a meal on board, with or without an excuse, so honours were easy.

We hoped to be off within forty-eight hours into the interior, vain hope, founded on many a previous trip from English bases. After all we had our stores, camp kit and firearms, all we needed were servants and transport. We knew where we wished to go, it was Blaine's second visit.

The whole snag was the Customs. I like the Portuguese settlers, but from their officials the Lord preserve me. We are not bad at Red Tape ourselves, but there is generally someone who can cut it for you. In Angola it seemed that the only one who could was the Governor himself at far Loanda.

It was no good protesting that we had a free pass for all our stores, and a special permit for all firearms and ammunition. "Quite so," admitted the Customs politely, "but that did not mean that there were not dues to be paid, specifications to be officially entered and our guns stamped and registered at the Arsenal at Benguela."

"How long does that mean?" we asked.

The man shrugged. Time means nothing to a cafard-stricken official marking time in desolation for a life-end pension.

The Vice-Consul stormed and raved, and we spent the day looking up likely authorities in Lobito who might help. Our rifles lumbered off in bond in a slow train to Benguela. We followed next day in a hired car, intending to clear the guns and to bring them back with us.

From Lobito to Benguela is under thirty miles round the southern bend of the bay, hugging the beach. The road is the world's worst, stringing its way amid farms and plantations,

by swamps and across rivers. The Military Governor was polite but firm. He must wire Loanda.

I will not linger with you in Lobito a second time. It took us a week to clear the Customs ; it cost us £10 in taxis, lawyer's fees, telegrams and incidentals, and finally, before we left, we had to pay some £30 for stamp duties, dues, storage and oddments, almost the full value of our stores imported. Our game licenses were thrown in gratis.

Meantime we had picked up servants and transport. They were both good, mainly because our head man was a Hausa and had been servant to Englishmen for thirty years, and he picked his own staff ; because we took no risks and bought a brand new Ford box-car, on the " take-back " principle.

We had picked the brains of everyone in Lobito and laid our plans. The gem of Angola is, of course, the giant Sable antelope, but we did not want that, Blaine had shot them before and they are strictly preserved. We wanted black-faced impala, gemsbok and anything else we might hear of that was unusual. The beauty of a little-known country is the chance of discovery. Go to Kenya and it is a Cook's tour, everything is known and a highly paid guide will lead you to it by a comfortable and deeply beaten track. Hampstead Heath is not in it, but some people are gregarious.

From our inquiries we picked up a few clues at once. Black-faced impala were not nearly as rare as we had been led to expect, but were patchy. There were half a dozen places where they might be found, places scattered from the Corporollo River down to the Cunene, a mere jump of 400 miles ; but, as I guess now, they haunt a definite belt, the fringe of the desert littoral at the foot of the high scarp.

Gemsbok, as we had expected, were confined to the desert belt fringing the coast and were thickest near Mossamedes down to the Cunene.

But we learned two novelties. There were Cape hartebeest down on the Cunene (quite a rare beast nowadays), and greater kudu were common and universal, holding here and there a giant head (we saw a sixty-incher in a Lobito collection).

Now, in my case, owing to ill-health, this trip was only a joy ride, a search for recovery among the only conditions which never fail to interest—the love of bush-whacking. It was spoilt entirely by the motor car. A car is a monstrous anchor which chains you as inevitably as any convict's gyves. You are tied to roads, rumours of roads and petrol supply. You have lost the freedom of the horseman and become a mechanical robot.

Of course we did cover thousands of miles, explore a great tract of country and succeeded up to a point, but I shall always look on it as one of my worst trips. This modern idea of speed is death to the old spirit of adventure. You will find plenty of mis-adventure from breakdowns, mud, river crossings, bush-breaking and lack of petrol, but you could just as easily find this in England by buying a worn out creak and driving only along the bye-ways. What we did miss was the friendly good fellowship of wild Africa. What's that? Why, the reading of the trails, the chat with the chance-met woolly villager; the hidden camps; the solitary spring, pug-marked by game; the score of inaccessible places, ringed by swamps, sheltered by kranz and kloof, undreamt of by the civilized whites, the only haunt of game.

As a reconnaissance this trip was a success. I can give you a picture of the geography of S. Angola, and I can tell you where certain game is to be found, but I would like to go there a second time with no transport faster than a bullock wagon.

You must visualize the lay out of the land to understand the distribution of game in Angola. Firstly, from Lobito to the Cunene River, which is the boundary between Angola and S.W.A., runs a flat desert like strip some eighty miles broad, tilting slowly upwards inland to the foot of the scarp, which there rises steeply some 5,000 feet to a broken, undulating plateau top, stretching back with vicissitudes to Rhodesia. The plateau top is fertile and widely scattered with farms and settlements and hence holds little game. It is the coastal plain, the broken land below the scarp, and the river valleys, such as the Corporollo and the Cunene, which contain most of the fauna.

The coastal plain can be divided into two sectors, the true

desert belt, a forty-mile strip marging the sea, and the inland belt, 1,000 feet higher, where thin bush begins to appear, thickening into forest as it climbs the scarp.

The whole coastal plain is short of water, save in the rainy season, December to April, or by the rare rivers. Hence as even Angolan rivers suffer from the old African complaint of here to-day and gone to-morrow, game occurs in pockets and is very patchy.

But there is no question about Angola being a good game country. It may not be an easy shooting locality like Kenya or Somaliland, you do not see masses of game as in the first and distances are much greater than in the latter; but it has its advantages. I always measure a shooting country by its contents of game rarities as against its numbers of common game and here Angola scores.

A giant sable (if you can get a permit and can face a less good climate); the chance of a sixty-inch kudu; the pick of some good gemsbok; a really fine common eland (for heads here are monsters), to say nothing of black-faced impala and Cape hartebeest are all good prizes.

There is plenty of other game as well, even elephant, buffalo and rhino in places are common enough to be a nuisance. Probably a jaunt southwards at the foot of the scarp, from the Mossamedes-Lobango road to the Cunene River, would be as good a trek as any, and from June onwards, after the rains, the best season. The young grass will be sprouting and the cooler season starting, although even in December-February I did not find the heat oppressive. As one grows older the importance of a good climate for an enjoyable trip becomes more and more imperative.

While Blaine was visiting the Cunene 100 miles inland from its mouth, where he successfully bagged his Cape hartebeest and saw much other game, I explored the medium high veld round Lobango to find it practically bare of game. Rumour has it that this pleasant country of orchard bush, grassy dambos and plentiful water, used to be stocked with game until the coming of the Boer voortrekkers in the eighties, who, as is their

wont, denuded it of game. After seeing the high veld of the Union, I can quite believe it. Happily they have now been repatriated mainly to S.W.A. and Angola may come into its own again.

My happiest recollections of Angola are concerned with our fortunes in the littoral strip between Mossamedes and the scarp of the Chala Mountains, west of Lobango. There is a light gauge railway and a passable motor road linking Mossamedes to Lobango, but neither of them are very helpful as a key to shooting grounds. Game lies in pockets, varying with the seasons, and you must move about to find it. We used a box-body car and, being before the rains, were able to move almost anywhere; but, as I said before, it robbed us of much of our fun. Probably the ideal would be a combination of car and ox-wagon. Reconnoitre by car and then move up your heavy transport. One of the drawbacks of the littoral is the scarcity of inhabitants and thus of local trackers and the lack of water, but the last should be less acute after the rains.

I will try and give you a picture or two.

We had dropped down from the top of the scarp near Lobango by the main Mossamedes road, zigzagging through heavy jungle to reach the much warmer plains, amid open thorn bush and occasional streams. We had heard of black-faced impala near the road twenty miles from the foot of the scarp. Using an old abandoned Portuguese boma as base, memorable for its orchards of the finest mangoes I have ever tasted, we worked south of the road seeing very little game and only a glimpse of impala. So we packed up and pushing twenty miles further west down the main road, making inquiries as we went, we got news from a lone Portuguese farmer and forced our way fifteen miles along an impossible bush track to reach a secluded native village on the banks of a dry river. There were a few pools in the bed and catch-crop fields of maize, much trodden by elephants. Here we did see a few herds of impala and Blaine bagged a couple, but it was an unpleasant camp. Enclosed in a cup of stony hills in dense bush, it was stifflingly hot and beyond a truculent herd of elephants (which we did not want) there was little game,

These bush-hugging impala of Angola are much warier and more elusive than their cousins of East Africa, smaller in size and moving in smaller herds.

It was not until the very end of our shoot, when Blaine, having left me at Mossamedes to catch a steamer, was taking the car back to Lobito that he found an ideal locality for black-faced impala. There is a short cut back from Mossamedes to Lobito, reputed as almost impossible for cars, but actually not so bad, which strikes more N.E. than the direct Lobango road and intersects it fifty miles to the north on top of the scarp. Just at the foot of the mountains is a small Portuguese settlement in fairly open bush and in this secluded nook impala are plentiful and the climate pleasant.

Before this last discovery Blaine and I found two quite fruitful camps in the Mossamedes area.

Within fifty miles of the seaside town of Mossamedes one enters a treeless district of bare rolling desert, almost waterless and uninhabited. Strike north for fifty miles and the countryside improves amid thin thorn bush, baobab trees and stony kopjes, laced by dry river beds and dambos of sun bleached grass. Water can be found, if you have a guide, in rare water holes or in rocky pools in the hills. Shady trees are scarce and the sun strikes hot at mid-day, but there is a cool breeze and the nights are perfect.

Unquestionably January to March is the wrong season in the desert when grazing is poor, but this district is most promising. We actually saw gemsbok, common eland, kudu, steinbok, klipspringer and zebra and springbok by the hundred, but according to the Portuguese friend who accompanied us on this jaunt it was nothing to what could be seen after the rains.

In fact, without our car we might have seen little bar springbok and zebra, and it was only by doing large chukkers in the car that we explored much country and saw as much as we did. Personally I hate this method of hunting, which entails winding your way through thorn bush hour after hour with an occasional spy from a kopje top and, when you sight a desired quarry, getting out for a short stalk. It was not easy stalking

by any means, as the quarry was wary and well versed in the danger from motorists, but such a stalk—win or lose—always seems to me a poor price for a good prize. I prefer either a far spy and a day's stalk as in the mountains, or else to spoor up or still-hunt in the bush. I never cared for the Boer method of hunting on horseback as is still practised in the Kalahari. I like to be slow and sure, reading the spoor and the signs, with ever a careful spy before topping a rise or crossing a glade.

We had an exciting half-hour when we jumped first a brace of cheetahs, to lose them almost at once in the bush, and, five minutes later, put up a brace of leopards, one of whom was fool enough to give us a run in fairly open bush, where the car could follow, and was finally brought to bay and to bag not without a thrill.

Lion spoor was common although they must be far more plentiful when game is abounding and were now probably far away taking toll of the great herds. Certes, our friend, a resident in Mossamedes, had shot scores of lion, besides elephant, buffalo and rhino all within a few days drive of Mossamedes at the right season, and neither Blaine nor I were much interested. Time was running short, we still wanted a good gemsbok and lion are far too tricky beasts to waste time after. Between the three of us we had seen a great number of lions shot and seldom as the result of a preconceived plan. Sitting up for them over a kill or water makes no appeal.

The eland bull shot at this camp was a beauty and a head I picked up (a lion's kill) was even better, so I have little hesitation in promising you a good eland in this district and they are by no means common nowadays.

Our last jaunt together was from Mossamedes, not far from the sea, and we worked 100 miles south towards the Cunene River. This was horribly uninteresting country, flat as a board, a desert void of trees and grass, waterless and almost without life. Certes was an optimist; he had led us hither because on a previous visit at a different season it had been full of game. Never easy to stalk in the bare open, he admitted, but there to see. Now, bar springbok in their hundreds and two varieties

of zebra careering madly on every skyline, there was nothing. We kept on pressing forward, eating the miles in our cars and always hoping. Thin scrub began to appear, and then a half-dry marsh, but never a sign of hopeful spoor. Certes, like all optimists was mercurial, and his high hopes evaporated. All the game must be collected on the Cunene River, he guessed, and that was still 100 miles away across impossible country. Our time was too short, it was hopeless.

Nevertheless, if I went again before the rains, I should head direct for the Cunene River across the plains and then strike east, following the river inland through the middle veld and up into the highlands.

As things were, our passages booked and another shoot arranged at the Cape, we turned back towards Mossamedes.

Luck is the queerest of all sirens. We had practically given up and put our guns away, when, for a mere whimsey, we pulled up our car twenty miles short of the town for a last picnic lunch (we hated Portuguese hotel food). Certes crashed on homewards in dudgeon. At lunch we talked. We had five days left to waste ; we had crossed a single gemsbok spoor a few miles back ; it was hideous country without trees or grass, wind-swept, flat and barren, but it was freedom. Hang it, we'd stop, pitch camp and draw firewood and water from the town.

Never yet was a decision better inspired.

The desert plateau thereabouts was split by giant cracks, a maze of fissures which drained the rain floods in due season down to the lonely beach ten miles away.

These fissures, almost jumpable at their beginnings, broadened out into steps, terraces and hidden, shallow valleys, criss-crossed by channels. On the horizon was here a lonely kopje, there a labyrinth of glittering dunes.

In the shelter of a deep fissure we pitched our shadeless tents and one day's precarious wandering by car brought great discoveries. Along the sunken and undreamt of channels ran a thin fringe of green grass and, amid the cracks, hollows and one-time islands, lay a multitude of gemsbok tracks. Only five miles away to the east lay the desert motor highway to the

south, only twenty miles away northwards was Mossamedes, with its port and townee butchers, itching for meat, yet this unpromising nook had escaped.

The history of the next three days was no tale of marvels. I should hate to think that gemsbok were as common as dirt and as easy as sheep anywhere, they are too good a beast for that, but we did find success.

The method was to find some vantage point at dawn and evening and to make a careful spy of all broken ground draining to the sea. With care you could spy a square mile, a moving shape always attracts the eye and the only trouble was to sort out the greater gemsbok from the ubiquitous herds of springbok. The long spear-like horns were the best key to that difficulty.

Once you had located a herd or two of gemsbok in one direction, off you went with a prayer to Allah. You now had two difficulties, the herd was generally on the move and you had no cover save fissures and saddleback dunes. You had to go where your crack led you and hope for the best. Three times out of four you came on your quarry unexpectedly and had about three seconds to choose your head and aim. Once jumped they would bolt 200 yards and pull up to stare. That was your last chance.

One day making for our vantage point in the car we ran into a herd of a dozen gemsbok lying basking in the sun at twenty yards range. Of course, we were neither loaded nor ready. I only regret that we had not our cameras set, for it would have been a dirty way of shooting. As we pulled up the herd rose staring. We had time to seize rifles and field glasses, to get out and creep round the offside of the car, even to crouch and fumble before the herd moved. They bolted 100 yards and pulled up. We still had time to shoot, but not to choose a head. We let them go. They had two or three good bulls among them, but no monster.

This jaunt brought our shoot to an end, save Blaine's discovery of the impala place on the way back to Lobito.

Our total bag was nothing spectacular. Specimens of Cape hartebeest, impala, gemsbok, eland and a few oddments, but

remember, this was not a shooting trip, pure and simple, but a quest to fill a few blanks and to explore the country. Neither of us wished to shoot beasts which we had previously bagged, unless they were super heads. This is not the country for first class elephant or buffalo and a record kudu takes both time and luck. But for a fairly easy and not expensive all-round shoot Angola can be recommended and, above all, it is probably the least explored.



WAR-TIME SCROUNGER.

By RICHARD CLAPHAM.

INSEPARABLE from Tommy's vocabulary, the word "scrounging" may or may not be of Great War coinage, but it adequately serves to describe a variety of activities in which some of us indulged during those strenuous days in France, when it was better to sleep dry on a full stomach, than wet on an empty one.

On active service it is up to you to do yourself as well as possible in the way of food and comfort, whether afield or in billets, and here is where the experienced scrounger shines. When sniping and observing during the last war, the writer and his particular pal generally managed to make life easier for themselves by scrounging, winning, or pinching this and that as conditions demanded. A rudimentary knowledge of the French language helped to smooth the way on many a scrounging expedition, which otherwise would have got some local inhabitant's goat. Not that that mattered, but if things could be come by easily, it was better than running risks.

Those of us who were familiar with game shooting before the war, naturally seized every opportunity of doing so in France, despite strict orders about game. While out on a long rest not very far from Calais, we became friendly with a farmer who was keen on shooting. He possessed a voluminous gunmaker's catalogue, sent out by the "Grandes Manufactures D'Armes," of Saint Etienne, which proved most interesting reading. What was more to the point, however, he owned a gun, and had the wherewithal to reload some empty cartridge cases. This done, we went out and killed some partridges and hares. Cooked by the farmer's wife, they made a pleasant change from bully beef and biscuits. Wild boar also inhabited a forest in the same area, and a Sunday expedition to it resulted in the

killing of a boar with a Service rifle. There were plenty of pig, but it was a case of poach or leave them alone. If only we could have driven the place we might have accounted for some decent trophies. On another occasion we killed a roebuck in Nieppe Forest, which was a great place for roe. During many visits to this forest we never saw any wild boar there.

Now and then we added fish to the menu. During our sojourn in France, we always carried with us a few flies, gut casts, and Stewart tackle, and when a local rod could not be borrowed, we cut a sapling and used thin cord for line. Our favourite fly, the Black Spinner, appealed almost as much to the French trout as those at home, while a worm on Stewart tackle accounted for sundry perch. Mills bombs chucked into the Scarpe River at Arras brought to light a variety of fish, including a brown trout of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The latter was cooked in a frying pan on a stove in the old French barracks, and oh! boy, was it good? During the winter months wild geese flew over the trenches at times, and this was generally the signal for every rifle and machine gun to have a crack at them. Very few were brought down, but one evening our fellows killed a goose that fell in the Hun lines. Next day the Bosches put up a notice in English, "Many thanks!"

Shell fire accounted for a certain amount of game, but not half as much as we expected. During the last advance we found a brace of partridges and a hare, the former near the Canal du Nord and the latter in Bourlon Wood. This hare had not a mark on her, and must have died from shock. Gas appeared to have little or no effect on small birds. At any rate, on June 2nd, 1918, at 3 a.m. near Gommecourt Wood, we saw a blackbird and a pied-flycatcher singing lustily, although the fumes from gas shells were uncomfortably strong. When out at night in No-Man's-Land, the quack, quack of wild duck, and the scaipe, scaipe of snipe could sometimes be heard. Rats—as every soldier knows—swarmed, loathsome brutes which battered on the bodies of the dead. Our friend Major Milne, better known to the sporting community as "Jerry M.," killed some enormous rats with his terriers. One of the prettiest wild animals in France

was the beech marten. Both it and the polecat inhabited Nieppe Forest. To get back to our scrounging, however.

In addition to the fishing tackle previously mentioned, we always carried a well-made catapult and a supply of S.S.G. shot sent out from home. With it we killed more than one plump partridge, as well as other game. One evening at Fontes, near the First Army Sniping School, we shot a cock pheasant with the catapult. This happened on the edge of a marsh, to which the largest congregation of starlings we have ever seen used to come in nightly to roost amongst the reeds.

Scrounging to make life comfortable is really the test of a man's efficiency. At the end of some long march when you were dumped in open country, with nothing but bare ground or shell-holes in sight, you had to hustle if you and your particular pal wished to sleep dry and warm. A shell-hole is not the best bedroom in the world, but it can be made to serve if you can rake up enough ground-sheets or other material to cover you. Usually a few corrugated iron sheets could be pinched from some dump, or the remains of disused "bivvies" could be found amongst old trenches from which you could collect the needful. The first step towards comfort is the construction of a shelter, and this can be a bivouac or a dug-out. The former includes everything from the "funk-hole" cut out of the side of a trench, to the more pretentious "bivvy" with walls of sod or sandbags, and a roof of corrugated iron. In summer a brush shelter, with a few old sacks over it, served during the hot days and nights, but in winter you needed something better. If you were in a wood a really good shelter could be made, as there were poles and saplings in plenty. My particular pal in our old sniping section more than once slept with me in a grave. In other words we dug a hole some 7 feet long and 4 feet or 5 feet deep, wide enough to accommodate the two of us, and with a pole laid lengthwise, or iron pickets crosswise, a ground-sheet roof was soon fixed. The bottom of the hole was covered with a thick layer of grass or fern. Oil-sheets pinched from the Huns made good roofing material, as they were provided with buttons and button-holes to join them together. Once when we were

in such a "grave," two mules got loose and careered around. We got the wind up properly, for the thought of a mule falling in on top of us was hardly our idea of entertainment.

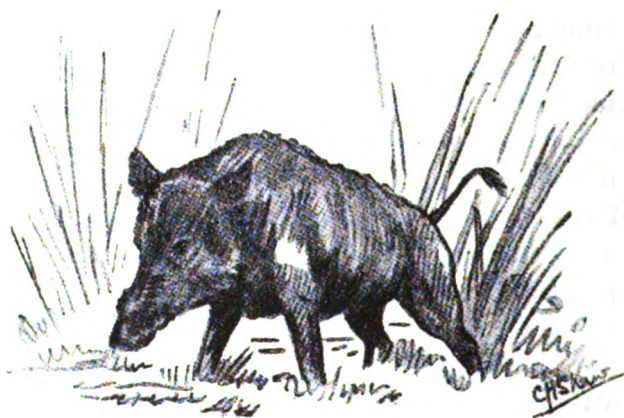
During trench warfare, the Huns specialised in deep dug-outs, 30 feet or 40 feet below ground. These could, of course, be made into comfortable homes, but for any one inclined to claustrophobia they were foul places to live in. Concussion from heavy shells shook them sufficiently to blow candles out, and after leading a subterranean existence for days, men were reluctant to leave them and face whatever was doing on top. From the pasty-faced appearance of Bosche prisoners, they must have spent a lot of time below ground when our guns were pounding their trenches. One benefit of these dug-outs was that you could chuck a Mills bomb down them and often make quite a bag of Jerries.

Souvenir hunting was another form of scrounging that gave good results when the Bosches were finally on the run. Amongst other things secured were prismatic binoculars by Goerz and Zeiss, automatic pistols, bugles, iron crosses, and their black-and-white ribbons. From a Hun officer the writer took a neat automatic of .276 bore, plus 200 cartridges. At Graincourt the day our boys cleaned up the place, three of us scrounged through the sugar factory, out of which there suddenly appeared a party of Huns with their hands up. They had not much on them in the way of souvenirs, so we handed them over to the proper quarter and then got on with our job. In the deep dug-outs we had to keep our eyes skinned for "booby traps," some of which were quite ingenious, but nevertheless devastating in their results if you handled them carelessly. One of the neatest souvenirs was an iron cross with its length of black-and-white ribbon. Many of the enemy wore the ribbon, and the medal itself was sometimes carried in the soldier's pocket-book.

Scrounging in the wake of the retiring enemy was interesting work. Times without number when doing front line observation, we wished we could go behind the Hun lines and see what it was all like. During the final retreat one could do this, and see how the Jerries had lived in their deep dug-outs and other

funk-holes. At Fromelle, in the old Wotan line, there were huts and deep dug-outs in the trenches, and at the end of one was a table set in a little grove of trees where doubtless many a Hun officer had taken tea in summer. The place appeared to have been quite a luxurious abode.

One of our most lasting memories of the Great War was that of October 18th, 1918, when our boys entered Lille. We received an uproarious welcome, which included gifts of flowers, beer and coffee. We spent the night in an estaminet at Anneppe, where we drank confusion to the *salle* Bosche, smoked cigars, and had the pleasure of sleeping in a real bed.



Barrage
n'est ce pas ?



Concours-Hippique
SAUMUR, 1939

A SENSE OF PROPORTION

By "AIGUILLETTE"

"PROPORTION, gentlemen! Proportion! You must preserve a proper sense of proportion!" insisted the General in *Ole-Luk-Oie's* masterly story, *The Point of View*; and in time of war a proper sense of proportion is one of the very hardest things of all for the average individual, even the average soldier, to maintain.

Summer is in its stride as these words are written, and still the German threat of invasion, while effective enough in pinning down large bodies of troops in this country, stops short of actual attempt. It may still come; *there are some among the more far-sighted, indeed, who hope steadfastly, almost desperately, that it will.* For they realize that abstention from the attempt would probably add anything from six months to a year to the duration of the war, and woefully increase, both in life and treasure, the cost of a victory which in any event cannot hope to be cheaply won.

If Hitler and his Generals had possessed a spark of that military genius with which they have so confidently endowed themselves, at any cost invasion would have been launched against this country during the height of the Dunkirk evacuation. For never again could so favourable a moment arise. Had it been attempted, it is idle to try and disguise the fact that this country would have found itself in a pretty desperate plight. But, happily for the cause of world freedom, the German mind is incapable of concentrating upon more than one plan at a time; a plan, moreover, which holds no parley with deflection and swift adaptation to the fortuitous opportunity of the moment. In May-June of last year, the scheme of the moment was to concentrate every energy on "putting the British Expeditionary Force in the bag"; and the hard-fought but abortive effort exhausted both valuable

time and vast material resources. The "follow-on" which aimed at the subjugation of France, although far-reaching enough in itself, lost sight of the fact that a prostrate France provided only half an answer to the question, whereas a defeated Great Britain would have left no further European question to answer. The cross-roads were reached and, as it may be prophesied, history will affirm that Hitler was in very much the same case as *The Girl Who Took The Wrong Turning*.

Failure to exploit the opportunity which knocked so unheeded on the door, indeed, will probably rank with von Kluck's far-reaching blunder in the September of 1914. But as the outcome of the myopia and inflexibility of the German plan, the British were given that much-needed grace in which, in a defensive sense, to put their military house in order.

We have it on the authority of the Prime Minister himself that, as a result of the unprecedented war effort of the past eight or nine months, we can face the prospect of an effort to violate our shores "with sober and increasing confidence." It follows, then, that, armed as we are to destroy it, we should definitely welcome the attempt; even, at the moment of our own selection, do everything that lies within our power deliberately to encourage it.

A little thought will show the reason why.

It is an elementary principle of strategy that a belligerent nation's primary object must be the destruction of the enemy's organized armed forces. Failing their complete extirpation, every effort must be made to ensure their reduction, in numbers and morale, to such a condition of inferiority that the imposition of peace terms will leave them in no condition to constitute a menace to the future. In plain terms, even while making full allowance for the contributory factors of economic pressure and blockade, the blunt fact persists that no war can be won—and certainly no future condition of peace assured—until a certain number of the enemy have been killed or permanently incapacitated, in battle.

Now it has long been accepted that—with the singular exception of Verdun in 1916—the casualties suffered by the

attack are always considerably heavier than those inflicted upon the defence. Equally, it may unhesitatingly be affirmed that of all forms of military endeavour, an amphibian assault, culminating in an attempt at a forced landing from open boats, is by far the most costly than can be essayed—as the Gallipoli landing in the April of 1915 bore ample witness. Normally, a loss of one in the defence to two to three in the assault may be accepted as a fair average. But with an attack developed from water-borne craft, the proportion rises to anything from five to one to seven to one. Obviously, if the object be “killing Germans”—as it must be in view of their considerably greater resources in man-power—then nothing more favourable to the prosecution of that object could well be conceived than an attempt on their part at invasion, launched over open seas, from the ports upon the enemy-occupied coastline. And there can be no question that sea-borne troops would have to be employed; for the prosperity which attended purely air-borne forces of invasion in Crete in no way implies that so delimited a venture would stand comparable chances of success where the penetration and subjection of our island defences are concerned.

Moreover, it must also be borne in mind that, should invasion be attempted this coming autumn, the effect upon the German civilian population (as indeed on the army itself) of a serious military setback would be infinitely greater if it preceded the lean, sombre months of winter than if it transpired after those gruelling times of bitter cold and semi-want had somehow been survived.

Goering's much-vaunted *Luftwaffe* has signally failed to assert its superiority over the smaller but infinitely more efficient Royal Air Force. Yet without that unqualified assertion of superiority, German hopes of invasion can be no more than chimerical. For all that, from the point of view of sheer prestige and ineludible window-dressing, the need to accept the risk of failure is one that no totalitarian caucus can afford indefinitely to ignore. To do all in our power, therefore, deliberately to encourage the launching of an enterprise in whose outcome the score would add up so tremendously in our favour, is a procedure infinitely

more to be recommended than that of rendering thanks for being spared something out of which, in the ultimate, we could not help but reap substantial profit.

* * * * *

But—postulating that no 1941 effort to penetrate our island defences is attempted—what of the spring of 1942 ?

There will, assert certain of the prophets, inevitably be an attempt at invasion then ; either as an adjunct to successful operations in other theatres or as a desperate “ red herring ” to distract attention from failure in more distant *terrains-de-campaign*. It would therefore, they continue, be advisable to forestall such an effort by launching our own combined sea, land and air offensive against Germany and German-occupied territory in good time to nip such an enterprise in the bud.

This, at best, is a shallow recommendation, and its implications call for very serious examination before it can even be tentatively entertained. At the present moment, and to a slightly lesser degree, this will be true of us in the spring of 1942, we are, save at sea, at a heavy numerical disadvantage compared to our enemies. We are also committed to enterprises in the Near and Middle East, some of which are obvious, unavoidable responsibilities and as to the propriety of the others we must leave it to the bar of history to record the verdict. And, owing to Great Britain's traditional and apparently inalienable bias towards preparing for a war only after it has started, there is a stupendous leeway still to be made up before we can meet both the air and land armies of Germany upon anything like equal terms ; as meet them we must before a clean-cut military decision can be obtained. And “ Detachment ” operations in the present and immediate future, however ineludible, promise to do little but exhaust further the lean balance in our military bank.

At the moment, the ratio of two to two-and-a-half Divisions per million head of the population has nowhere near been reached ;* while a large proportion of the troops already em-

* By German standards, the ratio of two-and-a-half Divisions per million of the population is not high. Towards the end of the 1914-18 campaign the proportion had risen in Germany to three-and-a-half Divisions per million head of the population.

bodied still requires equipping and the final polish put to their training. Moreover, the Divisions which must fight their way to victory over the subjugated legions of the *Reich* cannot be bodies of troops armed solely with rifles and machine guns, marching to the conflict in the manner of their predecessors. *Autres temps, autres mœurs!* In the main, they must be mechanized Divisions, more heavily armoured, better weaponed, more mobile, with more weight to their punch than that possessed by the very formidable armament boasted by the hard-fighting and tenacious adversaries against whom they will find themselves arrayed. They must, in addition, be provided with an air force capable, first, of blasting an area free from enemy molestation to permit of an unimpeded landing, and, thereafter, in a position so thoroughly to sweep the skies clear of the *Luftwaffe* that the contest between the respective field armies can proceed without the crippling interruption of hostile aerial activity. As General de Gaulle has defined the operation, "The attack will not be made with an expeditionary force of men in battle dress, with rifles at the slope. Tanks and guns. More guns and tanks. Thousands of aeroplanes. Tens of thousands of aeroplanes."

In short, an army of *matériel*.

But *matériel* takes time to make. With a largely improvised and still laggard "war industry," a vast deal of time to make; while time is equally demanded for the technical training of a vast personnel in its proper use.

To throw elements of this slowly-growing force piecemeal into the fray would be nothing short of criminal madness. The enormous material and psychological effect of the Tanks' first appearance on the Somme in September, 1916, for example, would have been enhanced a thousand times had it been possible to preserve the secret of their existence until they could have taken the field in mass. Unfortunately, the fear of premature and damaging disclosure committed the British High Command to the cardinal error of "hitting softly." And it is at least a matter for debate whether or no in some of the recent "Detachment" operations upon which our forces found them-

selves launched, the means at our disposal did not commit us to the same fundamental mistake of "hitting softly" which is the very negation of all successful military enterprise.

That is a mistake which must not suffer repetition. No considerations of domestic or sentimentalist policy, no concessions to "war-weariness" or to a very understandable, if dangerous, impatience, must be permitted to recommend the launching of anything bordering upon a premature offensive. In short, no counter-stroke should even be given consideration until the British and Allied forces are in such overwhelming strength that the outcome of their efforts cannot for a moment be in doubt. It is, in effect, for the civilian population to steel themselves to "take it" and to go on "taking it" until their forces of the land, air and sea have attained such superiority, both in men and in material, over those of their enemy that victory can be achieved with the maximum of speed and at the minimum of cost. After all, it is to its own negligence in failing to insist upon the possession of an adequate army and air force in pre-war days that it owes the tribulation it is in these days condemned to undergo; for neglect, like chickens and curses, comes home to roost. Only by a dogged determination to hang on on the part of the army *not* in uniform will the course of the war be properly directed, its length shortened, and thousands upon thousands of lives be spared which otherwise—were the pressure of public opinion to enforce a misguided policy of costly nibbling and undernourished, premature assault—would be frittered fruitlessly away. Public opinion—all-powerful, ultimately, under our democratic system—must insist that the defensive should everywhere be sustained until such time as the offensive can be launched upon such a scale that it can be relied upon to clean up the job swiftly, thoroughly, economically and without check.

* * * * *

He who launches an amphibian invasion courts a defeat more costly and disastrous than any other known to war. But a premature offensive wantons invaluable life away, the eleventh-hour lack of which may well imperil the very chance of victory itself.

THE WAR APRIL—JUNE, 1941

By "OBSERVER"

THE course of the war in the early summer of 1941 has been a chequered one from the point of view of both sides. It has seen the conquest of Greece and Yugoslavia, the loss of all our spring gains in Cyrenaica, the failure in Crete, and a continuing serious toll of losses at sea, all of them heavy blows for the Allies. But the Axis Powers have had their setbacks too—the destruction of the newest German battleship, the *Bismarck*, the collapse of the anti-British movement in Iraq, the loss of Syria as a jumping-off ground for aggression in the direction of India, and the check in the Western desert of Egypt. On balance, we have no reason to be dissatisfied—or over-satisfied—with the general trend of events during this period.

Let us review our setbacks first. The failure of the campaign in Greece was a grave disappointment; the magnificent performances of the Greek army in Epirus and Albania had perhaps imbued us with an over-optimistic view of the whole position there. The Greeks had stood up unexpectedly well to the immensely superior Italian resources—admittedly under conditions which made full use of these resources difficult—and could no doubt have continued to hold their own, despite the increasing strain upon them, so long as they had only the Italians to deal with. But once Germany had decided to intervene, it was clear that they would be completely out-matched if left to fight without aid. And it was also clear that Germany certainly would—indeed, for the sake of Axis prestige, must—intervene as soon as the coming of the campaigning season in the Balkans made it possible for her to do so. All this was long foreseen, and early in the year Mr. Eden and

General Dill spent some weeks in the Middle East discussing exhaustively with everyone concerned, including the Greek and Turkish General Staffs, what could be done to give Greece this help. What we ourselves could do was obviously limited by the demands of our operations in North and East Africa. In Libya we had just gained a series of decisive victories over the Italians which, it was thought, should secure our position there during the short remaining weeks of the campaigning season. In East Africa our operations, though not yet over, were within sight of a victorious end before the rains came to interrupt them, and it was possible to foresee that forces from there, small at first but increasing in numbers as time went on, would be available for use elsewhere. It was therefore decided to reduce our forces in Libya to the limit of the possible compatible with reasonable safety, and to send as large a contingent as could be spared from there to Greece.

The result of this was, as we know, unfortunate. The force we sent to Greece was not large enough to save her from hostile conquest, while its absence from Cyrenaica caused us the loss of that province and a renewal of the peril from that quarter to Egypt. This double setback gave public opinion here and all over the world a considerable shock, which was accentuated by the unfortunate manner in which the news of it was handled by the British authorities, so that the subsequent "post-mortems" in Parliament and Press were more exacerbated than they need have been.

From the purely military point of view, it is fairly clear that the decision to help Greece, and the way this was done, were of a highly doubtful wisdom. It was true that we had not sufficient forces in the Middle East to make our aid to her effective. It was also true that to send her any help at all involved taking considerable risks in Cyrenaica—too considerable, as the event showed. As it was, we fell heavily between the two stools and brought them both down on the top of us, by splitting our inadequate forces between Greece and Cyrenaica and losing both. Examples of this cardinal military error, the pursuit of great objects with insufficient means, teem in military history.

It is clear that we were here guilty of it again; yet it is also quite clear that we committed it with our eyes open—and why ?

The reason was, of course, that in totalitarian war, in which whole nations and continents are involved, purely military considerations must often have to give way to those of higher policy. Our policy is the declared one of resistance to Axis aggression, the defence of small nations, and the championship of the rule of law. When small nations cry for help to us, we cannot, by very reason of this proclaimed high policy, turn a deaf ear to the appeal. Often, as here, it might be good strategy to do so, but the moral loss of such a course would be greater than the material gain. We ourselves should begin to lose our faith and self-confidence; our existing allies would be disheartened and dismayed; our potential allies would turn their backs on us and hasten to seek the best terms they could get from our enemies, and these terms would most certainly include active co-operation in the effort against us. We have had several examples in the present war of those whom we have been unable to assist choosing the possibly unpalatable but certainly unavoidable course of passing into the opposite camp, and we can afford no more such defections. It is true that Greece chivalrously declared that she would, in any case, fight on with our help if we could give it, without it if we could not. That attitude alone made it impossible for us to refuse our aid, even if it were not enough, and even if it should put our interests elsewhere in peril. So policy was allowed to override strategy, with the concurrence of all concerned in the decision. The results were unfortunate, but the results of the alternative course might well have been still more so.

It is impossible not to feel, when looking back over the course of these campaigns in Greece and in Cyrenaica, that the enemy was favoured by fortune almost as much as by his own valour and efficiency. The sudden decision of Yugoslavia to overthrow her government of weaklings and traitors immediately on their return from signing the pact of surrender to the Axis and to take her stand for freedom and independence was a

fine gesture of courage and high spirit. But its immediate political and military results were unfortunate not only for Yugoslavia herself but for her allies. Her adherence to the anti-Axis cause had not been reckoned with by the Greek High Command—under whose orders our small contingent was serving as an auxiliary force—when its plans for resistance to German attack had been drawn up, and they had to be hastily recast to meet the new situation. Nor was it realised at the time, not even by the Yugoslav people themselves, how totally unready their army was for war, and how little time it would have to make good its deficiencies. The Greeks therefore most unhappily decided to utilise their troops set free from holding the Yugoslav border, not as a reserve for their already long and thinly held front north of Salonica, but for the garrisoning of the long narrow strip of indefensible territory stretching along the north shore of the Ægean Sea to the Turkish frontier, which they had most wisely resolved to abandon. As soon as the Germans, who had rapidly redistributed their forces in the Balkans so as to be able to deal with Yugoslavia as well as Greece, broke through at the point of junction of the two armies and reached Salonica, all these forces were cut off and a large proportion of them lost.

These troops could the less be spared from the main front because the principal German thrust against the Greek centre was threatening also to cut off the forces, which had hitherto held at bay the Italians in Albania before they could fall back to the south along the few and indifferent roads in the Pindus mountains. The Greek and Yugoslav armies had been driven apart at the very start of the campaign, and from that moment a cloud of obscurity, broken only by the tendentious and untrustworthy light of Axis communiques, fell over events in Yugoslavia. It is not possible even now to get any detailed picture of what happened in that unhappy country: the first German thrusts breaking over the mountains from Bulgaria into the great trench of the Morava valley which divides the country from north to south, split the unready and ill-equipped Yugoslav army into a number of small divided bodies, out of

touch with each other and with their high command. These fought on as best they could and as long as they could in the mountainous southern and western areas of the country, where guerilla warfare apparently continued for some weeks. The northern plainland and the Dalmatian coastline, overrun on all sides by German columns, followed later by Hungarians, Rumanians and Bulgarians, eager for a share in the conquered spoils, fell almost undefended into hostile hands. The Yugoslav air force, small and ill-equipped, was able to put up but a brief resistance, and the Germans wreaked their usual savage vengeance on Belgrade and other hapless Yugoslav towns. Following up these raids, mechanised or motorised forces occupied all the keypoints of the country, which the Axis partners and their jackals then proceeded to carve up politically among themselves. Thus Yugoslavia for the time being disappeared from the map of Europe.

Equally unfortunate was the effect of her fall on the Greek campaign. The break in the centre of the Allied line could not be stemmed before the Germans had poured a flood of troops through it on to the left flank and rear of the victorious but weary Greek army in Albania, which, partly, no doubt, through natural reluctance to abandon all its recent hard-won gains, failed to withdraw from its precarious position till it was too late. With its inevitable capitulation the greater part, and the best part, of the Greek army thus disappeared from the conflict, and the remnant, with the small Allied contingent, had no option but to retreat fighting to the southern Greek ports, whence the bulk of them were safely got away at the price of the loss of all their heavy armament and equipment. So ended the campaign on the mainland of Greece.

This inevitable, though to many people unexpected result, was due, as always, to the inferiority of Greek armament and numbers compared to those of the Germans. The Germans used their men and machines with their usual reckless and ruthless energy, and though their losses in both were probably high, the price they thus paid for their success cannot be considered excessive. Since the fall of France, Greece had

been the only European country that had dared to defy the might of the Axis, and was the last one to pass under its yoke. The Balkans have now become a field of exploitation for the conquerors, who have thus gained a new front in the Mediterranean and a new step on the road to the East, where lie so many objects of their perennial ambition.

The fall of Crete, which followed a few weeks later, was an impressive demonstration, not only of German military skill, but of a new technique of attack, which under the peculiar circumstances of the moment enabled air power to circumvent sea power and effect the conquest of an island unaided. The defenders of Crete laboured under grave disadvantages, unrealised at the time by the world outside, that considerably facilitated the hostile task. Though British troops had been in garrison for some weeks and much work had been done, the defences of the island were far from complete and left much to be desired. In particular, it had been found impossible to provide the few available aerodromes with protection sufficient to justify their occupation by our aircraft under threat of heavy attack. As our air bases in Egypt were out of fighter range, this meant that the German squadrons had the air above the island to themselves. In addition to the fighting troops in the garrison, of whom there were none too many, there were collected there, as a result of the hurried evacuation from Greece, large numbers of non-combatant and departmental personnel, who were rather an encumbrance than an assistance to the defence. The Greek troops were short of arms, and many of them consisted of raw recruits of little more fighting value than the local inhabitants. All these showed the best spirit and readiness to assist, but the physical and nervous strain of the incessant pounding from the air to which they were subjected soon told heavily on them, and once the Germans had managed to secure numerical superiority, as they quickly did, the fall of the island was only a matter of days. The enemy losses both in aircraft and in personnel were severe, with the Navy taking a high toll of repeated attempts made to effect landings by sea ;

but our own casualties, chiefly by reason of the large total of prisoners that fell into his hands, were as heavy, if not heavier.

The loss of Crete disturbed British public opinion even more seriously than the failure in Greece, and the spectacular and unexpected success of the massed air attack made a particularly great, if somewhat misleading, impression. For, after all, this episode only reinforced the lesson already taught by the campaigns in Poland, the Low Countries, France, and Yugoslavia, that an army aided by a powerful air force in undisputed command of the air can do more or less as it wills on the ground. There was nothing in this either very new or very striking, though here again the Germans merit full credit for the rapidity and vigour with which they recognised and exploited their advantage in this respect. What was really of more interest, though the fact was not fully recognised at the time, was that air power, even in such remarkably favourable conditions for its exercise, could not drive sea power from the seas, or clear the way to Crete even for small troop-carrying craft moving by night and starting from many far-separated points on a long and much indented coastline. At no time or place did more than a few vessels ever reach their destination, and our naval losses, though heavy, did not prevent the Navy doing its work effectively. So far from the capture of Crete by air attack having sinister future implications for the successful defence of Britain against this or any other form of invasion, the true lesson would seem to be all the other way. If the Germans needed full and undisputed command of the air merely to get troops down in Crete; if they were only able to obtain this by reason of the complete absence of our air force from the scene of action; and if even this command could not enable them to evade and drive off the guard of our Navy on the seas; what hope could they have of repeating their Crete performance against Britain without any of the conditions and factors of success which they there found indispensable? If the lessons of Crete have been duly noted and learned by us, as we have good reason to believe that they

have, we shall have benefited rather than lost by the warning there given us of what air power can and cannot do in the matter of overseas invasion.

To complete the tale of Allied misfortunes in this spring came the loss of all the gains of General Wavell's brilliant winter campaign. The Germans had already, before its conclusion, begun to send troops, including at least one armoured division, across the Sicilian Channel from southern Italy to Tripoli, and to push them forward across the wide belt of desert separating Tripolitania from Cyrenaica. Owing to the great distance of its nearest bases and the danger from the strong force of enemy bombers stationed in Sicily, it was not possible for our Mediterranean fleet to interfere with this traffic, except by means of submarines and occasional incursions by light surface ships. The Germans, with their habitual acceptance of calculated risks for great ends, disregarded the considerable losses involved in this traffic, and the strength and readiness of their forces in Tripolitania was underestimated by our intelligence service. When the attack came, it took us more or less by surprise, and met with a success greater than the Germans themselves had dared to expect or even to hope for. We had at the moment only one armoured brigade on the western border of Cyrenaica, the remainder of the division being either in Greece or resting its personnel and refitting its vehicles at the base. This brigade was brought to battle under unfavourable conditions and severely handled before it could extricate itself, and the road to the Egyptian border then lay open before the Germans. The one infantry division which now alone was available to oppose them moved into the defences of Tobruk, where it was more or less closely shut in. The rapid despatch to the western desert of all troops that could be spared from Egypt, including some that had fortunately just arrived from Abyssinia, brought the invaders to a stand on the border in the area Sollum-Fort Capuzzo, which now once more became the scene of the same form of semi-stabilised warfare between light mechanised forces which had prevailed before the beginning of our victorious advance

a few months previously. Thus all our gains in Libya had once more been wrested from us, though nothing of course could bring into the war again the 150,000 Italians who had previously become casualties or had fallen into our hands as prisoners.

All these three setbacks, as before stated, were attributable either to the inadequacy of our forces in the Middle East or to the over heavy demands upon them, whichever way one looks at it. Strategy had had to yield to the requirements of politics, and it failed because it had not been provided with the necessary means to fulfil these requirements. This may be said indeed to have been the prime cause of all our failures in the war so far. We shall not turn our failures into victories until we have at command the forces adequate for whatever demands our war policy may place upon them.

As against these defeats and disappointments, we have several striking and important successes to register. Undoubtedly the most dramatic of these was the destruction of the newest German battleship *Bismarck* on her maiden voyage.

The details of the chase and sinking of this great and formidable ship have been fully told in the Admiralty communique, and need not be repeated here. The chief points of interest were the enormous area of the operations, the precision and efficiency with which the convergence upon the quarry of ships and aircraft from stations many hundreds of miles apart was planned and carried out, and the incalculable power of sea and air power when working together in close collaboration. It has often been deplored in naval circles that modern means of communication tend to tie commanders at sea too closely to the Admiralty's apron strings, and that habits of initiative and independence of action thereby tend to fall into atrophy. Whatever may be the truth of this—and one might search far for any signs of this tendency, at least in the present war—the campaign against the *Bismarck* shows the other side of the medal, for without close conduct and control of the operations by the Admiralty, she must almost certainly have eluded her hunters, and found refuge in one or other of the wide range of

ports open to her. She might well have done so in any case, even as things were, but for the wide network of observation flung all over the area of action by our aircraft. The theories current in certain quarters that air power could drive sea power from the sea have so far been signally falsified in the crucible of experience. But air power allied to sea power, as in this case, has so greatly increased its potency as to sound the knell of the surface commerce raider, that traditional weapon of weaker navies, and render its career short and its fate certain.

Two other closely connected events in the Middle East have also, after ominous beginnings, turned to our advantage. The revolt in Iraq burst out at a moment when things looked dark in that quarter for us, but in the end proved a fiasco. In one sense it was premature, in another belated. Undoubtedly Raschid Ali and his four military fellow-conspirators, had been promised Axis assistance, and relied for the success of their *coup d'état* upon it. But the arrival of British forces, albeit in very small numbers, in the country forced their hand too soon for this assistance to be given, and yet too late for the rebellion to take root before it could be dealt with. The portions of the Iraqi army and air force that were disaffected showed little spirit or efficiency, and there was no widespread support for the movement anywhere in the country. The small British forces that were at hand to deal with the situation did so with commendable speed and vigour, and the political aspects of the crisis were handled with equal ability by the British Minister, the first of a succession of holders of that office to be fully qualified to cope with its difficult and important duties. An alarming danger to the whole fabric of our Middle Eastern empire was thus happily averted, and though the situation in this area still gives cause for some anxiety, it is for the time being, at least, well in hand. Throughout the East, as we have good reason to know, nothing ever succeeds like success, and so long as we continue to hold our own elsewhere, the Iraqi quislings are likely to see little tangible fruit for their continued labours.

The rising in Iraq would have seemed less dangerous, indeed, would probably never have taken place at all, had it not been

for the German infiltration into the French-mandated territory of Syria, which was intended to serve as the first stage of a powerful eastward drive, aimed not only at outflanking from the north our bastion in Egypt and Palestine, but also at depriving us of the valuable oil resources of Iraq and Iran, and menacing the approaches to India through Afghanistan. These may seem remote objectives, but Hitler, like Napoleon, habitually indulges in long views, and with better justification than his famous prototype, for the mechanical vehicle and the aeroplane have done much to reduce, if not to annihilate, distance. The first stage, the peaceful penetration of Syria, began soon after the capture of Crete, with the usual inflow of technicians, diplomatic and consular representatives, and tourists, arriving mostly by air in a steady trickle. Some went on to Iraq, only to return in haste as soon as the rebellion there showed signs of collapse; but most remained to undertake the conversion of Syria from a French into a German dependency. The French garrison, under orders from the Vichy Government, could, or at least, would do nothing to interfere with this humiliating process, and it became a question—to which there could be but one answer—whether we should stand idly by and let it continue until completion, to our own immense detriment, or intervene to prevent what our former allies, if they considered only their own honour and best interests, should never have permitted.

When the campaign began, it was hoped that a considerable number of the Vichy troops in the country might be induced to come over to the side of the Free French forces which were taking part in the advance. These hopes proved to have little basis in fact, but the reluctance to close the door altogether on the possibility of large scale surrender probably made our early action less vigorous than, on purely military grounds, was advisable. Nor did our proclamation of our intention to set up a free and independent Syria as soon as the province came into our hands have any great effect in rallying the people to our side. Yet consideration for them and their lives and property considerably limited the freedom of action of our artillery and air force. Indeed, the whole campaign had to be carried out in

a somewhat hampering political framework, which made its initial phase, at all events, slower and more prolonged than was generally expected, in view of the superiority of force on our side. No doubt somewhat similar considerations also complicated the problem of the Vichy commanders, and it was noteworthy throughout the operations that, apart from tank and artillery units, the bulk of the fighting on their side was done by native troops, who proved formidable and resourceful opponents.

The first stage of the campaign ended with the occupation on both wings of Sidon on the coast by our troops, and of Damascus by a mixed force of our own and Free French units. Meanwhile the French were putting up strong resistance in the Mount Hermon area in the centre, where bold counter-strokes by mechanised columns led to a series of temporarily awkward situations, and held up our progress for some days. Then, however, the advance was resumed, and columns moving westwards from Iraq came into action. One of these threatened the flank of the Vichy line covering Homs and Beirut, before which our main army had halted, while another, heading for Aleppo, threatened to strike right into the hostile rear. This combined threat from three sides made the land prospects of the defenders of Syria hopeless. The German infiltration had ceased the moment it became clear that we intended to deal vigorously with the situation, and the hostile elements already arrived in Syria fled in haste to avoid capture. There was, therefore, little left to fight for, and the Vichy Government, no doubt on the recommendation of their High Commissioner and Commander in Syria, General Dentz, gave him a free hand to get from us the best terms he could. By mid-July the operations were at an end, and Syria had passed under British and Free French military control.

Meanwhile in Africa the situation was gradually swinging round once more in our favour. The final issue of the campaign in Abyssinia and Eritrea had been decided before the coming of the rains, but there were still considerable forces at large in that vast territory. The Duke of Aosta, the Italian Viceroy

and Commander-in-Chief, was still at the head of an army of some 20,000 men in the Amba Alagi area, half-way between Addis Ababa and the Eritrean frontier, and had a strong and well fortified position in this almost inaccessible mountain fastness. Other forces, equally numerous, were holding the territory to the north-west, west, and south-west of the capital, and all gave our South African, East African, and Indian troops considerable trouble before they could be finally destroyed. There was a particularly stern struggle at Amba Alagi before the columns converging from north and south on that natural fortress could induce the Viceroy and his troops to lay down their arms; even when they did so, their resources and powers of resistance were by no means at an end, and only the hopelessness of their prospects, cut off as they were from any possibility of relief or rescue, caused them thus early to accept the ultimately inevitable. The rounding-up of the remaining hostile Italian detachments was methodically pursued throughout the months of May and June, and by mid-summer the 20,000 Italians in the south-western area of Abyssinia had been forced to follow the example of their comrades in the north, and in the west and north-west the last embers of resistance were clearly dying out for good. So near and so sure was the end that the bulk of the forces that had so swiftly and brilliantly carried out this stupendous task of conquest were no longer required in Italian East Africa, and could be redistributed for service elsewhere. Many of them went to Egypt, where their services against the Axis forces in the western desert could be utilised if required. The Italian casualties in all theatres up to the end of June were officially given by us as 582,000, of which 300,000 were incurred in East Africa and 150,000 in Libya, and the rest in Greece.

In Libya, too, things took a better turn for us as the summer advanced. It became clear that the hostile offensive had spent itself, and that its renewal was hardly to be expected before the return of campaigning weather in the autumn at earliest. The Germans and Italians were spread over a large area of territory, and were dependent on a long and vulnerable line of communication from Tripolitania; the former, too,

began to be severely affected by the heat and the dust of the desert, to which they were less inured than our men. The continued pressure of our garrison on their flank at Tobruk was a nuisance and a potential danger which they made several attempts to eliminate without success. The R.A.F. took control of the air, and joined with the Royal Navy in harassing and pounding the hostile lines of communication from the bases right up to the front, finding excellent targets in harbours, lines of supply, lorry and tank columns, dumps, depots and aerodromes. Partial engagements in the Sollum area occurred from time to time, some of them being on a considerable scale, with large mechanised forces engaged on either side. Usually the initiative in these actions was either taken by or fell in the end to us, and the Axis troops came off second best, their tanks and armoured cars being definitely outclassed by ours. When General Wavell, after a career of achievement which had made his name a household word throughout Europe and America, changed places with General Auchinleck, the Commander-in-Chief in India, he was able to hand over to his successor a situation in Egypt, Abyssinia and Syria reasonably satisfactory and not without promise, though also, of course, by no means free from possibilities of danger, for the future.

As a result of our occupation of Syria and the restoration in Iraq of a government friendly to us, our general strategic position in the Middle East is stronger and more satisfactory than it has been since Italy entered the war. We now have a solid block of territory, stretching from the northern frontier of Syria, which borders on a friendly Power, Turkey, to the western desert of Egypt, with lines of communication through the Red Sea so secure that the United States has declared that area a non-combat zone, and allows her ships to be used to supply our forces by way of it. A large amount of American war material, as well as reinforcements, supplies and munitions from Australia, New Zealand and India, have already come by that route, and more are arriving every week. Now that Italian East Africa is Italian no longer, the two-fold threat to Egypt has ceased to exist, and our forces there are ample to deal with any offensive

the Axis are likely to be able to develop along the long and difficult single line of approach from Libya, with their flanks and rear exposed to naval and air attack all the way. Cyprus, from an isolated and imperilled outpost, has now become a valuable and well-supported forward bastion, in front of a Syria firmly in our hands. Turkey, despite her recent pact of non-aggression with Germany, is most unlikely to allow her resources or her territory to be used by our enemies against us, now that we are able, in case of need, to give her swift and direct aid. Indeed, with this new solid barrier erected across his shortest route to the East, Hitler finds his grandiose designs in that quarter, for the time being at least, definitely checked. It is perhaps for this reason, among others, that he has been induced to launch his latest attack on Soviet Russia. The causes and course of that attack must be left to be dealt with in a later article, for it clearly opens a new and probably decisive phase of the war, of which it is not yet possible to perceive the full bearing or foretell the outcome.

One deduction may safely be made from it, that this latest German move in the East precludes for the time being any possibility of a serious attempt at invasion of this country. It may perhaps again be deduced from this, with some degree of probability, that Hitler much disliked the prospects of such an invasion, had serious misgivings as to its success, and preferred the little less inviting alternative of an attack on the formidable military power of Russia. And, indeed, the chances of victory in an attack on Britain, without either air or naval superiority to cover the crossing of the sea by the invading forces, grow more remote with every week that now passes. Enough has already been said on this matter in previous articles in this series to make further repetition unnecessary. The need for constant labour and vigilance here has, of course, not by any means been removed, but so long as these are maintained, we surely have little to fear.

The two other forms of hostile attack on this country still continue, but with diminished intensity and effect. The Battle of the Atlantic, though raging as fiercely and as widely as ever

for the greater part of this period, is taking a steadily lessening toll of our shipping, while the hostile losses in submarines are on the increase, and must already have attained a satisfactory figure from our point of view. We are still losing more tonnage than we can well afford, and more than either we or the United States together can replace at our present rates of building. But we still have, and shall have for many a month to come, enough for our restricted needs, and the danger of our war effort being crippled or of our being brought to our knees by the Axis sea campaign of commerce destruction is receding rather than becoming more imminent. Here, too, it is legitimate to view the present position with qualified satisfaction and sober confidence.

As for the German air offensive against Britain itself, this has so diminished in intensity as now to have nothing more than a nuisance value. Sporadic heavy attacks on London and various provincial cities still occur from time to time, but appear to serve no definite planned purpose. The causes for this sudden decline in enemy air action against our civilian population may probably be found in its obvious failure to affect the national morale and in the increasing toll taken of the raiders by our night fighters and other defensive devices. So long as the main strength of the German air force is fully engaged in the Eastern theatre of war, as is likely to be the case at least until the beginning of winter, this respite may be expected to continue. It is improbable that it will ever be resumed again on the same scale as last year, for it has now been definitely proved a failure, and an increasingly costly one.

Our own air attacks on hostile home and occupied territory, on the other hand, are daily growing in weight and importance. Western Germany is visited nightly, and Northern France and the Low Countries daily, sometimes twice daily, with excellent results, and at a low cost in machines and men, which compares very favourably with that inflicted by us on the Germans when they were pursuing the same strategy last autumn and winter. This shows that the Royal Air Force is fully maintaining its already established superiority over the Luftwaffe in personal

and technical quality, while its large leeway in numbers is rapidly being made up. Now that the nights are lengthening out and more cloudy days are to be expected, the range of our attacks will certainly lengthen until they embrace the whole of hostile territory right up to the eastern frontier, and opportunities for day bombing, so much more accurate than even the most skilful and daring night operations, will increase. The German people will thus more and more be forced to taste the bitter medicine that they have so long been able to administer with comparative impunity on ourselves and other more helpless countries. It will be interesting to see if they can "take it" as well and as long as we have shown that we can. On this may well depend the whole future course, and possibly even the final result, of the war.

Despite the various setbacks and disappointments suffered by the Allies during these late spring and early summer months therefore, the period has brought them steadily further from acute peril of defeat, and nearer to the final goal of victory, without which it is their firm resolve never to ask for or to accept peace. The increasing extent and value of United States help, now being given lavishly in many new directions irrespective of the danger of being involved in direct hostilities thereby, is giving a powerful impetus to our own war effort, which is already greater in intensity than that of the enemy, though much must yet be done before we can achieve absolute superiority over him. When that has been achieved, we shall be well within sight of the goal which we have set ourselves, and from which we shall never turn back.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

The June "Fighting Forces" contains its usual descriptive articles of the course of the land and air war in the Middle East, and notes from India. Lieut.-Colonel Macnamara in "Parliament and the War"—another regular feature—fears that the House is getting too much out of touch with the spirit of the country and that there are signs of a new and facetious spirit of opposition forming. He is confident, however, that in the long run the war is, from the strategical point of view, working out to our benefit, now that we are gaining command of the air as well as of the sea and the hostile commitments are so enormously extended. Major Oliver Stewart gives a decidedly negative answer to the question "Can Bombing Win a War?"; that can only be done by linking it up with sea or land operations or both. An article by Captain Webb deals with some of the problems and perplexities that beset a newly-commissioned officer on first joining his regiment. A review of Lord Davies' new book, "The Foundations of Victory," and a review of opinion in America conclude the number.

The April "Royal Artillery Journal," which came too late for notice in the last issue, opens with another instalment of the anonymous "Reflections and Recollections," covering the author's service as artillery adviser to the White armies in South Russia in 1919-20. These show in a poor light the fecklessness and incompetence prevalent in these armies, which caused them to lose more than one good chance of overthrowing the then ill-established Bolshevik régime. Some useful notes follow on the present artillery organisation and equipment of the German army. Lieut.-General Sir G. MacMunn describes some of the prehistoric invasions of Britain, and there is a reprint of a most amusing and instructive lecture delivered by Colonel

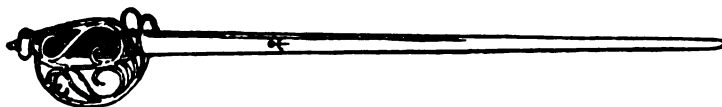
Hobday in 1910 on the history and traditions of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Some lighter items, mostly of a sporting nature, conclude the number.

The March "Royal Engineers Journal" contains a number of interesting general articles. An American paper in "Engineers in Combat" lays down that the basic principle of all their work must be to get the infantry forward, and for this purpose the installation and maintenance of all lines of communication and technical preparations for attack and defence will be, as in the past, their main tasks. An article by an anonymous author on the Rumanian oil situation concludes that Axis deficiencies in oil form the main motive for the recent Balkan campaign; that the present crude oil output from Rumania cannot be increased, and that a large surplus of refined products now there cannot even be transported to the various fighting fronts; and that even if the Axis armies ever reached the Russian or Middle Eastern oilfields, they would find everything destroyed before they got there. Some comments by the U.S. Chief of Cavalry on the recently published diary of a British staff officer make interesting reading, as does a five-act dramatic dialogue on various aspects of discipline. A third American article on "Tanks and the Fall of France" asserts that the cause of the failure of the French tanks lay in their fewness, not in their quality, which was excellent, and goes on to discuss the value of various anti-tank devices as shown in action. The fault of anti-tank guns, he says, is there is never enough of them, nor can any obstacles or combination of them avail to check a strong bold mechanised attack; only a swift tank counter-attack, executed in great force, can effectively defeat it.

The "Royal Air Force Quarterly" for June is for the most part devoted to the long list of well-deserved war decorations bestowed on the Royal Air Force between January and April, and to the even longer roll of honour of casualties. The speech of the Secretary of State for Air introducing this year's air estimates is also given in full. A detailed and somewhat technical introduction to the subject of organisation by

Lieut.-Colonel Hart is the only other item of general interest, an unusually large proportion of the issue being devoted to lighter fare, including some meritorious verse.

The "Army Quarterly" for July, apart from the usual narratives of operations on land, on sea, and in the air covering the period April-June, has a good selection of other items of interest. The first is a reprint of a lecture by Major-General Sir A. McCulloch on "Morale in the Great War," with an appended note dealing with the present war. He discusses the various influences tending to lower morale, and the best way of counteracting these on the part of the leaders, in a full and interesting manner, with many examples from his own experience. Another excellent article by Major Phillips, reprinted from the U.S.A. Infantry Journal, sees in traditionalism a failure to keep up with—better still, ahead of—the times, one of the main causes of defeat in wars from ancient times to to-day. It is of vital importance to avoid this attitude of mind at the present moment, when evolution is so rapid and tactics ought to change, not every ten years but every two or three. Colonel G. S. Hutchison advocates a course of reading and study—with a list of recommended books—for the purpose of training what he calls the "mind's eye" in commanders. Mr. D. Cowie contributes some vivid pen pictures of the military leaders of the British and Empire forces in the field to-day. A paper based on the model of the famous Defence of Duffois Drift—a series of dream solutions to our identical problem, impressing in effectiveness after a disastrous start—by Major Houchin deals with protection of mechanical transport against armoured car attacks. There are also two historical articles.



RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"The Bloodstock Breeders' Review," Vol. XXIX (1940).
 (Publishers: British Bloodstock Agency, Ltd.) £1 15s.
 Half calf binding.

A great welcome is in store for this altogether admirable volume which, in spite of all the difficulties experienced in its publication, lives up to its high standard and reflects the greatest credit on the Agency, and particularly on the secretary, Mr. E. E. Coussell, who as "Ithuriel" contributes a most interesting article on the "Successful Ages of Sires and Dams of Classic Winners," in which he disproves the equal-age theory.

Belated in publication, the volume however came into the reviewer's hands at a most opportune time, on the eve of the Derby, thus enabling him to study the extended pedigrees of those Derby candidates which had shown form as two-year-olds. The 1941 New Derby has now passed into history, with the good, mediæval-sounding name of Owen Tudor carved into its annals. Besides the ownership, Mrs. MacDonald-Buchanan is also the breeder, which is a great and delightful achievement for such a true horsewoman.

The Derby has ever been elusive for lady owners, and one reflects that the first lady owner of this classic was Lady James Douglas, who won the 1918 War substitute race at Newmarket with Gainsborough. Since then Mrs. Miller scored a success on Epsom Downs with Mid-day Sun in 1937.

As ever this 29th volume of the Review is stocked with information regarding the Turf and the Thoroughbred, and it appears to have excelled previous editions in recording the past year's statistics. The work is profusely illustrated with capital photographs by Messrs. Rouch depicting the leading two- and three-year-olds. Turning to that of Poise, the unsexed son of

Fair Trial—Sword Play, who was placed at the top of the Free Handicap, being the winner of the three races which he contested as a two-year-old, one feels that it is ironical that a gelding which is debarred, and rightly, from entry in the Classics, should be even considered when the Free Handicap is being framed.

Included in the obituary notices of riders under both codes of racing appear the names of Lieutenant I. K. Muir, 10th Hussars, who finished eighth on his own horse "Away" in the National of 1940, barely seven weeks before he was destined to be killed in action south of the Seine. Ian Muir had to his credit two good races at Sandown in the Grand Military Handicap 'Chase, riding Gowran Ranger and the Grand Military Hunters' Steeplechase on Tetray.

Likewise Sub-Lieutenant N. R. Dixon, R.N.V.R., who was killed in action; he won the Irish Grand National with Shaun Peel (Wilde up), and he rode his own horse Boy in Blue to win the Conyngham Cup, Punchestown, in 1935. He was also Master of the Essex and Suffolk (Suffolk) Hunt at the time of his death.

Frank Wootton's death in Australia is also recorded. He held the unique record of heading the list of winning jockeys in 1909, whilst still an apprentice, and he was riding against jockeys of the calibre of Danny Maher, C. Trigg, Bernard Dillon and Herbert Jones. This resolute horseman afterwards rode under N.H. rules and headed the list of steeplechase jockeys in 1921 with 61 wins. He had only one ride in the National with Any Time, which came to grief.

The carefully compiled accounts of all the principal races, include a very detailed and entertainingly written description of Bogskar's Grand National, appear together with some capital photographs of incidents in the race. Dealing with National Hunt Rules, one welcomes the statistics of sires of jumpers for season 1939-40, with Werwolf at the top, thanks to Bogskar and Airgead Sios (now dead).

Truly a capital book to study and browse over.

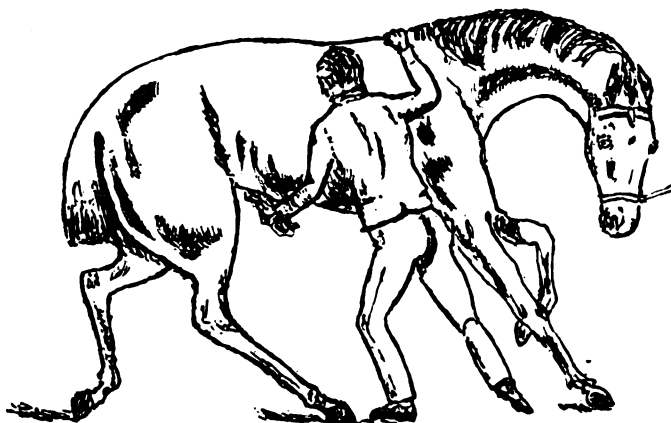
F. C. H.

"Mars in the House of Death." By Rex Ingram. (Publishers: Hutchinson.) 8s. 6d.

This somewhat cumbersome title does not do justice to this all-absorbing story about bull-fighting. Undoubtedly the author has captured the true atmosphere of the bull ring in his account of a matador's life and that of his adversary's in the fighting bull.

In striking contrast to the pageantry which one associates with the bull fighting arena, the author gives what must be a unique insight behind the scenes in his descriptions of the operation theatre. Here matadors and picadors are lying gored unto death and being crudely and callously attended by medicos one would associate with a Red régime rather than a monarchical Spain. Alongside this very charnel house the stables are ranged, wherein the unfortunate blindfolded horses are racked up in their terror awaiting their turn to be ridden into the arena.

A glossary of terms used in bull fighting adds to the value of the book, whilst the numerous black and white illustrations by Carlos Ruano Llopis, who is as celebrated for depicting the bull-fighting arena as Lionel Edwards is for his hunting field scenes, give additional interest to this very masterly story, which should rank as a classic on this traditional sport of Spain and her dependencies.



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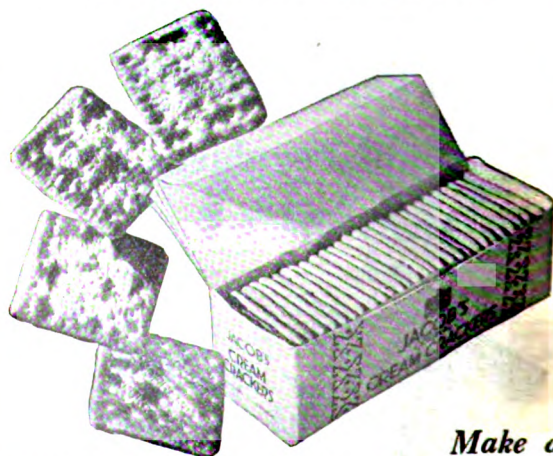
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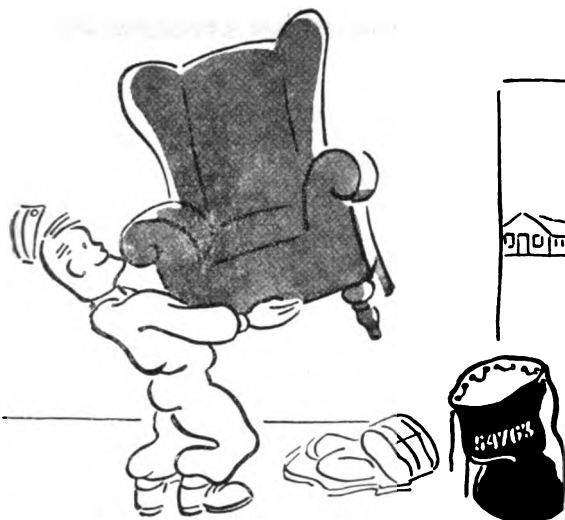
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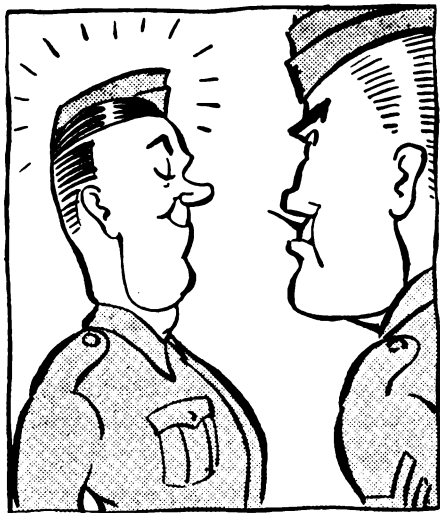
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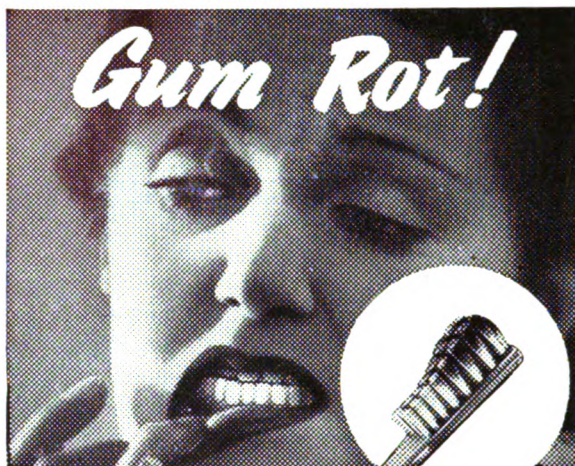
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THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

NOVEMBER, 1941

WITH THE SANCTION OF THE ARMY COUNCIL.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHARGE OF THE FIFTH (ROYAL IRISH) LANCERS AT ELAANDSLAAGTE, OCTOBER 21ST, 1899... .. <i>Frontispiece</i>	
OBITUARY NOTICE TO SERGT.-MAJOR ANDREW LEONARD KENDRICK, ROYAL ARTILLERY	371
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	373
FIFTH (ROYAL IRISH) LANCERS (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C., F.R.HIST.S.	376
MECHANIZED JAM ROLL (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY MAJOR A. G. WADE, M.C. ...	390
FROM SUBALTERN TO SIRDAR: THE CENTENARY OF LORD GRENFELL. BY J. PAINE... ..	399
"BIG BUSINESS" AND THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR WAR. BY "AIGUIL- LETTE"	403
A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT. BY COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON	415
THE MILLION TO ONE CHANCE. BY RICHARD CLAPHAM	421
BEAUX SABREURS (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY LIEUT.-COLONEL B. G. BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.HIST.S.	423
GREAT FEATS IN THE SADDLE. BY E. R. YARHAM, F.R.G.S.	429
"MEN LIKE THESE. . . ." BY REGINALD HARGREAVES	434
THE ROYAL CREAMS (<i>Illustrated</i>). BY "INVICTA"	456
THE WAR FROM JULY TO SEPTEMBER, 1941. BY "OBSERVER"... ..	461
HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES	477
RECENT PUBLICATIONS	480
INDEX	i

31

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From the Painting by George Scott, in the Officers' Mess of the Regiment

CHARGE OF THE 5TH (ROYAL IRISH) LANCERS AT ELANDSLAAGTE, OCTOBER 21st, 1899

THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

NOVEMBER, 1941

THE death of Sergeant Major Andrew Leonard Kendrick, Royal Artillery, occurred on the 14th August, 1941, at 3, Stanham Place, Crayford, Kent.

Sergeant Major Kendrick, who was 50 years of age, had a very distinguished military career. Born at Oswestry, he joined the 3rd Prince of Wales Dragoon Guards on the Curragh in 1908, and soon established himself as an all round sportsman, both mounted and dismounted, but it was in the musketry world that "Ken" (as he was familiarly known in the Cavalry) was best known. No Regimental, Divisional or Command Rifle Meeting was complete without "Ken" being in the honours list.

From Egypt, where the Regiment was stationed at the outbreak of the last Great War, he went to France where he served the Regiment right well from 1914 to 1916, being twice mentioned in despatches by Sir John French, and awarded the Russian Order of St. George (2nd Class). On his return to England, the result of being wounded, he was posted to the 3rd Army Corps School at Brentford as a Musketry Instructor.

At the cessation of hostilities he journeyed with the Regiment to India, where he undoubtedly ranked amongst the best marksmen in the service, and many honours fell to him due to his unerring aim with the rifle and revolver, including the highest score in the Henry Whitehead Cup (India), 1922.

A

On the return of the regiment to England in 1924, he was a member of the "Army 8" team that won the Revolver Cup at Bisley in 1925, and was again included in the Army Team on many occasions until he retired to pension in 1929 as Squadron Sergeant Major Instructor of Musketry, to take up a position in civil life as a Rifle Demonstrator on the range staff of Messrs. Vickers Armstrong, Ltd., in whose interests "Ken" travelled very extensively in the past ten years.

When the war clouds gathered again, "Ken" immediately answered the call and joined the Royal Artillery (T.A.R.) and was promoted Sergeant Major. Later, he was appointed Sergeant Major Instructor to the Works Home Guard Company. His loss to both these Units is a severe one, for his knowledge was great and his capabilities as an Instructor were of the very highest order.

In the world of small-bore shooting he also achieved considerable success, and the honours that he won with the .22 Rifle are too numerous to detail. He was a member of the Bexley Heath and District Rifle Club, and was Captain and Hon. Secretary of the V.C.D. Athletic Club Rifle Section. In 1938 he captained the team which won championship honours in the National League.

We will all miss him very much, but the "Old Canaries" who are left can console themselves in that it is just the passing of another old 3rd D. Gd. who lived up to his regimental motto "Ich Dien," and did his Regiment, King and Country well.

The funeral took place at St. Paulinus' Churchyard, Crayford, on the 19th August, 1941, when Military honours were accorded. The parade of the Royal Artillery and Home Guard Units totalled nearly 250 Officers, N.C.O.'s and men with a firing party and buglers. The Regiment was represented by members of the 3rd Dragoon Guards Old Comrades Association, and floral tributes too numerous to mention proved the great esteem in which he was held by his comrades and colleagues both in and out of the service.

D. K.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
To the Editor of the CAVALRY JOURNAL.

September, 1941.

SIR,—It was with considerable interest that I read Capt. Hitchcock's article on Nolan and Balaklava in your August number. May I amplify Capt. Hitchcock's story a little? Lord Cardigan at one time commanded Nolan's regiment, the 15th Hussars; he was a most unpopular Commanding Officer, and was cordially detested by all ranks. When the regiment was stationed in Ireland, Lord Cardigan, or Lord Brudenell as he then was, before he succeeded to the earldom, had occasion to pick a quarrel with a certain captain in the regiment, and summoned him to a private interview, at which Lord Brudenell told his unfortunate subordinate exactly what he thought of him. "This is private," said His Lordship. "We are quite alone, and there is no one to hear what we say." Whereupon the captain also told his Commanding Officer what he thought of him. "Now," said Lord Brudenell, "I have in fact got a witness," and disclosed the Adjutant, who had been hidden in the room the whole time, and had taken notes of what had been said. Lord Brudenell then placed the captain under arrest, and in due time he appeared before a general court martial. He was acquitted, and the court expressed their displeasure at the way the evidence had been obtained. This displeasure was endorsed by the Commander-in-Chief (Lord Hill, if I remember right) and Lord Brudenell was forced to resign his command of the 15th Hussars. As can well be imagined henceforth the relations between the officers of the 15th Hussars and their late Commanding Officer were anything but cordial. Many years ago I was told that when on the battlefield Lord Cardigan saw Nolan gallop towards him in the uniform of the regiment he hated, his hackles rose, and Nolan (who I do not think ever served under

Cardigan) no doubt knew of the feelings of his brother officers towards their former colonel ; in consequence the two were not on speaking terms ; Nolan made no effort to explain the situation and they only exchanged a few curt words.

Perhaps it is not generally known that after the Crimean War, there were rumours that Lord Cardigan had not in fact led the Light Brigade in their famous charge, and that once having launched the brigade he pulled up and awaited the return of the survivors at the starting point. A certain officer of the brigade upon his return to England after the war, both in lectures and in writing, laid emphasis on the fact that Lord Cardigan had not taken part in the charge. An action for libel followed, which was heard in the King's Bench Division, and although the jury found for His Lordship, the damages he was awarded were small. It is curious that at the time of the trial the plaintiff was what then corresponded to Inspector-General of Cavalry, and the defendant was still a serving officer. Evidence was called for both parties, and it was alleged that the officer on the chestnut horse, in the 11th Hussar uniform, who led the brigade was not Lord Cardigan, but the officer commanding the 11th Hussars. There was evidence that Lord Cardigan rode up to a senior officer who was rallying the men after the charge. "So you are here," said the officer. "You should have been with us, my Lord, when we were among the Russian guns." "I was," said Lord Cardigan ; "didn't you see me there ?" "Indeed I did not," was the curt answer. If I remember rightly, there was a certain amount of evidence tendered by Russians, who had watched the charge from the enemy's side. The fact is that Lord Cardigan was so unpopular that any chance to blacken his character was seized upon.

Unfortunately, the accounts of the trials were in the Inner Temple Library, but owing to the action of a man even more unpopular than Lord Cardigan ever was, I am unable to verify my facts. Perhaps some reader of the CAVALRY JOURNAL can elaborate or endorse what I have written.

Yours faithfully,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

SIR,—I have read with interest the “Notes on Protection for Sub-Section Commanders,” written by Major G. J. M. Mead, price 9d.

The development of the role of the Home Guard to cover all Open Spaces as protection against parachutists throws a heavy responsibility even down to Sub-Section Leaders in charge of small sections scattered over the country-side.

The Sub-Section Leader is of necessity more or less isolated and must act largely on his own initiative. Booklet in question summarizes admirably his duties, and I am, therefore, bringing it to the notice of all our Company Commanders.

Yours faithfully,

C. O. GARNHAM (Captain),
Adjutant and Quartermaster for Lieut.-Colonel Com-
manding 53rd Essex Battalion Home Guard.



5TH ROYAL IRISH LANCERS

By Captain F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

To have lost their first commanding officer in Colonel James Wynne, who fell from the saddle mortally wounded at Moorslede, hard by to Ypres, in the year 1695, indeed laid a foundation stone for the force of tradition and *esprit de corps* which has characterized ever this distinguished regiment of Irish horse.

The 5th Royal Irish Lancers were raised as Wynne's Dragoons; they were one of the three regiments formed from the garrison of Enniskillen by Governor Gustavus Hamilton in 1689, for the defence of this ancient city of Fermanagh in the Jacobite War, the other two regiments becoming respectively the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Thus the 5th Lancers received their baptism of fire in the land of their origin and they may be said to have been nourished on powder from the cradle. The regiment fought in all the major actions and engagements in this Irish war which terminated before the walls of Limerick. There is the following contemporary description of these two cavalry regiments by that "Froissart of the British Army" the chaplain Story—who in quaint phraseology records the fact of having seen them marching out of Enniskillen which is of particular interest:—

"These regiments of volunteer irregulars, some on big horses, some on small, some furnished with a very fair imitation of regular troopers' equipment; others with nothing military but their arms; some had holsters, whilst others carried their pistols stuck in their belts, and the majority of privates had their servants riding behind them on small country ponies called 'garrons'."

There is certainly not the remotest suggestion that this ill-equipped and oddly mounted force was to be the ancestor of a regiment so renowned for its smartness that it was to receive the sobriquet of "The Dandy Fifth."

After the treaty of Limerick the regiment spent the years 1692-93 in being equipped, horsed, and drilled on the plains of Tipperary; to such a high standard of efficiency did it reach, that Wynne's Regiment of Dragoons were selected for active service on the continent and were embarked at Dublin in the "Monmouth Yacht" for Chester in March, 1694. The following two months witnessed troops of the regiment being despatched from Tilbury for the cockpit of Europe—Flanders. The embarkation of cavalry regiments in those days ever provided problems for the "Q" side of the Staff as the following extracts show:—

"To the Commissioner of Transport.

"It is His Majesty's will and pleasure that you provide shipping for Colonel Wynne's regiment of Dragoons from the River Thames to Willenstadt; which troops are to embark 22nd day of this instant May 1694."

"To Colonel James Wynne.

"His Majesty having thought fit that the recruit horses from Flanders should embark on Friday 15th, I desire thee should give me notice as soon as may be what number of horses will be ready by that time."

Apparently our remount officers had been functioning on the continent as busily as they had been in Ireland.

We next find the regiment less two troops concentrated in King William's Camp at Meldert where it was reviewed on June 10th, and a report states "horses were much fatigued in twice crossing the sea last winter, and their continued motion through Ireland and England to come to this country."

The regiment incurred their first casualties on the continent, which included their Colonel, in an engagement at Moorslede, a hamlet within a stone's throw of Hollebeke, where their descendants were to be entrenched in November, 1914, in the defence of Ypres.

On the cessation of hostilities in this somewhat indecisive campaign, the regiment now commanded by Colonel Charles Ross, upon whom command had devolved, returned to Ireland under the nomenclature of Ross's Dragoons, where they made up their depleted ranks, the eight troops being quartered at Mullingar, Longford, Castlebar, Birr, Roscommon, Loughrea, Boyle, and Sligo.

Their new C.O. appears to have been decidedly in advance of his age as he proceeded to exercise his regiment in dismounted training, the horses having been turned out to graze under "grass guards," whilst the troopers were drilled in infantry movements; at this period the role of Dragoons was regarded as equivalent to that of mounted infantry, whereas the regiments styled "Horse" performed the functions of cavalry only.

Ross's Dragoons, however, were not destined to wax fat on Irish pastures for long, and they were ordered to concentrate in Dublin from such out-stations as Mallow, Clonmel, Cashel, Cappoquin and Thurles for active service. On St. Patrick's Day, 1702, the regiment embarked for Holland, but encountering a severe storm at sea it only managed to concentrate in England at the end of April, their transports having been dispersed along the coast of Wales.

The adventures and vicissitudes experienced in the voyage between Ireland and England at this period seem almost incredible in these days of passages averaging some three hours. The regiment is next reported at Breda, and typical of the Irishman's love of horses it disembarked with a grievous complaint and much disgruntlement on the part of the troop leaders—the hay issued on the transports had been musty!

This same year witnessed the regiment riding with Marlborough from The Hague to the Danube and on to victory at Blenheim, or Hochstet, and after this great battle they furnished reconnaissance patrols as far as the walls of Munich. The history of the 5th Lancers throughout Marlborough's brilliant campaign is one of outstanding glory, they were always heavily engaged and in two actions were responsible for turning the

tide of battle. Under the title of Royal Ireland they will be identified in the contemporary Orders of Battle.

The Duke was particularly struck with their fighting capabilities and they never failed to strike terror into the white clad columns of monarchial France. It was Marlborough himself who obtained the Royal prerogative from Queen Anne that the regiment should be honoured with the title Royal Dragoons of Ireland in 1704, and he directed that the three kettle-drums which they captured from the French at Blenheim should be "carried at the head of the Royal Dragoons of Ireland."

In the Battle of Ramillies, the regiment furnished further proof of their fighting prowess and with remarkable élan destroyed the corps d'élite of the French army, and incidentally one which claimed it was the oldest regiment in the world, in Regiment Picardie. Together with the Royal Scots Greys, or Royal Scots Dragoons, they crushed two battalions of Picardie and took the third battalion prisoner.

For their conspicuous gallantry in this battle the 5th Lancers were, together with the Greys, awarded with the distinction of wearing Grenadier or bearskin caps.

Further lustre was also added to the regiment in this battle owing to the saving of the life of no less a personage than the Commander-in-Chief by his A.D.C., Captain Richard Molesworth, of the Royal Dragoons of Ireland, who rescued the Duke of Marlborough when he was unhorsed in a *mêlée* and was in eminent danger of being killed by French Dragoons. Instantly dismounting Molesworth gave his General a "leg-up" on his own charger and remained on foot to face the French. In spite of receiving two sabre cuts, he managed to escape and, what is more, caught Marlborough's own charger which he returned to him and which the Duke preferred to ride. In the process of changing horses the equerry, who was holding Marlborough's off stirrup iron, had his head blown off by a round shot. A medal was struck to commemorate Molesworth's gallantry, and there is a photograph of it reproduced in the regimental history.

It is of interest to note that the gallant A.D.C. rose to be Colonel of his regiment, afterwards becoming Field Marshal.

The Fifth fought at Oudenarde on the Scheldt and were heavily engaged at Malplaquet—one of the bloodiest battles fought by mortal man—in which Marlborough and Prince Eugene triumphed over Marshal Villars, sent to defend his country by Louis Quatorze. For the allies it was but a Pyrrhic victory, as their casualties were prodigious; and the Fifth had their full share of loss as well as glory.

After Malplaquet the Irish Dragoons took part in the sieges of Mons and Bethune, and were then implicated in a diversion which demanded forced marches towards Arras and Cambrai, towns and terrain destined to be decidedly familiar to their descendants, the 5th Royal Irish Lancers of 1914–18.

In 1799 the Fifth were quenched in total disbandment after the suppression of the Irish Rebellion throughout which it had been employed under the most trying conditions. It came out of this searching test of discipline without a stain on its escutcheon, and there is no documentary evidence to bear out the serious charges levelled against the regiment by Lord Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The facts of the matter are that the state of the discipline of all the regiments on the Irish establishment at this period left much to be desired, and the 5th Dragoons, being Irish, were instantly made the scapegoats by the authorities at the Horse Guards as a reproach to the army in general. It is never good policy to split up a regiment for long on detachment; in 1773 the Fifth was scattered on detachment duty over an area of 150 miles, and it took forty days to concentrate for a review at Nenagh, Co. Tipperary. The orders for the regiment's disbandment were signed by the ruthless A.G. of that period in Harry Calvert, who appears to have functioned as chief executioner of the army, judging by the numerous disbandment orders he appended his signature to after Waterloo.

A perusal of the brief histories of the 22nd to 29th Light Dragoons bears out this fact. His name, indeed, must have been as hateful to the British Army as that which wielded the infamous "Geddes Axe" in 1922, and which deprived King and

Country of the services of those true warrior formations in the Southern Irish regiments whose loss is so acutely felt to-day.

Writing at the time of the dissolution of the 18th Royal Irish and their compatriot regiments, the celebrated military historian, the late Sir John Fortescue, so voiced the opinions of all fighting men at the time :

“The 18th Royal Irish is now a mere memory, a sport for historians, thrown away by men who recognize no standard of value except votes or cash, and cannot realize that the true capital not only of an army but of a nation is the traditions of great deeds well done.”

We find that the majority of the officers of the Fifth were transferred to other Light Dragoon regiments, only a few being relegated to half-pay. The majority of the men were drafted either into the 18th Light Dragoons, of which their late C.O. had assumed command, or into the 26th Light Dragoons, which was renumbered 23rd* in 1802, a regiment destined to create a fine reputation some nine years later in charging the French columns at Talavera.

For 59 years the figure “5” found no place amongst the cavalry regiments of the line, and there was an ugly gap between the 4th Light Dragoons and the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.

In 1858 this veteran regiment of 5th Royal Irish Dragoons was re-embodied in Ireland ; it was to arise like the Phoenix out of its own ashes and stand in line between the 4th Light Dragoons, now of Balaklava fame, and the gallant Inniskillings.

It made its re-appearance in the Army List under the hybrid appellation of the 5th Royal Irish (Light) Dragoons (Lancers). Having been allotted the lance as its chief weapon, the lance cap of Polish origin was adopted in place of the leather fur-combed helmet which had been worn by their ancestors at the end of the eighteenth century.

The Harp and Crown badge and the motto “*Quis Separabit*,” which had been borne on their regimental guidons, horse furniture,

* Disbanded in 1817, having fought at Waterloo. Together with the 16th Light Dragoons had been converted into Lancers in 1816. Resuscitated in 1940 under the title of 23rd Hussars as a unit of the Royal Armoured Corps.

and buttons, were revived, and to denote the regiment's nationality a green plume was carried in the lance caps. The 5th Lancers had thus been assigned to their old position of seniority; however, their broken period of service was to count heavily against them in 1922, when the ghastly reduction scheme for the Army came into operation.

The Nile Expedition of '84 provided a detachment of the regiment, comprising two officers and forty-three non-commissioned officers and men, with an opportunity for active service, not, however, to exploit the characteristics of their own particular branch of the Service, but ironically enough to form part of the Camel Corps under orders for the front. This expedition was badly mauled by swarms of Arabs at Abu Klea on its way to rescue General Gordon at Khartoum, and the personnel furnished by the "Fifth" suffered severely, both the officers, Major Carmichael and Lieutenant Costello, being killed. Meanwhile the regiment, which was still stationed in the Islandbridge Barracks, Dublin, was detailed to provide two squadrons for the expedition to Suakin on the Red Sea. For their share in this campaign they received the battle honour Suakin, 1885, to add to those gained under Marlborough.

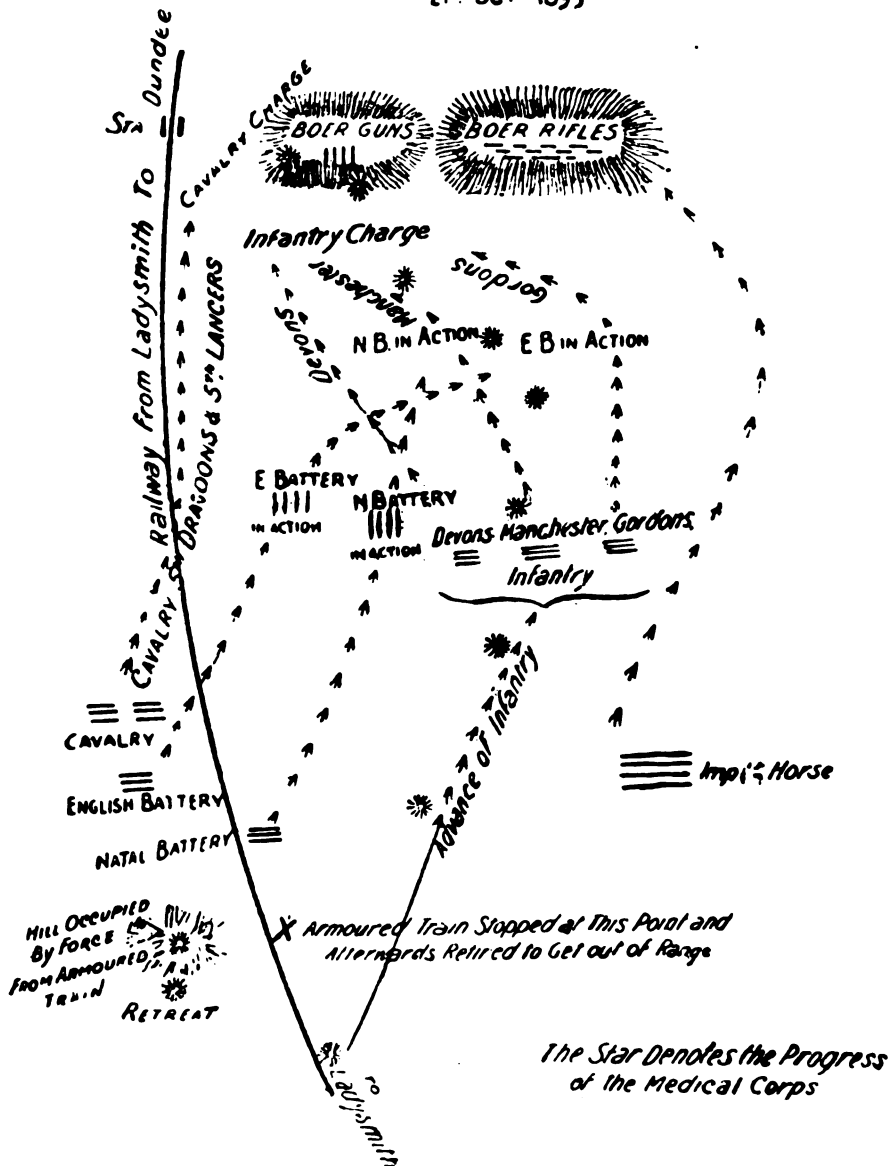
Some fourteen years later the outbreak of the South African War found the 5th Lancers stationed in Natal. The regiment took a conspicuous part in the charge at *Elandslaagte, one of the few successful battles for British arms in that sinister year, 1899.

Incidentally this was one of the few cavalry charges which took place in the Boer War, and it signalized the only real success obtained by British arms over those perfect exponents in the art of guerilla warfare—the Boers—in that sinister year 1899 on the South African veldt. The regiment was bottled up in Ladysmith throughout the siege, incurring severe losses from shell fire and disease.

* Sauntering along the Ormond Quay in Dublin, the writer happened to notice in the windows of one of the numerous curiosity shops which blink out through begrimed glass on the sluggish waters of the Liffey a Queen's South African medal with the battle clasps Elandslaagte and Defence of Ladysmith. It proved to have been awarded, as he surmised, to a 5th Lancer, and it passed into his possession for an infinitesimal figure.

BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE.

SKETCH
Battle of ELANDSLAAGTE
21ST OCT 1899



Reproduced from the "Irish Times" of October, 1899

SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE DISPOSITIONS OF THE BOER FORCE AND THEIR GUNS
The direction of the attack carried out by squadrons of the 5th Dragoon Guards and 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers is also indicated

It was in this campaign that the "Fifth" gained their first V.C., the recipient being Lieutenant Dugdale, who gained the highly-coveted Cross for rescuing wounded under fire.

The history of the 5th Lancers, so admirably compiled by two officers* of the regiment, abounds in anecdotes both grave and gay; throughout its pages one notes the familiar touch and their pride in the regiment, which can be readily understood by the regimental soldier.

Just west of Le Cateau the 5th Lancers found themselves confronted by a division of German Uhlans. Brigadier-General Hubert Gough decided to charge them, and gave instructions regarding the use of the lance: "this caused a discussion amongst the officers as to whether they should draw their revolvers or swords first; but all those in the possession of whiskey flasks drew them without asking anybody!" Such is a happy incident from the Retreat from Mons, but there is an account about the fighting for the Mont-des-Cats in 1914, which, in spite of its macabre atmosphere, is fascinating to a degree.

Darkness ended the bitter fighting on the 12th October which had taken such a toll of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade and the Uhlans alike, and the Monastery buildings contained a large number of seriously wounded British and Germans who were being tended by the monks garbed in long white cowls who worked with dexterity bandaging the wounded or administering the last rites of the Church to the dying.

During the night the C.O. of the "Fifth," Colonel Jardine, agreed with the Father Superior of this Trappist monastery, that it would be advisable to evacuate the building which, being in such a conspicuous position on the commanding ground, would become a target for the enemy artillery at dawn.

The monks vacated the building at 4.30 a.m. and at the same time the troopers were instructed to lead their horses away to a place of safety. To carry out the orders the Trumpet-Major of the 16th Lancers was detailed to rouse the slumbering officers first, who were lying on straw in one of the dormitories. By mistake in the darkness he made his way into the mortuary

*Colonel J. R. Harvey, D.S.O., and Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Cape, D.S.O.

and endeavoured to awaken the dead laid out for burial by sounding the reveille. Indeed it might have seemed that Francis Barron* had forseen this weird incident when he wrote those inspired lines :—

“ Trumpeter, what are you sounding now ?
(Is it the call I’m seeking ?)
“ Lucky for you if you hear it at all
For my trumpet’s but faintly speakin’.
I’m callin’ ’em home—Come home ! come home !
Tread light o’er the dead in the valley
Who are lying around face down to the ground
And they can’t hear me sound the ‘ Rally.’ ”

This engagement on the Mont-des-Cats furnished another incident which is as historical as it is touching, providing as it does proof of the camaraderies and chivalry which can exist between true soldiers of opposing sides. Amongst the German wounded was a tall good-looking officer of Uhlans, who was suffering from a gun-shot wound in the stomach and was in a critical state. He was tended carefully by Captain Charles Paget O’Brien-Butler, the M.O. to the 5th Lancers, who did all he could to ease him from the excruciating pain he was suffering. He passed away in the arms of this chivalrous Irishman, but before doing so gave him his gold watch in gratitude. He turned out to be the Kaiser’s nephew, Prince Max of Hesse, and the watch bore the arms of the Hohenzollern family. It was a tragedy that Captain O’Brien-Butler was mortally wounded within a fortnight deeply deplored by his comrades of the “ Fifth.”

He had been universally popular and was an outstanding horseman and a well-known performer over the formidable banks and fences of Fairyrhouse and Punchestown. His last

* Francis Barron, who was born in London in 1871, came of Irish stock. He had a remarkable career for one who was to become famous as a song writer. He enlisted in the Queen’s Bays and served with the regiment in the South African War and afterwards on the North-West Frontier, India. On the expiration of his colour service which he completed as a bandsman, he devoted his life to writing songs about soldiering, which included “ My Old Shako.” Barron re-enlisted on the outbreak of the Great War and served in German East Africa ; he died in January 1940.

wish was that the watch should be returned to Germany after the war, a wish which was carried out.

It has not been quite established as to how or when the 5th Lancers received their well-known sobriquet of "The Dandy Fifth." From almost time immemorial they have always been regarded as one of the smartest of our cavalry regiments; throughout their service the various Inspector Generals of Cavalry have referred in their annual reports to the soldierlike bearing and martial spirit which pervaded all ranks.

"No regiment ever returned from India in better order or more generally efficient," wrote General Sir Thomas McMahon in 1875, which bore out another Inspector General of Cavalry's report of almost 100 years previously—1788 to be precise, after an inspection at the Curragh Camp, Kildare: "Made a good appearance, properly armed; saluted well; uniforms agreeable to His Majesty's Regulations; well mounted. Trumpeters—sounded well; mounted well."

The "Fifth" may have received their nickname from the following source. Many years ago there was a musical comedy running called "The Dandy Fifth" and it became celebrated owing to the following words of a chorus written, it is believed, by George R. Sims, and which became exceedingly popular in barracks:—

"So come you foreign soldiers, and we don't care who
you are—

The Uhlans of the Kaiser or the Cossacks of the Czar—
Our Army may be little, but you've learnt before today
That a little British Army goes a damned long way."

Further it is believed that this musical comedy synchronized with a series of regimental entertainments which were run on a large scale at various places—Aldershot, Hurlingham, etc.—by the 5th Lancers.

It was called the "Grand Cirque," and featured clowns and performing skewbald ponies—one of which boasted the name

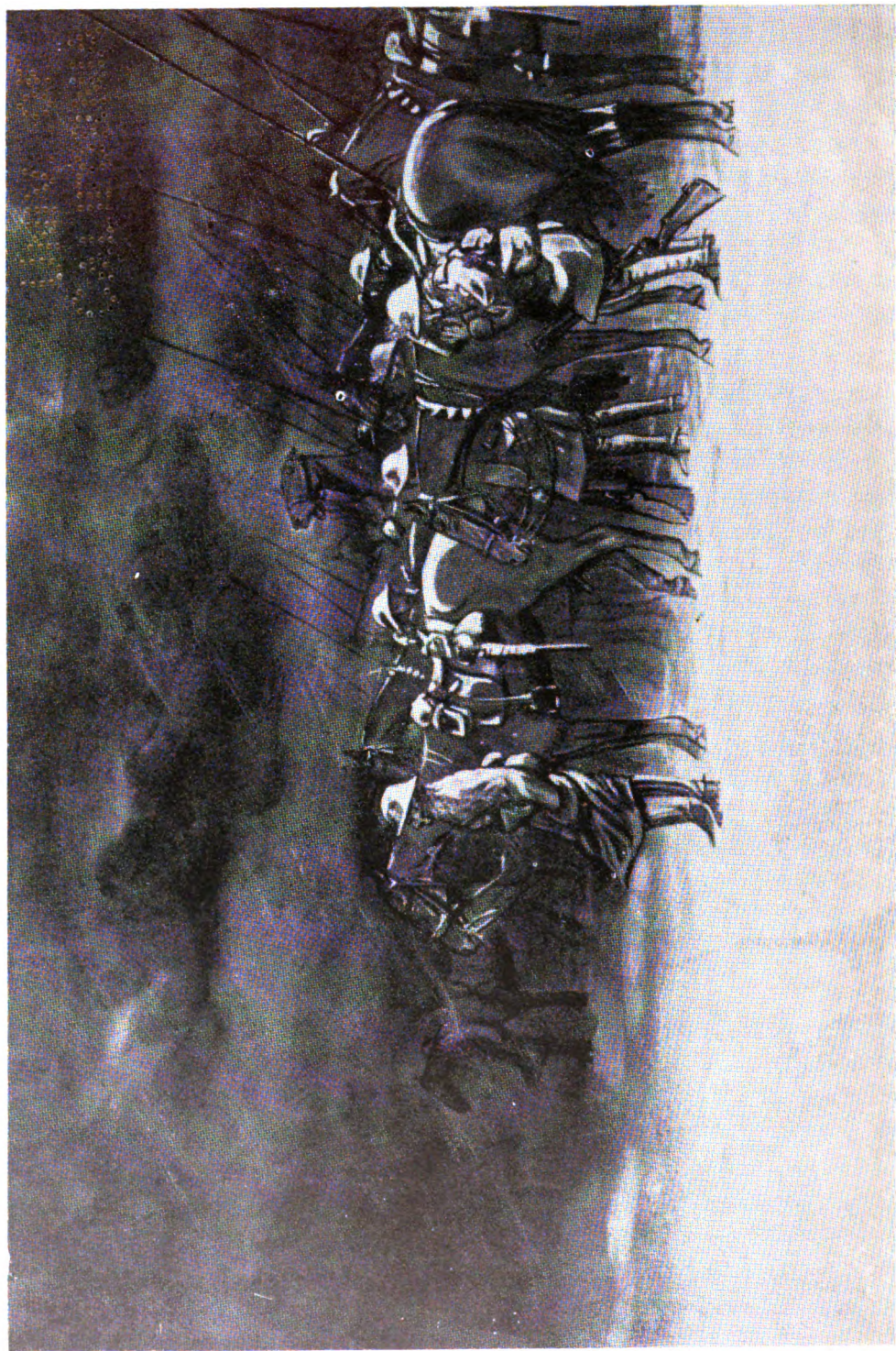
of "Shamrock"—besides an acrobatic equestrian troupe. This unique "circus" made the regiment exceedingly popular, and it may have been the inspiration for John Strange Winter's fascinating and superbly illustrated story called "Bootle's Baby," which was woven around a Lancer Regiment, and which was like Jackanapes, a tale alike for children and adults. As a boy the writer was regaled with stories of this Circus by Captain Saunders, of "Killavala," Borrisokane, Tipperary, who was serving in the Regiment at the time and who had joined the Fifth as a cornet in 1861.

Regarding their nickname there was the following story current in the Salient in the earlier days of the Great War. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade, composed of the 4th Hussars, 5th Lancers and 16th Lancers, had been heavily engaged and severely mauled out Hooge way and were returning on relief to billet in Ypres. As their remnants clanked past the once dreaded Menin Gate in the gathering darkness a sentry challenged each formation: "Halt, who goes there?" "16th Lancers." "Pass 16th Lancers." "Halt, who goes there?" "5th Lancers." "Pass 5th Lancers."

"Not so dandy now," ejaculated a voice from a small party of recumbent troops resting on the side of the road, believed to have been Connaught Rangers, likewise badly mauled in the Second Battle, but ever ready to have a merry quip even at their compatriots' expense. What the cavalry did in those dark days at Ypres to stem the tide has never been fully realized; deprived of their principal arm in the horse, they went up manfully on foot and fought magnificently.

At Potijze, Hooge and Zillebeke they gave full testimony to their tenacity. The losses sustained by the Household Cavalry, 3rd Dragoon Guards, 5th, 9th and 16th Lancers were particularly severe, one recalls their numerous graves in "No-man's-land" and behind the trenches in these localities. Vividly the writer recollects stumbling across an isolated grave hard by the Menin Road when he was cutting across country to the front line in the darkness, turning round quickly to note

1895



By the courtesy of Major Hubert A. Lake

CAVALRY BEFORE ARRAS. APRIL, 1917

the wooden cross a Véry light fired at that psychological moment disclosed the name of Lieutenant W. H. Coulter, 5th Royal Irish Lancers. The "Fifth" were engaged in all the major offensives and defensives on the Western Front, being used in their correct role as cavalry or as infantry manning the trenches.*

At Arras in April 1917, they were launched into the offensive at Monchy-le-Preux, where men and horses suffered like the rest of the cavalry corps not only from shell and machine gun fire but from exposure to the atrocious weather conditions which were arctic.† For hours on end they "stood to" under shell fire and snow in expectation of the longed-for "G in Gap" to materialize to enable them to break through and exploit the "arme blanche."

The appalling conditions are depicted in that admirable drawing by the Veterinary Officer to the 5th Lancers, which is reproduced. That ghastly affair of Bourlon Wood in November 1917, saw the regiment in the thick of the fray; here the 5th Lancers were to gain their second Victoria Cross, but unfortunately it was a posthumous award, the recipient, Trooper G. Clare, having died of his wounds.

In the deplorable scheme for reductions throughout the Army in 1922, the 5th Lancers appeared instantly, no doubt owing to their broken service, together with three other cavalry regiments in the 19th, and 20th Hussars, and 21st Lancers.

* We must not overlook the large draft of the 5th Lancers which was sent to the 13th Service Battalion Middlesex Regiment in December, 1916, and which volunteered to a man to take part in a daylight raid on the enemy's trenches at Harrison's Crater, Loos, on the 20th January, 1917. The success of the raid was entirely due to the élan of these cavalymen, proving once again that the old 5th Lancer spirit could never be quenched.

† Those who deplore the passing of the horse from the cavalry lines and the universal mechanization of all our cavalry regiments, can console themselves with the fact that the noble animal is no longer going to be subjected to shell fire. A mounted unit under an artillery barrage is one of the most pitiable sights imaginable—the frightened screams of plunging and terrified horses as shrapnel systematically sprays over them, and as high explosive ruthlessly plunges in amongst the ranks will always haunt one.

But even a more ghastly sight is the aftermath of a cavalry charge—loose horses badly wounded and maimed, legs off, others shockingly injured, some still nibbling feverishly at the bleached-up grass of no-man's land, or staked in the midst of the treacherous barbed wire entanglements, kicking convulsively until the humane squadron officer, who is mournfully going the rounds with his revolver, puts an end to the agony of those noble friends which have been the very pride of his life some hours previously.

B

The "Geddes axe," however, was stayed in the midst of its wholesale slaughter by some strange incident of fate, and by way of reprieve these four regiments were amalgamated with other Cavalry regiments of the line.

The "Fifth" were fortunate in having the 16th Queens Lancers—the Scarlet Lancers—selected as their partners, a regiment with fine fighting traditions, and incidentally the first British Lancer regiment to use this weapon of the *arme blanche*, which it did to such effect in the Sikh war, particularly in the Battle of Aliwal. The "Fifth" and "Sixteenth" had long and honourable associations, together having served in the same brigade since the days of the "Curragh incident" and throughout all the trials, tribulations, and thrills in the Great War. In the process of amalgamation precedence was given to the 16th Lancers, which had been first raised in 1759, and the "unbalanced" title of 16th/5th Lancers was allotted.

Wearing 16th Lancers badges and with 5th Lancer buttons they were to share alike the joys and sorrows, particularly the latter, which signalized soldiering for all Cavalry regiments in the era of mechanization; in the tragic divorce from their equine companions. But up to the very end as a mounted regiment it was to furnish proof of its high standard of horsemanship. Few who witnessed the activity ride staged by the 16th/5th Lancers at Olympia in 1934, and which toured the various agricultural shows throughout the country, for charity purposes, will forget their skill in the saddle, their team work, and hilarity, or the amazing standard reached in the training of their horses. Possibly it had all been inspired by the circus staged by the "Dandy Fifth" in years gone by.

One retains a lasting impression of the "Dandy Fifth," as ever superbly mounted, riding out from Marlborough Barracks and alongside the Liffey for embarkation at the North Wall to renew acquaintance with their old battle grounds of Mons, Malplaquet, and Moorslede.

Peace-time "paint" has been laid aside and as these khaki-clad warriors disappear from view, beneath a veritable forest

of naked lances, the re-echo from their horses' hoofs seems to ring out the words in all defiance :—

“ So come you foreign soldiers, and we don't care
who you are—

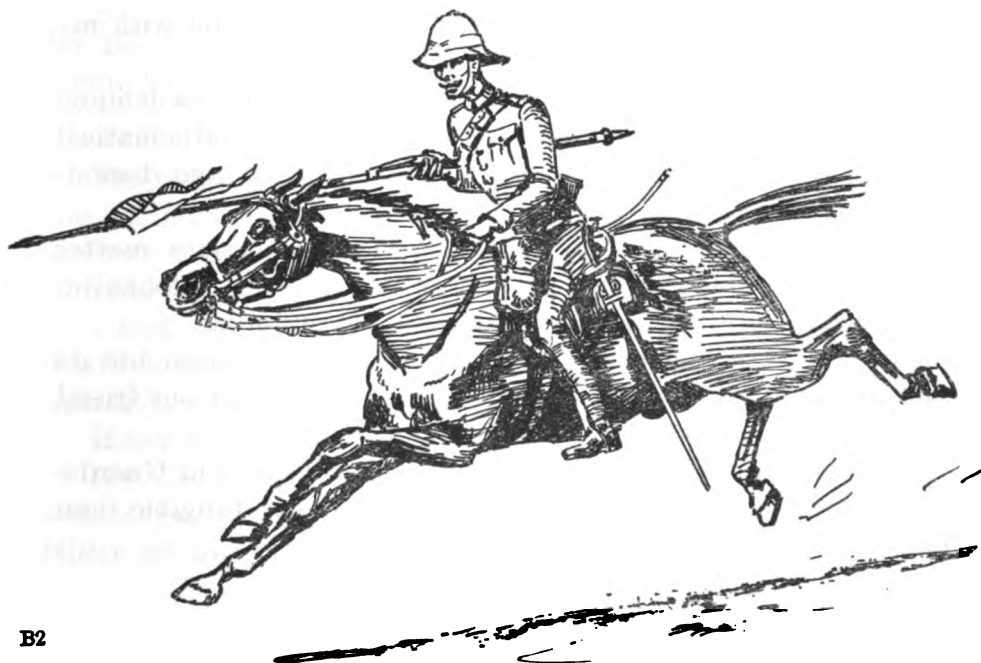
The Uhlans of the Kaiser or the Cossacks of the Czar ! ”



If there is any doubt regarding the national character of the 5th Lancers, the following extracts from the regimental diary embodied in their history under the dates 4th to 5th January, 1916, when the regiment was holding the trenches at Hulluch as a dismounted battalion, would appear to prove that the regiment was overwhelmingly Irish :—

“ 4th January.—This day the Germans bombarded the right platoon in Goeben Alley and Private Carroll of ‘ C ’ Squadron was killed.

“ 5th January.—Lance-Corporal Byford of ‘ A ’ Squadron was killed at dawn by a sniper. Private Flynn of ‘ C ’ Squadron, while out with a covering party at night, was also killed. This party was commanded by Lieut. D. H. St. J. O'Connor. This day Private Mooney was wounded.”



MECHANIZED JAM ROLL

By Major A. G. WADE, M.C.,
late Movement Control Staff and I. T.

AFTER the miracle of Dunkerque an Irish Guardsman was stood a drink in a London pub. His host encouraged him to talk about his experiences "over there," and in particular about the power of the German tanks.

The Irishman was silent for a moment, staring blankly into his porter ; then he said, " Shure, it's like this, sir ; we've got Jerry taped ; but when you see their big tanks coming at you like bloody great elephants, then it's time to put your hand in your pocket and feel for your lucky shamrock."

MECHANIZATION.

I turned to Doctor Johnson's dictionary to see if I could find what Shakespeare thought about it !

To my great joy I found this :

" Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue !

I will stare him out of his wits ; I will hew him with my cudgel."

But in more serious vein Harris quotes Dr. Wallis as defining mechanics to be " the geometry of motion, a mathematical science, which shows the powers of moving forces, and demonstrates the laws of motion."

Bentley says, " He acknowledged nothing besides matter and motion ; so that all must be performed either by mechanism or accident, either of which is wholly unaccountable."

I quote these definitions to show that mechanization and its meaning is nothing new, and at the same time to let our friend in the Irish Guards know that Bentley is with him !

Let us go a step further and see if we can't give our Guardsman something a little more definite, a little more tangible than his shamrock to defeat those " bloody tanks."

FROM THE ENEMY'S O.P.

Lord Baden-Powell's advice both for attack and defence was, "What does the other fellow think about it?" meaning thus: Look at everything from the other fellow's point of view as well as from your own.

Therefore, let us ask: "What does Hitler think of mechanization?"

That is the burning question to-day. And that also is the question which the Editorial staff of the CAVALRY JOURNAL have put to me.

But why "me," you will ask.

I take it it was because I was once called "a mechanist"! a doubtful compliment, perhaps, but still, there it is in print, and the title has stuck to me.

The best way to answer the question was, I thought, to act on Lord B.-P.'s advice, theoretically at least, and go into the enemy's O.P. to see what Hitler was looking at, and how he proposed to deal with the problems that mechanization presented.

Remember it was our mechanical Tanks that defeated Germany in 1918.

In that problem of the defeats of 1918 lay all Hitler's plans for the future: (a) for revenge, (b) for world domination to secure the future of the Reich for the next thousand years.

WHAT HITLER SAW.

Field-Marshal Lord Milne, G.C.B.—Uncle George to us of the Salonika Army—has said, and rightly said, that it was our artillery that paved the way to victory in 1918.

Hitler agreed.

I said, ten years ago, that the first side that uses its artillery correctly would win the next war. (By "correctly" I included quantity, quality and movement.)

Hitler agreed.

Having settled the fundamental principle, *i.e.*, that artillery was to be the deciding factor of how and what would win, Hitler set to work to build up such a force of artillery that it

would smash its way through everything, at a maximum speed in a minimum of time.

To do this he had to create a perfect machine, more powerful in armament, armour, speed and movement than the rest of the world—in any conceivable amalgamation of powers—could bring against him.

Hitler's next step was to plan for and to organize a war of movement on such a scale as at least to equal, if not surpass, what the allies had in the field against Germany in 1918 ; then they had some 300 divisions in the field in France alone.

But Hitler knew that what he could do others could also do, and so his next problem was how to keep his building and equipment plan secret, and “ to keep his light so shining that it was just ahead of the next.”

Hitler required to build some forty thousand planes, at least, including replacements and additions at the rate of 2–3,000 planes a month ; that was his quota for his flying corps.

The number of guns he required was estimated on the basis that Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, G.C.B., had 4,000 guns at the battle of Messines alone.

Submarines he ordered *en masse*, sufficient at least to sow mines and fire torpedoes in all the seven seas.

In other words, Hitler's artillery, carried by bombing planes, tractors and submarines, must dominate the air, the land, and the waters under the surface of the seas.

That was Hitler's vision of the equipment that would give him victory.

JAM ROLL.

As a D.A.Q.M.G. (Movement) for four years in the Eastern waters of the Mediterranean during the Great War I knew what I saw when I watched Hitler's preparations taking shape.

Had I not fed 15,000 Boy Scouts daily for ten days at the great Imperial Camp at Wembley during the Empire Exhibition of 1924 with jam roll on the menu for the mid-day meal ! Nobody but a mechanist would do that, because it meant that I should require two miles of it, daily, served hot, all at once, and under canvas, too !

If you lay out two miles of hot jam roll along a road, cut it up into 2-inch slices and then pick it up and serve it, still hot, to 15,000 hungry, clamouring cheering boys, you will understand why Bentley said it all depends on "matter and motion" !

Hitler's spions saw this jam roll episode. It was a pleasing sight to them, for the Germans love doing all things pertaining to the mechanical and methodical, and you have got to have both when feeding jam roll. Not one single day did the Germans miss visiting the camp when jam roll was on the menu, wondering, almost praying, I think, that one day the jam would trickle out of the roll, making sticky the waiters, the boys, the camp and everything.

I have harped on jam roll because Hitler, I understand, included the cooking and the serving of it in his efficiency test for his army "Q" staff. On the principle that if his officers could serve two miles of it hot without becoming involved in it themselves, they would obviously know a good deal more of what was necessary for a staff officer to know before he was really qualified to handle a mechanized army, or any part of it.

For instance, before you can serve jam roll you have to boil it, and as Mrs. Beeton hints, you can't cook anything until you have caught the thing you want to cook. So with the jam roll. You must first "catch" the flour, the jam, the water, the suet, the salt, to say nothing of the pots or steamers to boil them in, all of which things an officer of the "Q" staff must know. Even then your troubles are not half over. Now jam roll requires, for the sake of good order and cleanliness, plates to eat it off. Those plates require washing up, and in hot water, too. 15,000 boys with 15,000 sticky plates all had to be washed, not necessarily or even advisedly together, though. The boys must go to their camp wash houses, the plates somewhere else, preferably in their own feeding marquees to save carrying.

Work out the answer to this problem. It's good training for fighting Hitler's total war. The problem plainly put is this : "How would you feed 15,000 troops on a menu that included the serving of hot jam roll daily under canvas for seven consecutive days ? Feeding to be done in two sittings, 1 p.m. to

2.30 p.m. All utensils and plates used in the cooking, serving and feeding to be cleansed and back in store by 4 p.m."

You will say, "I would much rather you spoke about moving Panzer divisions than moving jam roll."

Then let me tell you this. I have moved divisions, scores of them, in all sorts of weather and under all sorts of conditions. I have fed three and a half divisions by M.T., using a single road, but to my dying day I shall thank my lucky star, that brought me under the tuition of Mr. Bertie Joseph, of Messrs. Lyons. He taught me what I know about catering, transport and the art of quick manœuvre, and it was all centred on that jam roll. My jam roll was, under Bertie's direction, boiled in London, served hot under canvas at Wembley. The plates and dishes, spoons and pots and pans were washed up by a vast hot system installed in every one of the huge feeding marquees. It was indeed mechanization in all its glory. Go behind the scenes at one of Lyons' big catering and distributing centres, such as the one that supplies the Royal Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace, and you will begin to understand what is meant by "the geometry of motion" in relation to matter, and *vice versa*.

Just one note of caution. "Jam Roll" stands for other things besides boiled suet roll with jam in it. It is also the name of Lady Baden-Powell's Rolls-Royce motor car, given to her and the late Lord Baden-Powell by the Boy Scouts of the World after one of the International Jamborees, and they so named it. I leave it to you to say which is the correct derivation of the name "Jam Roll" on B.-P.'s car! He ordered both the Jam Roll and the Jamborees.

The former was plain solid matter.

The latter was certainly movement. I organized one Jamboree on B.-P.'s orders that moved Scouts from 25 nations to Olympia, London, and back again. Some movement, that! And so when you see the word "Jam" have a look before you translate it!

ORGANIZATION AND ADMINISTRATION.

I have hinted that B.-P. was a "mover." He was, in more senses than one, though.

He crossed the Line at least two dozen times, and he knew the five continents almost as well as he knew England.

So much for his own legs. What about ours ? He expected everyone to move about as much and as rapidly as he did himself.

On one occasion he ordered me to take to and return from the Alexandra Park, North London, 60,000 Scouts and 40,000 public, in one day, between sunrise and sunset ! All were to be fed in the Park, and the programme included a vast organized "set-piece" of welcome to H.R.H. Edward, Prince of Wales, who had recently returned from a tour of the Empire, and the use of for the first time by H.R.H. the loud speaking apparatus, so that he could be heard by all the 100,000 Scouts and public, and a broadcast from St. James's Palace in the evening, by talking over the "Wireless Telephone" !

That little programme included the running of 97 special railway trains, requiring $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles of siding and a breakdown train to act as nurse if necessary.

Before the final operational orders for the movement of that crowd of 100,000 was finally approved by B.-P. he took my orders to the War Office—Movement Control—and asked for their comments. After a few days my orders came back marked "Impossible." B.-P. read this comment and endorsed the document : "W——, see W.O. note. Carry on. Print your orders as originally drafted. Circulate immediately throughout British Isles."

In other words I had been summed up by the War Office as being "mechanical salt-butter," which if you are or have been a dairy-maid you will understand is not very complimentary.

It was the successful carrying out of that rally that earned for me the title "mechanist W——."

I have harped on B.-P. for a very special reason. It is this : I have often said, "There is nothing new in this war." For that I am often taken to task. I am told "there is too much of the last war about the British Army, and this one. They should forget all they learnt in the last war and start again with this new war of machines."

What does Hitler say about all this ?

We don't know, but we can guess and we can read the writing on the wall.

Hitler copied B.-P. in many things. Hitler approved most heartily of the Boy Scout training, and took it—100 per cent. of it—and embodied all its principles in his youth movement. Germany was keen on it. A captain of a German Guards regiment was attached to me for a fortnight to learn all about it.

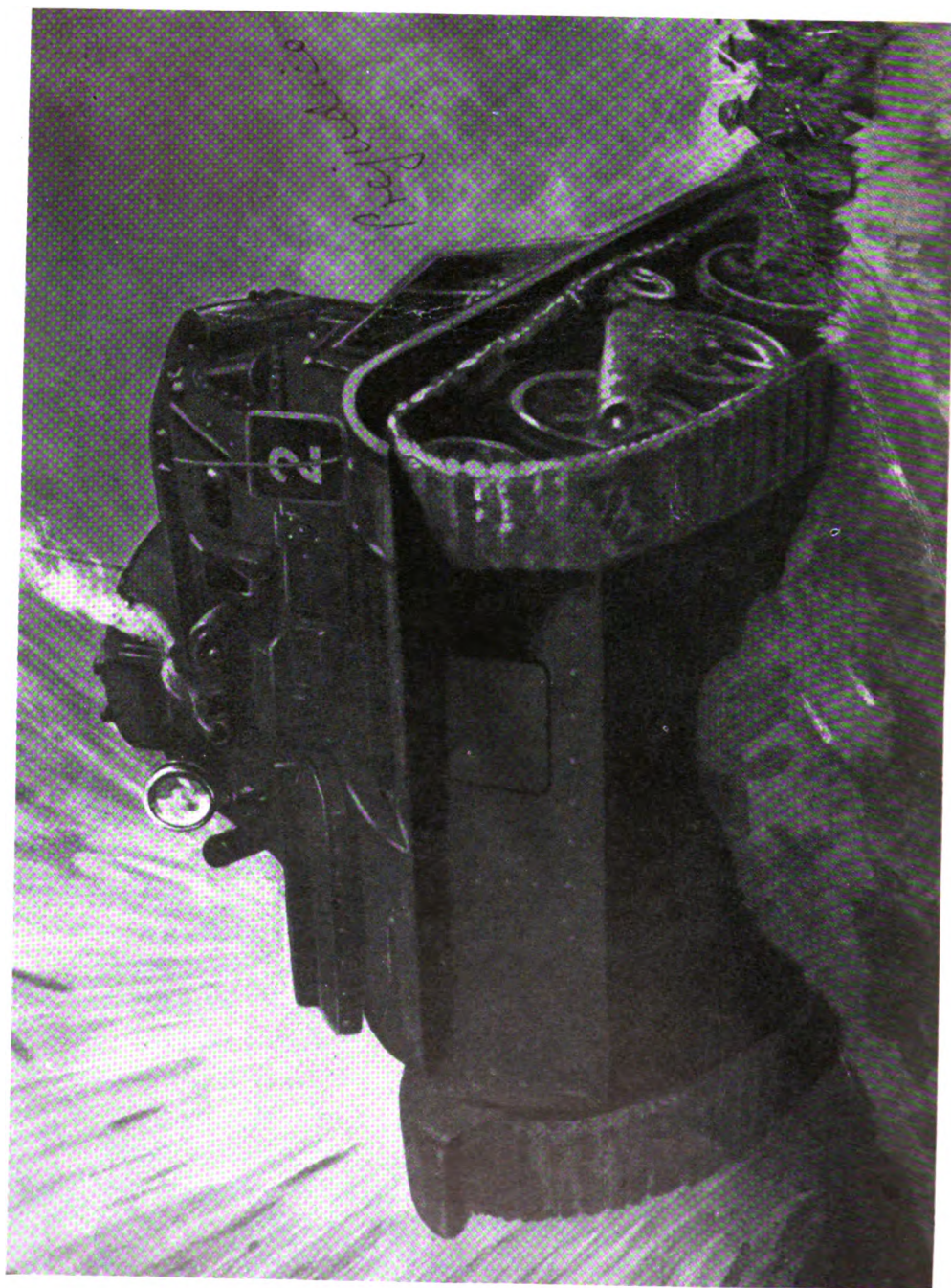
There was and is much more in the B.-P. movement than the dressing up of little boys with big hats and broom-sticks. Hitler was quick to realize all this. He saw the value and the power of the spirit underlying the whole movement. Its teaching of, and inculcation of, loyalty to one's own country, and the "Be Fit" training without which mechanization could not function successfully ; also in Scouting for Boys he saw mass psychology in practice as demonstrated at the great International Jamborees.

Mass psychology is what the Germans love. If we English could handle like a well-oiled machine 100,000 people, Hitler could handle just as perfectly a million Germans. And he did it.

DAYLIGHT.

Throughout the years of preparation Hitler covered and confused all Europe, nay the whole world, with a smoke-screen of propaganda, pacts which he never intended to keep and clever lies which time alone could prove were lies, spies who went everywhere and saw everything, fifth columnists who would sabotage anything and everything at his bidding, brutality and bestiality that would shock the civilized world and cow it. All of which he did to cover up his tracks to and from his great armament factories. In those factories and in his operational orders Hitler kicked the "im" off the word "impossible."

But before you can understand this mechanized war which Hitler is now waging I think you must realize that mechanization includes everything with movement as one of its most powerful essentials. The biggest tank that man ever made remains stationary in its finishing shop until it is moved by



IN ACTION

man, and so we must study the man as well as his machine, otherwise we shall never appreciate the situation that enables Hitler to march on as he does.

In May, 1940, Hitler took the lid off. When I looked inside I saw nothing new. How could there be ? There was something new on the other side though. When Hitler's tanks—"those bloody great things," that the Irishman saw—advanced there was nothing to stop them ! Hitler's bluff of "This is a young man's war," "This is a war of movement," "The spade is a thing of the past," "Man power does not matter—it's machines that count," had fallen on virgin soil and borne mighty rich fruit.

The Maginot Line remained half finished in length, leaving the French left flank unprotected except by ten British divisions.

It was new on all the allied side, very new indeed, to find only 60 British and French divisions trying to hold the front that was held, but only just held, in 1918 with more than five times that number. Then there were 85 British divisions in the field, with 58 Italian and 42 American divisions, with an extra half a million Frenchmen over and above the April 1940 totals !

"Men don't count," the young modernists cried.

That suited well ; Hitler knew that guns and the spade won the last war, and he knew that failing the discovery of any new weapon they would win this one ; and so far they have. Guns in tanks and planes don't require large numbers of men, but the spade and mechanical excavators must have men to man the pits and trenches they dig, and it is they plus guns that will count in the end.

THE WHOLE ART OF MECHANIZATION.

What stopped the German tanks in the battle of France ?
Nothing.

Once Hitler had outflanked the Maginot Line in the North, the rest was plain sailing.

What stopped the British and the French Tank attacks, made against the German Armies in the same battle ?

It was tanks, guns and the spade.

On practically every occasion that the Allied tanks attacked they eventually came up against consolidated positions which stopped them.

It is our consolidated positions at Tobruk that have stopped the Germans now. Tobruk is the first consolidated position that we have made and attempted to hold in this war, and it has been held. What was done by us at Tobruk should have been done elsewhere.

CONCLUSION.

Some say that the typewriter is Hitler's secret weapon.

In the German Army written orders are not circulated below divisional commanders, whereas with us they are issued down to section commanders, with the result that everyone is snowed under :

“ With orders, more orders, all day and all night,
We are glued to our office and can't get a sight
Of the posts and defences we ought to know well,
And so blessed Typer we wish you in hell ! ”

I have said little about tanks and dive bombers because I want you to take your eyes off them for the moment and look wider. Tanks and dive bombers are merely a form of artillery carriers. The answer to them is artillery of the same sort only bigger and more of them. If you haven't got artillery of your own, then remember neither had we in 1915. We used the spade—you have a better weapon—the mechanical excavator—as an effective answer. But neither artillery nor spade are of much use unless you combine them with the science of movement. That is where Hitler scores. He made rings round us. To stop that we must ring him, or, failing that, (for lack of men and guns), then dig ourselves in, not in little slit trenches but in and behind big deep obstacles—like elephant traps if you like—sunken roads and so on, either in continuous lines with guarded flanks, or, and in preference, dig within great squares, or islands, but dig and wire and obstruct you must, whether on the defensive or offensive. At least, that is what Hitler does, and so on Nature's principle that like kills like, I say do the same.

*FROM SUBALTERN TO SIRDAR: THE CENTENARY
OF LORD GRENFELL*

By J. PAINE

AT Grillon's Club five years prior to the Great War, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, as the only soldier present, was appealed to in a most interesting discussion on the military value of the aeroplane. The diners on this occasion included many leading statesmen, who, like the German Emperor, were very sceptical as to the possibility of the use of flying machines in war. Balfour thought otherwise and Grenfell actually predicted that they would be of the greatest possible use for military purposes, both for reconnaissance and for attack by means of bombs. His prophecy that the employment of planes would solve the question that Wellington so often had to grapple with in the Peninsula, of "what was on the other side of the hill," seems particularly opportune, more especially as the man who foretold such a possibility was born just one hundred years ago. In times of stress centenaries are apt to be forgotten, a lamentable state of affairs when it concerns so great a public servant as a man who not only attained the highest military rank and became a Privy Councillor, but who held with distinction such important posts as the Sirdarship of the Egyptian Army and the Governorship of Malta.

The year 1841 was a notable one in so far as it heralded the birth of at least thirty eminent persons, including Francis Wallace Grenfell, the subject of this sketch. The future Field-Marshal was born at Swansea and, like General Sir Redvers Buller, spent his regimental service in the 60th Rifles, that celebrated corps to which in after years he was appointed Senior Colonel-Commandant. He served alternately in the 1st, 2nd and 4th Battalions, and, with spells of garrison service in Canada and India to his credit, found himself at the age of

thirty-two still only a subaltern, with little prospects of promotion or active service. Grenfell had actually given away his uniform to a brother officer and posted his letter of resignation to the War Office when he received an offer to accompany General Sir Arthur Cunynghame to South Africa as his A.D.C. His application for retirement was intercepted before it reached Balmoral and a few weeks later saw the smart young Rifle officer at Capetown duly installed in his new job. Little did he then dream that the day would come when his own rank would necessitate the services of an A.D.C.

An attack of rheumatic iritis had prevented Grenfell from serving in the Red River Expedition and on two occasions the same trouble compelled him to be invalided home from South Africa. Fortunately this painful disease left him when he reached the age of forty. The amount of active service which he survived during the 'seventies and 'eighties was nothing short of astounding. The Kaffir, Zulu and Boer Wars followed closely on each other and Grenfell served in all three. He had his baptism of fire in 'seventy-eight in Galekaland, where in the decisive battle of Quintana he commanded the mounted men who contributed so materially to the success of that now forgotten engagement. The following year saw him at Ulundi in a campaign marred by many tragedies, including that of the death of the Prince Imperial. At the age of thirty-seven Grenfell was still only a Captain, but four years later saw him a full Colonel and A.D.C. to the Queen.

It is interesting to recall Grenfell's attendance with the Duke of Cambridge at a service at St. Anne's, Soho, in July, 1882, since the First Lesson ended with the words, "And now I will send thee into Egypt." Within a fortnight he was sailing to Alexandria as A.A.G. on Wolseley's staff in the expedition against Arabi and his fanatical followers. It is with the land of the Pharaohs that Grenfell's name will always be inseparably linked. He spent the best years of his life in the country, served in all its campaigns and finally found himself at the head of its native army. After serving at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, he had taken part in the Nile Expedition, commanded a division

in the engagement at Ginnis in 'eighty-five and served in the operations around Suakin in 'eighty-eight. The following year Grenfell fought and won the battle of Toski. He had, in the interval, been appointed Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, a post which he retained for seven years. During that period he fashioned and forged the army which proved so great an asset to Kitchener in the reconquest of the Sudan. The training and reorganization of Egypt's military forces during his Sirdarship was the achievement by which Lord Grenfell is best remembered. He renewed his connection with the country when appointed to the command of the British forces there in 1897 and proved a staunch helper to Kitchener in the preparations for the advance on Khartum. As supporters for his coat-of-arms he very fittingly chose Egyptian soldiers, one a cavalryman, the other an infantryman.

During his lifetime, Lord Grenfell was accorded many honours none of which was easily earned. Knighted in the 'eighties, he represented the Army ten years later at the Tsar's coronation in Moscow and acted in a similar capacity when King Edward visited Berlin in 1909. His services to his country had been partly acknowledged during the last century by promotion in rank and the bestowal of the G.C.B. and G.C.M.G. ; but the new century had greater honours in store—a barony, a Field-Marshal's baton and the Colonelcy of a Household Cavalry regiment. A man of fine physique, Lord Grenfell must have presented a striking figure when, in Life Guards' full dress uniform, he officiated as Gold Stick at Court functions.

Six years prior to the Great War, Lord Grenfell vacated the post of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, the last of the many important commands held by the subaltern who became a Sirdar and who amidst his public duties found time to paint pictures, collect works of art, and study Egyptology. A man of rare artistic gifts, in appearance he was somewhat stern and at times rather fierce looking. His claim to remembrance lies in the fact that he was not only a very distinguished soldier, but a very capable administrator, for Malta never had a better Governor. The language question was only one of many

obstacles he had to tackle when administering in face of strong opposition the affairs of that island forty years ago. Of strong constitution, with a keen sense of humour and a charming manner, Lord Grenfell has been described by one who knew him well as "a high principled and brave man." He had outlived his old comrades-in-arms, Garnet Wolseley, Evelyn Wood, Redvers Buller, William Butler, Frederick Maurice and a host of others, when, full of honours, he passed away in his eighty-fourth year just over sixteen years ago.

NOTICE

The Secretary wishes to bring to the notice of readers, that there is quite a large number of coloured and black and white blocks he wishes to dispose of, at the undermentioned prices—

Coloured Blocks	£5	0	0
Black and White	1	0	0

Further information may be obtained, on application to the Secretary, CAVALRY JOURNAL, Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, S.W.1.

"BIG BUSINESS" AND THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR WAR

By "AIGUILLETTE"

EVEN the present European conflict is bound to end some day. As all sane men hope and believe, victory will go to those champions of the older, more liberal way of life, rather than to the sponsors of those ultra-authoritarian principles of which the twin concepts of Fascism and Nazidom provide both the doctrine and the machinery. To entertain such a hope is not to be guilty of mere selfishness. For of the two, the older-established order, if less disciplined and coherent, is considerably less brittle. It is, no less, infinitely more equitable, more flexible and more accommodating. If it takes longer to produce results, that is only a defect of its very definite quality; a quality which renders it, at the cost of a certain pedestrianism and misapplied effort, very much more generally workable. For human nature, while appreciating the fruits of discipline, instinctively abhors the unbending process to which it has to yield itself if those fruits are to be garnered speedily. To spread the butter of discipline thinly may be to delay the process of achieving the goal, but it at least serves to render the task more generally acceptable. In an imperfect world, too perfect a system is prone to collapse under the weight of its own exactions. Men will always prefer to talk about ways of government than endure being governed.

This agreed, there still persists one consideration upon which attention cannot be focused too swiftly or too closely. It is this—that the incidence of victory, when it comes, should be utilized by the Allies and their friends less as an excuse for complacent jubilation than as the preliminary to a little careful stocktaking and candid self-examination. As Robert Louis Stevenson reminded us, "There is a thread of our own guilt

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in every quarrel ” ; and it is obvious that the system which victory will have substantiated cannot claim anything bordering on impeccability, or the vanquished would never have attempted to impose an alternative world order in its place.

The defects of what, for want of a better label, has been termed the democratic system are manifold and patent. Some are ineradicable, like the thorns without which a bush of roses would be incomplete and altogether anomalous. But as the rose bush upon which pests and blight have been allowed to fasten cannot be accounted healthy, so is ill-health the condition of any system of government wherein certain malignant trends are permitted, even encouraged, to infect the body politic to such an extent as eventually to ingermine that worst of all diseases—war.

“ War,” as Clausewitz defined it, “ is only a continuation of policy by other means ” ; but it is in the motivation of that policy which pursues its ends even to the point of armed conflict, that the embryo of war can invariably be found.

Wars may be roughly divided into five categories :

1. Wars of revenge.
2. Wars of succession.
3. Wars of “ balance of power.”
4. Wars of conquest.
5. Wars of property.

More often than not, wars of conquest—as most wars of succession and of “ balance of power ”—are indistinguishable from wars of property ; so it is to this last-named category that the vast majority of those armed conflicts which so liberally bestrew history’s pages most unquestionably belong. *En passant*, it is to be noted that even the “ Holy ” wars of the Crusades were fought as much in the interest of trade as for the widely-advertised “ ideal ” of liberating “ the Holy Places.” For as Brown has recorded in his *Venetian Republic*, in 1096 the Doge of Venice “ recommended the official acceptance of the Crusade upon the grounds of religion *and of commercial utility* ” !

Now few will be prepared to dispute that “ commercial utility ”—interpreting the phrase as implying the interchange

of trade—is one of the characteristics of the concept of democratic government in which the sponsors of this particular system have taken considerable pride. The free exchange of goods, the supply, out of its surplus products, by one country of the needs of its neighbours—to this the democratic countries looked for their continued and, as they hoped, ever-increasing prosperity.

Successful trading, of course, cannot be carried on without a considerable degree of organization. But the point to which the attention of the post-war democratic world will be well advised to give most serious attention is—at what stage in its development does highly-necessary “organization” take on the deadly characteristics of “Big Business”; that grandiose conception of amalgamation and monopolistic expansion which as much, and more, than anything else is responsible for the prevailing carnival of death and destruction from which a good half of the world is suffering.

For it is nothing more nor less than the translation of the commercial concept of “Big Business” into political terms which has brought the present holocaust upon us.

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With most people the concept of “Big Business” is indissolubly associated with the United States of America. Nothing could be more unjust nor, if the matter of origin is in question, further from the truth.

With the gradual stabilization of general trading which followed the crude processes of barter and unadulterated rapine characterizing the feudal epoch, manufacture—in its absolutely literal sense—and the marketing of the products of manufacture, were largely the responsibility of the individual craftsman and no less individual huxterer; although “group service” of certain commodities very soon began to play a part in the ebb and flow of supply and demand. Where internal trading was concerned, within the limits of a shire, district or even country, the system, lacking organization, laggard and shiftless as it might be, answered the demands imposed by contemporary requirements quite sufficiently well.

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With the rise of *international* trade, however, the limited range—and therefore limited organization—of methods for conducting business which had served well enough hitherto, proved altogether too tenuous to uphold the growing volume of commercial transactions. Even with the banking facilities organized, in mid-sixteenth century, by the Italians in the *Banco della Piazza de Rialto*, in Venice, and later by their imitators in Holland and England, the call upon personal capital with which to implement, for instance, overseas trading ventures, was more than the average individual could conveniently find or was prepared to risk *ad hoc*. The banks themselves, following the precedent laid down by their predecessors, the Goldsmiths, confined their operations very largely to funding “short loans”; and thus for any enterprise in which money was to be “tied-up” over a long period, the pooling of part of their resources by two or more interested parties afforded the only means by which the venture could be capitalized. The terms as to the division of risks and profits arrived at by these contracting parties laid down the principles upon which the company flotations of later centuries were based.

Success only served to whet the appetite for further and even more extensive ventures; and their necessarily heavier capitalization brought about the “combine” of several groups of interested parties in what would be termed, in modern commercial parlance, an amalgamation of interests. In some instances, the State itself, through the person of the Sovereign—as, for example, Queen Elizabeth and Charles II of England—would interest itself in the welfare of some projected trading enterprise; and thus the era of Chartered Companies paved the way for the concept of “Big Business” which was subsequently to form so marked a feature of the world’s technique of commerce. It should not, however, be overlooked that the paternalistic character of the Chartered Companies founded under Royal Warrant—the “Restoration” Hudson Bay Company and the African Trading Company, for example—served very largely to restrain the more unscrupulous elements in these

concerns from embarking upon those flights into rapacity, chicane and downright dishonesty which accompanied the permutations of such gimcrack enterprises as the ill-famed South Sea Bubble; a venture foisted upon a greedy and credulous public by an undisguised *chévalier d'industrie* in the person of the international speculator, John Blount.

With the enormous wave of industrialization which the mid-nineteenth century witnessed, amalgamation and “combine,” with the subsequent need for swift expansion to justify or bolster-up the procedure, became more and more the aim of those single-minded Captains of Commerce to whom enlargement for enlargement’s own sake soon developed into an end in itself.

To critics who ventured to point out that the process of amalgamation and the erection of a huge “combine” covering, to all intents and purposes, the whole of one field of industrial enterprise, not only operated to squeeze out the “small man” but eliminated all question of healthy and stimulative competition, the sponsors of the gospel of “Big Business” had their reply all cut and dried. It was a reply—with its breezy, rattling reassurance anent the extirpation of unnecessary “overheads,” the speeding-up of production, the centralization of control, the avoidance of waste, and so on—to which the world in general has become so numbly accustomed that the ultimate implications of the theory have long since ceased to be pursued or even borne in mind.

It might not, then, be altogether without useful purpose if, in the interregnum in the carrying on of normal business which the present war has imposed, some of those implications were subjected to examination and an effort made to trace out their ultimate manifestation.

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Let us take a situation with which, in the last half century or so, the world has become only too painfully familiar. Within a given country a group of industrialists are concerned with the manufacture of a certain product, the consumption of which is, broadly speaking, world-wide. Working as individual

entities, the respective business houses market their product at a price very much on a par with that exacted by the manufacturers of the same commodity in other countries. Competition is keen and in consequence the qualities of the deliveries remain consistently high. Presently, however, the group originally referred to amalgamate into a "combine" embracing those home manufacturers who had hitherto been in competition with them. "Overheads" are reduced, production speeded-up, salesmanship is "rationalized," and presently it is found that the commodity for which the combine is responsible—standardized and therefore without any likelihood of improvement if in no actual danger of deterioration—can be marketed at a considerable reduction; at a price, indeed, with which such few outside rivals as may be left cannot hope to compete.

The reply of the countries to which such victimized nationals belong is to endeavour to inhibit the import of the combine's product by clapping on a heavy tariff; and the gubernatorial authorities of the exporting States or State—dancing to the tune that "Big Business" is now in a position to pipe—retaliate by the imposition of crippling tariffs in their turn. Thereafter there arises a condition of financial deadlock; but since the wealth of one nation is nearly always greater or lesser than that of another, sooner or later one of the parties to the contest will be forced to own defeat in the financial struggle; *and as often as not will seek to redress the disadvantage incurred by an appeal to arms.*

The Trade and Navigation Acts, for instance, inspired by a "combine" of English shipping interests and given legal form under Cromwell and the Commonwealth, and carried into the Restoration period, were nothing more nor less than a direct attempt to kill the Dutch carrying trade; and slay it they did. The outcome was a war that dragged on its wearisome length without in any way enabling the despoiled, but weaker, nation to redress the injury inflicted upon its commercial life.

Now it must be clearly understood that in the ordinary way sufficient sea-borne traffic existed to provide ample work for

both Dutch and English bottoms, competing in healthy rivalry. It was only with the greed which seems to follow ineludibly upon expansion—that over-swollen expansion which nothing save the “combine” of vast resources renders possible—that two hitherto friendly nations found themselves at grips with each other, in a struggle wherein certain porsy elements belonging to the stronger people added to their golden harvest at the cost of a sanguinary conflict fought and endured by the populace as a whole. “Big Business,” for sheer love of gain, had crammed its already heavily laden chests to the brim, at the cost of death and injury to scores and hundreds of its own kith and kin and at the price of a small nation’s dire impoverishment. And even the most superficial student of affairs will need no reminding that the instance cited can be found duplicated and reduplicated wherever the more recent pages of history are turned.

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The political concept of “combine” or amalgamation, although it has found its most significant and thoroughgoing sponsors among the frankly authoritarian Powers, is no new phenomenon. To acquire Colonies, to absorb and weld them into the pattern designed by the mother country’s needs, is a procedure of which most sizeable nations have been responsible at one time or another. As in commerce, the “combine” with the greatest resources has invariably proved the most successful in such enterprises; although sometimes the “capital” which rendered the original venture possible has, as time went on, so gravely depreciated that the “founder-company” has found itself no longer in a position to exploit its acquired holdings to their full advantage: e.g. Portugal, with the third largest Colonial Empire, supporting, for its size, the smallest white population, and rendering a commercial return in no way commensurate with the original capital outlay involved.

That it has been left to those modern phenomena, the leaders of the totalitarian Powers, and the Reich Chancellor of Germany in particular, to adapt the concept of commercial “combine” to political ends and thereafter carry those political ends to their ultimate, absolute conclusion, is witnessed by the

fact that the Wilhelmstrasse long ago pronounced that, in the event of German victory in a European war, the reorientation of the world would be upon the following lines :

The new German-European Empire.

The "Monroe-doctrine" Empire of North and South America.

The "balance" of European France and the French Colonial Empire.

A "non-European" Great Britain and the British overseas Empire.

The Russian European-Asiatic Empire (excluding any "overflow" in the Balkans or Baltic).

All very clear-cut, all very finite, all very neat and tidy and regimented ; with its elimination of fussy, obstructive "small business" States and its centralization of world-power in the hands of five "Big Business" "combines."

But, apart from the chaos and discontent which would follow any attempt to readjust the means and balance of trade to the new empirical "lay-out," would there be any hope, any slightest chance, that things would be allowed to rest as they were should the division of the world into these five vast political corporations become an accomplished fact ?

"The appetite grows on that it feeds on"; and the tendency of all amalgamations is to seek to bring about even further amalgamation—if necessary, by pressure. And pressure, translated into terms of *welt-politik*, means war ! Stripped of all disguise, the Nazi aim is bleakly monopolistic ; the world is its oyster, to be swallowed whole—as an oyster should be ! That is the ultimate expression of the concept of "Big Business" translated into terms of modern political philosophy ; and the degree of culpability attributable to commercial monopolism for having set an example which, carried to the *n-th* degree, stops nowhere short of politico-commercial world domination, cannot be overlooked or easily forgiven.

Napoleon it was who affirmed that "the only institution ever devised by men for mastering the Money-Power within the State, is Monarchy." It is a contention difficult to deny, since

it has always been the gravest responsibility of kingship to stand guard over the “small man” when his interests have been threatened by the encroachments of “Big Business.” The long struggle waged between Charles II and the vested interests of the City of London and those of a selfish landed squirearchy, offers a case in point. Another example is afforded in the Government of the United States, with its enormous development of Presidential powers in modern times, and with the consequent tussle between those powers and the demands of a swollen plutocracy.

But the amazing paradox of Totalitarianism—of its very essence the prime example of direct, absolute, “monarchical” rule—is that it presents us with the spectacle of a form of “kingship” intent, not upon preserving the welfare of the “small man,” but upon first of all appropriating and controlling Money-Power within the State and thereafter enslaving the “small man” on terms which would make the conditions of his pre-totalitarian bondage appear not too far removed from freedom.

Totalitarianism, in effect, despite the fact that it has stolen the robes of kingship, has deliberately filched the contradictory concept of “Big Business” and adopted it as a political creed. It exhibits, therefore, no more consideration for the satraps of Money-Power than it displays mercy to those who were formerly accounted among “combine’s” and amalgamation’s most hapless victims.

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It was M. Delcassé (historian and artificer of the original Franco-British *entente*), who, during the “peace” discussions of 1919, raised a still, small voice in recommendation of a division of Germany into those thirty-odd small States, Kingdoms and Marks of which it had been comprised prior to the erection of that Confederated German Empire so triumphantly promulgated in the *Salle des Glaces* at Versailles in 1871. But such was the mixed atmosphere of greed, vengefulness, messianic optimism and all-round hysteria which prevailed throughout those

scurried meetings of early 1919 that it would be a misnomer to describe as "deliberations," that his eminently sensible suggestion was not even taken into consideration. Yet the best translation of the old tag *divide et impera* would be, in these times, "divide and strictly delimit the scope of government"; for the principle of a return to "small businesses" with "no connection with the firm next door" has an enormous amount to recommend it. Obviously, a small State—especially if it can be induced to support an expensive Sovereign (or Head) and entourage—cannot run to the vast expense of a large standing army and navy, with the specialist heavy industries needed for their support. And since expansion's ultimate instrument is armed force, a lack of this factor must act as a curb upon too restless and vaulting an ambition. Moreover, the return to small national groups is ethnographically sound; the homogeneous tribal unit being the self-contained, self-sufficient norm upon which all variations of community life were founded.

In short, the very last aim of those who, as it is hoped and believed, will prove the victors in this present war should be a return to those pre-war standards of amalgamation, expansion and world-monopoly which have done so much to encourage and bring about the present turmoil. On the contrary, their purpose should be to achieve the creation—at least in Europe—of a new era of "small businesses," both commercially and politically speaking, wherein the "small man" predominated in a group of relatively "small" nations, none of whom would be big enough to prey upon his neighbour, and in whose delimited commercial orbit the menace of "Big Business"—with its evil apex of grasping dictators and political monopolists—would have no scope to raise its specious, fair-seeming but entirely ruthless and malignant head. In common decency, this constitutes a reward that the ordinary "small man" cannot be denied; for if a "liberal" victory is eventually to be won, it can only be through the efforts of that same "small man."

But, it may well be urged, such an aggregation of “small business” States would require some form of international areopagus for its control, with a sufficient, denationalized armed force ever ready to step in and promptly impose order should any isolated attempt be set in motion to upset the general harmony. It is a contention that cannot be gainsaid; and had the League of Nations founded such a force before going on to indulge in loftier if less practical flights, then that institution would not have degenerated into the condition of prostitution and contempt which is its lot to-day.

Behind the “Rule of Law”—a polite euphemism for imposed control—must lie the power of enforcement. But the power of enforcement must rest in hands completely disinterested, hands which hold no axe to grind.

Students of the recent “Atlantic Declaration” will readily discern that in this enlightened prospectus for post-war stabilization reposes the one chance of harnessing all that is best in the methods of “Big Business” to that spirit of just, impersonal absolutism which Napoleon, for want of a better term, described as “Monarchy.” For the sponsors of that declaration, speaking in the name, and with all the authority, of their respective mighty nations, laid it down that “they desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field, with the object of securing for all improved labour standards, economic advancement and social security.” Moreover, as a means of implementing their determination, they have declared that “since no future peace can be maintained if land, sea and air armaments continue to be employed by nations which threaten, or may threaten, aggression outside their frontiers, they believe . . . that the disarmament of such nations is essential.” The disarmament of the recalcitrant and the malcontent would have the effect, of course, of leaving the means of imposing obedience to the general standard of international good behaviour solely at the disposal of the two nations least likely to abuse the omnipotence which was theirs—and which, it is most profoundly to be hoped, *they would do nothing to neglect or impair.*

It is in this ultimate consummation that we may discover a new concept of "Big Business," so lofty, so benevolent and so free from all tincture of reproach that it is not too much to affirm that upon its untrammelled fulfilment rests the sole hope for the future peace, prosperity and concord of the world.



A MASTER OF HIS CRAFT,

By Colonel F. A. HAMILTON, late 3rd Cavalry I.A.

THIS is the last of the series of articles on fishing contributed by the writer, with the help of notes from Mr. Freeman, the famous Monmouthshire and South Wales fisherman. We both hope that the articles have been of interest and instruction to those who have been kind enough to read them. We are very grateful to the Editor for including them in the *CAVALRY JOURNAL*.

We conclude with some notes on Grayling and Chub, both of which give very good sport on the fly, especially when salmon and trout are out of season.

THE LADY OF THE STREAM

There is always good sport to be obtained with grayling directly the trout fishing season ends. September and October are the two best months, to my way of thinking, as they rise to the fly so well at this period.

In November, and on sunny days in December, good sport is enjoyed at times, but the bag will be a good deal lighter, as the hatch of fly is of a much shorter duration.

I have had some really grand sport with grayling on the Monnow ; during September and October they begin to move up into the runs that the trout have haunted so successfully during the summer. The largest fish are usually found at the head of the shoal and they tail off according to their size, the smallest at the rear, and to the side of the main current of the stream. The best fish will be found in strong water. It is possible to approach to within a couple of yards of a rising fish or fishes without disturbing them. Wade in quietly and cast over a rising fish ahead ; should the fly be ignored, cast it over it again, and yet again, as this method will be sure to meet with success sooner or later.

In many cases perhaps the fly will be completely ignored, if this should happen change the fly at once. Once one has found a fly that meets with approval from the "Lady of the stream," as they are sometimes called, one can stand still in certain runs and hook fish after fish, always going for the nearest rising grayling. They are taken out, then, without disturbing the fish lying ahead of the one hooked and played. The less one moves about the better; it is wise not to hurry over fishing up a run of, we will say, thirty yards; much better to take half an hour, than ten minutes, as some people I know, do. They race over the water, moving from pool to pool, or run after run; they are lucky if they get a few fish. Systematic fishing of one of the runs on the other hand would perhaps produce two or three brace.

Grayling are not scared like trout, and they are bold risers. Should one hook and lose a fish, a change of fly will often tempt the same fish to its undoing. Try it, and you will soon prove the above assertion to be a true one. The usual trout flies will tempt grayling. As the winter season draws nearer, they rise less, and to catch them with a fly, one has to get down to them; use leaded flies fished wet, two or three flies on a cast, as in spring fishing for trout, either fished upstream and across or fished down and across. Be sure the flies are well sunk or there will be nothing doing, as the fish won't come up to the lure as they do in the autumn months.

There are any amount of special grayling flies, dry and wet; perhaps to mention a few of my favourites would help the beginner in his choice for a try-out after grayling.

On bright and sunny days, Red Rag, Green Insect, Badger, Honey Sun Bumble, Claret Bumble, Tup's Indispensable, Bradshaw's Fancy, Coch-y-Bondhu, Coachman, P.T.

For dull days, Blue Upright, Willow, Red Spinner, Blue Dun, Olive Dun, Rough Olive, Maxwell Blue, Red Quill. I found one I made with a couple of fibres, from a large heron feather; for the body three or four turns of fine gold wire ribbing, and either a blue hackle or an Olive Dun, caught a large

percentage of grayling fished over. It was possible to catch a nice few fish from most streams, and on the glides with this fly, as is the case with heaps of the other grayling flies.

If one likes wet fly fishing best, two or three flies on the cast, flies of different pattern will soon prove which one is the most fancied by the grayling. One can either change one of the three over to the most killing pattern, so that one has two, instead of one, doing business, or carry on and be satisfied with the luck as it is. It just depends on the size of the bag one hopes to obtain.

Should one be upstream, fishing with sunk fly, cast well up and across, giving the fly a chance to sink ; there is no need to go in for a long cast here, as the fish won't be felt as in short and medium cast of six to eight yards. I draw in a few inches of line, slowly keeping the rod a few feet above the water and pointing upstream all the time.

It is possible to hook two grayling at the same time. I have had a trout on one fly and a grayling on the other. This is no uncommon feat to those who fish fairly often. It's one thing to have them on, but another to land them both, as they play quite well when hooked on the same cast.

Down and across, wet fly fishing, accounts for a lot of fish when one has learned the knack of it, if one casts to an angle of 45 degrees across the stream. Keep the rod point facing the direction of the cast ; let the flies sweep across the stream until they are directly below, keeping the line as taut as possible. The easiest way is to draw line in about half an inch at the time, slowly, especially if there is a strong current, as then there is scarcely any need to draw the line. One will soon find out by practising this. One feels the slightest touch, this way of fishing. Lots of fishermen follow the fly round with the rod top, they miss no end of fish this way, as the grayling and trout have time to take and eject the lure, without even being felt ; by holding the rod top across the stream at an angle of 45 degrees and keeping it there, as one's flies sweep across, there are very few fish that are not felt, even if not securely hooked, but the dry fly is far the most interesting mode, as you will see the grayling come up

from the bed of the river to take the floating fly ; they are very keen sighted, rising in a flash from four or five feet of water. I have often watched them moving a foot to the right or left of their position, taking whatever fly or insect that took their fancy. They give grand sport after the trout fishing season has ended.

Small worms are deadly baits after frosty nights ; this is for anglers who like fishing in mid-winter, when it is almost hopeless to fish with fly, especially if there is colour in the water. It is well not to place too much shot on the cast. Weight it according to the strength of the current. If fast, three or four shot may be needed, medium stream, two shot, and be sure to have, if using a float, the depth from float to bait six or nine inches deeper than from float to river bed. You will then see your float dashing upstream when there is a bite ; strike at once. Fishing with gentles is much the same. Start at the bottom of the run, then you take out fish without alarming the ones in front.

Fishing for 'chub' with a large fly of the Palmer type is really very good fun, a large red tag home-made is one of the best flies I have found, so far, fished dry. I always fish from a boat and to anyone who does likewise I find one can't do better than to get to know the whereabouts of the quarry by pulling up river, always keeping close to the sides. You will soon spot the large chub darting off down stream, but they usually make back to the same spot in a very short time. There are shallows under willows, and such places. When one has spotted some good ones at various places, row up river, keep about twenty yards from the haunt of cheven and drop the anchor quietly. In a few minutes the chub will have settled down and if one keeps well down in the boat all the better ; then you can go in to fifteen yards range, otherwise success will be small, as they are very cute and will take a lot of catching. They demand the greatest respect in this way, but are easily caught if one treats them with such, being one of the sharpest-eyed of any of our fishes.

The fly, well dried, is floated over to them, and if one does not respond to the first few casts, keep on casting, and if not then successful, a change of fly may do the trick. A good sized Zulu is very good on very hot days, and it is great fun to connect

with chub up to three and four pounds on the fly, and if one is not using a really good cast there will soon be plenty of breakages as they dash off at great speed on being hooked, and it is usually into a bed of weeds. Should any be near at hand, always use good two-X, or even one-X gut, and a good, sound, trout rod, then it is possible to put enough strain on to prevent the head-long rush for weeds or any other obstruction.

They soon give in, especially if bullied well. If you hook and lose one of these hefty fellows the sport will fall off for a time, perhaps a move to a fresh spot will be necessary. As long as one hooks and succeeds in landing them they don't take any warning. It seems, they are funny fish, almost like a perch in this respect, but the deadliest way of all to catch them is with a small lamprey, elver size; these are found in the bed of sand alongside the river bank. They can either be dug out with an old shovel, the blade of an oar, or if one wants some fun, scooping them out by hand. This is done best by taking one's boots and socks off, wade just along the edge of the waterside, face the bank, stoop down, thrust the hands well down into the sand, where the water just covers it, throw out a double handful, keep repeating. One will soon find some. Try where the water covers the sand up to about six inches, if using a shovel or oar, collect a couple of dozen in an old tin, placing plenty of wet sand in the tin, or they will soon die.

Now we can make a start with what is locally called Sandgrig fishing. Use a strong cast with a small swivel next the line, a hook about size six, model Perfect, is a very good type. The point of the hook is inserted in the sucker of the Lamprey, threaded down and brought out below the vent, if possible; now it will be possible to use this bait fairly well; one casts it out like a fly. Let the stream carry it down and after it gets below one and nothing happens, cast again. If fishing shallow water in the summer months, keep moving down a few yards between every few casts. If a chub sees the lure you will soon feel a gentle twitch. Let it have a foot or so of line at once. Allow about two seconds, then strike. If this is not done, the lamprey will be found chewed up, perhaps half of it gone, and no chub.

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It is possible to catch half a dozen on one bait. I have done such a thing, but it needs the knack of the game. If cast under bushes, trees, etc., the chub go on taking them like hot cakes. Plenty of three and four pounders are caught in this style of chubbing. If you lose one it is generally all off for that particular place for a time. It is best to move to other quarters, where the fun will be fast and furious. Anyone really fond of fishing can have some great sport in this way, when salmon and trout fishing are badly off through the hot weather, it beats hollow bottom fishing for these loggerheads, and is definitely much more successful, as it is possible to catch anything up to a dozen large chub in one place, trying for them in the way described.

HOW TO COOK CHUB

“Place the chub on a nice clean piece of board, take the inside out, scrape the scales off, cut its head off, throw the chub away and eat the board.” This was a recipe given in the *Fishing Gazette* some time ago, and I am sure everybody who saw it had a good laugh, as this fish is a very poor specimen for table use. Although they give very good sport in the summer months on the fly, when there is little doing with both salmon and trout.





MOST OF THE CRATERS WERE IN SOFT GROUND



A BIRCH AND OAK WERE SHATTERED



ONE OF THEM ALREADY FULL OF WATER



WHERE THE HARE DIED

THE MILLION TO ONE CHANCE.

By RICHARD CLAPHAM.

DUSK was falling as I left the fell and took the narrow lane leading to the village. Crossing an old stone bridge, I leant upon the parapet and looked into the pool below. The beck had shrunk after weeks of drought, and many trout had died. As I resumed my journey it was very quiet and still, with every promise of a brilliant starlight night. Brambles with half-formed fruit grew thickly in the hedges, and the hazels bore a banner crop of nuts.

Halting at a gateway, I spotted a hare feeding. On the slope above her sheep were scattered about. As I watched her, war seemed far away.

At 2.30 a.m. the drone of high-flying planes awoke me. They passed, and then far to the south I heard a dull crump, crump. Some seconds later came the sudden roar of a bomber that seemed to be in trouble. It was a Hun without a doubt. Would he crash, or would he jettison his stuff? He was in a pocket, with high hills on either hand. The answer came at once with the scream of the first bomb, quickly followed by ten more. Flashes lit the sky, and the house rocked to the concussion. Then the engines appeared to pick up, and the roar of the plane's departure gradually faded. A safe area, thinks I. Well, you never can tell. I knew the telephone was busy at the observer post, and I hoped the Hun would be intercepted and brought down.

As soon as it was light I walked back up the lane, and arrived at the gate where I had seen the hare. There I met the farmer.

"Morning, Tom."

"Good morning."

"Rattled things up a bit last night?"

"Aye, it did that."

"Kill any sheep?"

“What’s thou after” (with a grin), “some cheap mutton?”

As we entered the field a grey object caught my eye. Tom saw it, too.

“Damn!” said he.

It was one of his ewes killed by flying debris.

Turning to look at a crater, I spotted the hare. Poor Sarah, she had likewise caught it. There wasn’t a mark on her, and I expect she never knew what hit her. “Hi, Tom, look here,” I called as I picked her up. “Jugged hare and roast mutton for nowt. How about it?”

Tom didn’t reply. He was turning the sheep over. Killed by a million to one chance, I thought, as I pocketed the hare. Most of the craters were in soft ground, one of them already full of water, which reminded me of the old days in France, where I had drunk from many a shell hole. Three bombs had hit the rock, one square on a solid face. The blast had been tremendous. Two trees—a birch and oak—were shattered and riven, while stones and splinters were scattered far and wide. At the farm across the beck, windows were blown in, and the occupants had been rudely awakened.

As Tom went off to search for the remainder of his flock, I lit my pipe and took the road for home, thinking as I walked, that I was lucky not to have been using the lane when the Hun unloaded.

Oh, I forgot to say that the cows at the farm refused to give any milk next day.



POOR SARAH, SHE HAD LIKEWISE CAUGHT IT.

BEAUX SABREURS

By Lieut.-Colonel B. G. BAKER, D.S.O., F.R.G.S.,
F.R.Hist.S.

THERE was always a glamour about the Cavalry of the Imperial and Royal Armies of Austria-Hungary, described by Habsburg's fighting men, in the abbreviation K. und K. Britons were attracted by this glamour to the service of the Habsburg Empire from the earliest days of standing armies, and by many other considerations. To have fought his way against the Turks across the Hungarian pucsta gave hall-mark to the Briton who had carried his sword abroad. In the arsenal at Vienna you may note a statue of General Browne, unless the Germans have destroyed it as falling short of the Siegfried ideal. Maximilian Ulysses Browne, one of Austria's more successful generals, rose to the rank of Field Marshal and Count of the Holy Roman Empire for his services to the country of his adoption. He had distinguished himself by the surprise attack at Velletri in 1744 and rendered valuable assistance at the battle of Piacenza, 1746. Severely wounded in the battle of Lowositz, in which Frederick II of Prussia claimed the victory, 1756, he died in his fifty-second year, a stout-hearted, capable, and utterly reliable Soldier of Fortune.

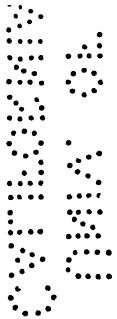
De Lamartine, writing of his country's army in the early days of the Revolution, reminds the world of to-day, when so many of the old values have been thrown overboard, that "Order and Honour are essential for soldiers." There was never any need to remind British soldiers or those of the Austro-Hungarian army, of this obvious truth. Indeed, throughout the last war Austrian troops fought like gentlemen; there was consequently never any deep feeling of hostility towards Austrians among British soldiers, or for that matter, in the

population of this country at large. We considered it a pity that we should have to meet them in battle. In fact, before the German Army mobilized against France, a number of sporting Britons who had settled in Hungary, were reported as having volunteered to form a legion for the purpose of joining in the war against Serbia. When the conflagration spread they would, of course, be interned, but even so met with the kindness and consideration which distinguish all those brought up in the Austrian tradition. This pleasant state of affairs was due entirely to that Austrian quality which reminded travelling Britons of their own upbringing, rather than to the tradition of chivalrous relations between British and Habsburg fighting men, dating well back into the eighteenth century. Incidents that strengthened those relations are probably no longer well remembered; the present is surely an appropriate time to recall them.

We fought Germans, not Austrians, at and about Cambray in the last war; British and Austrian Cavalry rode together at Villers in that country in 1794. Villers-en-Cauchies lies a matter of some six miles north east of Cambray and within reach, so to speak, are places the names of which appear among the battle honours of British regiments. The 15th Hussars is the only British Regiment to blazon "Villers-en-Cauchies" on its standard. The village is just hidden from sight by the rolling ground where River Selle, flowing a few miles to eastward, makes its way northward through a pleasant country many of us remember well. Two squadrons of Austrian "Leopold" Hussars and two of 15th British Light Dragoons, later Hussars, too, set out on reconnaissance one April day in 1794. They acted as advanced guard to a cavalry division of which Austrian Cuirassiers, British Royal Horse Guards, 1st Dragoon Guards, "Royals," and 11th Hussars formed part, with the Austrian Colonel Baron Sentheresky in command of this gallant force of allied horsemen. The four advanced squadrons seem to have been well ahead, had indeed lost sight of the main body, when they came upon a superior force of revolutionary French in



Ulan. Dragon Hussar
AUSTRIAN CAVALRY 1914.



largely superior numbers. Austrian and British squadron leaders had sworn on crossed swords "to ride home." This they did with great effect, driving off the opposing cavalry, upsetting infantry in square, and dispersing a column of fifty guns and ammunition waggons. As French reinforcements came up, the allied cavalry reformed and retired at a steady trot. A very pretty morning's diversion.

Major Aylett, who commanded the two British squadrons, did not survive this action, those of his officers who did were rewarded with a gold medal specially struck for them, and the highest Austrian award, the Order of Maria Theresia. In this, as in many directions, old Austria knew the right thing to do, and did it gracefully.

Like their British comrades in the Villers-en-Cauchies affair, Austrian cavalry had already laid the foundations of a fine tradition, had, indeed, begun to do so before England had managed to raise a standing army. There was so much opposition to anything in a red coat after the Restoration, probably as a reaction to the "militarism" that threatened the freedom of the country in the latter years of the so-called Commonwealth. By that time Austrian regiments of Horse were well established on the reputation won in the Thirty Years' War. Schiller, in his "Wallenstein's Lager," knows how to appreciate the cuirassier and his manners reflecting the company he kept:

"Der feine Griff und der rechte Ton,

Das lernt sich nur um des Feldherrn Person."

That "correct tone" could be best acquired by contact with the Austrian Court and its old-world courtesy. Contact was established in 1619, when at the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War a party of malcontents had forced their way into the Hofburg at Vienna, where they presented written demands, shouting at the Emperor, "subscribe Ferdinande." At the critical moment when the Emperor was about to take the pen which the intruders were forcing upon him, there came up from the court below the sound of horses' hoofs on the cobbles and the thrilling call of the cavalry trumpet. Dampierre's Cuirassiers

had come to call on their Kaiser. Ever since that day the regiment enjoyed the privilege of riding through the courts of the Hofburg to the sound of their trumpets whenever they passed through Vienna. The officer commanding the regiment then had the right to enter the Emperor's presence unannounced, and in his marching order. This privilege, highly treasured, endured through all the changes to which the Austrian army submitted.

There is a fine picture of Austrian Cuirassiers endeavouring gallantly to turn the tide of Prussian aggression at Pardubitz ; it would be interesting to know what has become of it, and other interesting exhibits on view in the well-ordered museum of that Bohemian town. This battle was about the last time that Austrian troops appeared in the white uniforms worn by cuirassiers, dragoons and infantry. Indeed, cuirassiers and dragoons were in the process of being merged, and by 1868 the cuirassier was only a stately memory in the martial history of Austrian arms. Dragoons there had always been, emerging as regiments out of the welter left over from the Thirty Years' War. In this again Spanish Habsburg tradition left its mark as a number of Spanish regiments of Dragoons with their Grenadier companies remained on the strength of the Austrian Army until 1721. The handsome dragoon regiments, in light blue tunics with facings of red, white, green, yellow, even black, red breeches and an elegant helmet with crest of classic aspect, looked much the same from 1890 till 1914. These regiments also had their cherished traditions, the most curious of which was the pride of the regiment " Windischgrätz " Dragoons No. 14 recruited in Bohemia. This regiment was composed of lads so young that they had been unable to raise a moustache such as was considered not only becoming, but *de rigueur* in Continental cavalry. Nevertheless, they distinguished themselves greatly at Kolin, where Frederick the Great was so soundly beaten by the Austrian Count Daun in 1757, that they were accorded the privilege of going clean-shaven ever after. This privilege held good until the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian army. This matter of shaving or not shaving the upper lip has caused

more commotion in the British army than in those of the Continent. The two squadrons of 15th British Light Horse who fought side by side with Austrian Cavalry at Villers-en-Cauchies, were not allowed to sport a moustache until they were converted into Hussars in 1806, although their uniform was all braided and laced in the best Hungarian style.

The Austro-Hungarian Army always had plenty of light cavalry about it, as is only natural, for whereas Austria and Bohemia filled the ranks of Cuirassier and Dragoon regiments, Hussars were recruited from Hungary and of the Ulan regiments, two drew their men from Croatia and the Slovene country, the other nine from Galicia. The name "Ulan" comes from the Tartar tongue and signifies someone bold and brave and is therefore applicable to all Lancers, especially to the 13th Austrian Ulans. This gallant regiment performed a feat of daring similar to and not far behind the achievement of Napoleon's Polish Lancers of the Guard at Somo Sierra, for sheer bravery. Captain von Bechtholdsheim, who lived to be General of Cavalry and Corps Commander at Zagreb, riding at the head of his squadron through the narrow streets of a village in the Custozza country, ran into a brigade of Italian infantry. There was no room to deploy. Bechtholdsheim simply gave the order to charge, led his men, still in fours, through the marching column of the enemy's infantry and artillery, and caused complete confusion. Some of the Italian troops did not stop running until they reached the River Mincio at Mozambano some three or four miles distant from the scene of action. This light cavalry exploit, though it proved costly, had the effect of giving Austrian reserves time to come up and decide the issue of the day against the Italians.

Not far away is the road that leads through country well known to those of us who fought on the Italian front in the last war. The road that runs from Padua to Milan through Vicenza, Verona, Peschiera, where the Mincio leaves the Lago di Garda, country so lovely that it should be placed permanently out of bounds to all people who delight in war.

Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Hussars and Ulans upheld the great traditions of the Royal and Imperial Army down to the dissolution of the Dual Monarchy, throughout many generations of gallant horsemen. A younger branch of the mounted arm lived long enough to gain distinction in the last war. It was formed of three squadrons of Tyrolese marksmen and two more were drawn from Dalmatia. The men were therefore mountaineers, their mounts clever, stocky nags. The Germans are said to have revived this arm, which, be it said, is counted as cavalry, not mounted infantry. Young Austrians serving perforce in the Nazi armies, are being trained to this specialized work, though in truth as horsemen and horse-masters Austrians have little to learn from their new masters, and certainly nothing concerning chivalry, the quality by which cavalry lives and moves and has its being. Whether these mounted troops were intended to contend against the tremendous difficulties of a winter campaign in Russia, must remain matter for conjecture. They will surely acquit themselves well in mountainous country, in the Carpathians or the Tirolean and Carinthian Alps of their homeland. For the Austrian adds to his good-hearted courtesy the high quality of loyalty; he is true to his word, even if given under duress, though it be to his own undoing.



GREAT FEATS IN THE SADDLE

By E. R. YARHAM, F.R.G.S.

THIS is definitely not a cavalryman's war, although the most spirited French attack early on was fought by a regiment of Chasseurs, who advanced mounted into the mine-infested Warndt Forest and reached the outskirts of the German Westwall.

The machine has even invaded the desert, but it is in the Middle East, if anywhere, that cavalry will retain something of its old-time glory. Some of the most remarkable feats of endurance in the saddle have been performed during military operations or in preparation for war.

Among the finest of surviving cavalymen are those of the Indian Army. It was the custom after the World War to train about thirty men and an equal number of horses to travel 120 miles in twenty hours. Each regiment competing supplied this number and the training took about eight weeks. About one horse in four was finally selected.

The general custom was for the riders to dismount and walk for one mile in every five or six miles, and a pack animal was led, carrying the men's light kit, one pack horse to five riders. After the ride the horses were walked up and down every three hours for two or three days, if not their legs swelled. Such a ride calls for considerable staying power, but the Rev. Freer Winckley, late 12th Bengal Lancers, says it is well within the power of Indian cavalry soldiers. He recalls one of the pack horses, after completing 120 miles in nineteen hours, kicking three men while being groomed.

On the Victoria Embankment, Durban, Natal, stands a bronze equestrian statue commemorating one of the most epic rides in the history of the Empire. In May, 1842, the Boers besieged the settlers in Port Natal and managed to surround

them except on the seaward side. The English were almost at the end of their resources and no ship was due to touch at the port for weeks. Then Richard (commonly called Dick) King, an old settler, volunteered to fetch help from the nearest military post, 600 miles away, in Cape Colony. He and a Zulu boy rowed across the river pulling two horses. Though fired on they evaded the Boer outposts by dodging through dense bush.

Ahead lay the bridgeless rivers of Caffraria, infested with crocodiles, but King did not falter although in peril of his life from wild beasts and hostile natives. Food as a rule consisted of wildfowl brought down by his revolver and hastily roasted over the camp fire. Two or three hours' sleep at one time was all he dare take. Halfway there the Zulu deserted, but King pressed on and in Pondoland a missionary let him have a change of mount. He spurred on through uncharted country until he reached Grahamstown, completing his great ride on a gaunt and mud-caked animal which, according to a bystander, was "still something like a horse." The rider was little better after his ten days' adventure, and was so exhausted he fell asleep while his despatches were being read. A force was sent by sea, and on June 26th the colonists in the bay were relieved. The statue stands on the site of old Port Natal.

Grahamstown is also associated with another famous ride in the history of South Africa. This was accomplished by Colonel Smith, afterwards the celebrated Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Smith, Governor of Cape Colony. He commanded a division in the first Kaffir War of 1834-36, and at the beginning of it rode between the two towns, a distance of 600 miles, in six days. Possibly the country was less primitive than that over which Dick King rode. Colonel Smith was not a young man at the time. In fact, he was forty-eight, and had previously served in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

For sheer endurance the ride accomplished by Charles XII of Sweden stands almost alone. After his severe defeat by Peter the Great at Poltava in 1709, the Swedish monarch was kept, half-prisoner, half-guest of the Sultan of Turkey. Conditions in his kingdom were deteriorating, and there was a danger he would

lose his throne. So Charles left Demotika with his Swedish troops and a Turkish escort on September 20th, 1714. Progress was slow because of elaborate receptions and feasts, and Charles determined to travel *incognito*.

On October 27th he left Pitesci, thirty-six miles west of Bucharest, at 11 p.m., and with him were two companions, Adjutant-General von Rosen and Colonel During. Each had a led horse. Twice they lost their way in the mountains and after Budapest no riding horses were available. The party had to travel by carriage as far as Vienna, reached on November 2nd. They obtained fresh mounts, changed horses frequently, and made their way along the Danube to Regensburg-Nuremburg-Hildesheim, and reached Stralsund on the night of November 10th. They had covered 1,050 miles from Vienna in eight days, although Von Rosen did not reach Stralsund till later.

The king's legs were so swollen and the wound he had received in his left foot at Poltava was so painful after the ride that his riding boots had to be cut open from top to bottom before they could be removed. A prominent Swede, Mr. Hermann Rasch, retraced the king's journey in 1925, travelling on horseback, and his researches took seven weeks.

One of the longest rides on record is credited to the renowned Christopher ("Kit") Carson, the American hunter and scout. He was regarded as the typical frontier hero during the middle of last century, a great Indian fighter, and tracker, and his hair-breadth escapes, resourcefulness, and personal prowess are the subject of innumerable stories. In 1847, at the age of thirty-eight, he had to take military despatches from the Missouri River to Los Angeles, California. The distance was 4,400 miles there and back, and the route lay not only across the Great American Desert, but also through country held by savage Red Indian tribes at war with the United States. In spite of these dangers he delivered the despatches safely, and returned to his starting point without mishap. As well, between the outward and homeward runs Kit Carson joined a pleasure party of four Mexican riders. Between them they had six horses and they

rode from Los Angeles to San Francisco, 600 miles in six days. In all Carson's trip covered 5,600 miles.

In his "History of the King's Messengers," V. Wheeler-Holohan recounts the great ride of Colonel Charles Townley, Queen's Foreign Service Messenger, in October, 1849. He rode over rough roads, bearing a vital despatch, from Belgrade to Constantinople, a distance of 592½ miles, in five days eleven hours. He was thrown twice, broke open an old wound, and was only out of the saddle for six hours. The best Tartars usually took six days in summer, and this was almost winter. Five years later Mr. Drury Wake took six days and seven nights in the opposite direction, with a led horse, always an encumbrance. He undertook the trip to England at the earnest request of Lord Strathnairn, English Chargé d'Affaires. The despatch asked Lord Clarendon to call the Fleet (presumably to Constantinople), but it was ignored. Clarendon said, "Nonsense, young man, there will be no war."

The Tartars were great riders, and one of them, Tartar-Agha Indje, is recorded to have accomplished the Belgrade-Constantinople ride regularly in four days. In his "Revolt of the Tartars," De Quincey mentioned the ride of over 2,000 miles performed in 1771 by the Russian Weseloff with three Kalmuck attendants. Each man led six or seven horses and changed his mount every half hour. The time is not given for the journey, but De Quincey says the fugitives covered 200 miles a day in each of the first three days.

For sustained effort the great ride accomplished by Lieutenant Peschkof, of the Russian cavalry, before the World War, is perhaps unequalled (one remembers Tschiffeley's ride, "Southern Cross to Pole Star"). Peschkof had to cover 5,100 miles from Eastern Siberia to Leningrad. His mount was a rough Siberian pony of 13 hands, and the route lay over a roadless, snow-covered waste. The rider had a clumsy Cossack saddle, nearly double the weight of an English saddle. The weather was bitter, and he had to wear heavy clothes, too.

The pony's pace was an ambling trot, averaging seven miles an hour on good ground, but in deep snow only three miles. At each military post it was examined, and it arrived at its destination perfectly fit. The day's journey on the average was 37 miles, but when conditions were favourable between 55 and 60 miles were covered. The trip took twenty weeks, and, considering the state of the roads—or rather their absence—and the fact that the temperature was often far below zero, this is regarded as one of the world's greatest rides. Russian Army authorities thought so, for the rider was received by the Tsar, decorated, and promoted to Captain Peschkof.



“*MEN LIKE THESE . . .*”

“I’ll walk where my own nature would be leading.
It vexes me to choose another guide.”

—*Emily Bronte.*

By REGINALD HARGREAVES.

“POPULAR” tradition dies hard, possibly because popular opinion, having once gone through the pains and pangs of making up what it is pleased to call its mind, is far too exhausted—and disinterested—to embark upon a periodical, laborious process of overhaul and readjustment.

Hence the blind, persistent popular belief in the “stupid soldier,” that roaring, blustering, addle-pated, purple-visaged “Colonel Blimp-ish” grotesque, beloved of those obsequious trucklers to the demand for the blatant, the caricaturists and the writers of musical comedy *libretti*.

That there have been, are, and must be, “stupid” soldiers is indisputable. Every calling and profession is endowed with its due proportion of the cretinous. But that they exist, or ever have existed, in such prodigal superabundance as the bleating *moutons de Panurge* would fain have us believe, is a patent departure from fact, as uninformed and shallow as it is too often barbed with numbskull malice.

Fiction has dealt hardly more adequately, if less unkindly, with the soldier than the cartoonist and musical comedy librettist. Thackeray’s “Colonel Newcombe” and his martial characters in “Vanity Fair” are certainly detailed, sympathetic “portraits in the round”; but with Dickens’s “Major Bagstock,” even more than with the first-named writer’s “Captain Costigan,” we again approach the farcical caricature of conventional acceptance. But then, as Gissing discovered long ago, genius as Dickens was, he just could not write con-

vincingly about what, for want of a better term, we call a “gentleman.” “Tristram Shandy,” needless to affirm, stands in a class apart; although there are probably few to remember the excellent delineations of the soldier to be found in the works of that forgotten but workmanlike storyteller who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of “H. Seton Merriman.” The Army’s own “Ole-Luk-Oie,” of course, has pictured “our trusty and well-beloved” with an insight and sympathy for which his subject may not altogether be deemed unworthy; while in lighter vein Charles Lever has touched in a military portrait or so that unquestionably ring true. But in the main the fictional treatment of the warrior by British scribes does little to controvert the sardonic dictum that “the writer is a measly creature who sits in a room and scribbles about things of which he has never had any practical experience.” *

It requires no more than a small departure into the realms of fact, however, to discover that for range and rich variety of character, for human quality and personality, for the possession of those “canine virtues” of courage, fidelity and vigilance, and, withal, for sheer intellectual stature, the man of British birth who has elected to follow the profession of arms, weighed in the balance with his contemporaries in any other walk of life, has small grounds to fear the yardstick of comparison.

Moreover, not only were the vast majority of them men of upright, sterling worth, but a very large proportion of their number—despite a certain uniformity of aspect ineludible in individuals subordinated to a specific disciplinary system and common professional outlook—were, in addition, quite definitely “characters.”

Audi alteram partem !

Not to cite too early an example—what fruitier a “character” could the mind conceive than that owned to—aye and gloried in!—by Sir John Hawkwood, the *Giovanni Acuto* (or John the Sharp’un), of admiring, if envious, contemporaries; founder-owner, *paterfamilias* and Commanding Officer of that

* With the Commissioned ranks only under discussion, reference to the works of Kipling is hardly germane to the subject.

celebrated White Company, whose prowess in fourteenth-century Italy put out of joint even the noses of such redoubtable *condottieri* as Guarnieri Lando, Francesco of Carmagnola and Francesco Sforza? As English as the Essex flats whereon he was born, John Hawkswood's pronounced predilection for the *vie militaire* saw him in the field in time to bear a useful hand at Crécy and Poitiers. But the Peace of Bretigny witnessing the virtual disbandment of the English forces, "the Sharp'un," as a portionless younger son, faced a future that loomed indubitably bleak. But many of the rank and file of the Black Prince's erstwhile army were in precisely the same case; so it was a task of no real difficulty for Hawkswood to recruit a body of mercenaries—it eventually grew to some 3,500 Horse and 2,000 Foot—for service in beckoning Italy. For in that sunny but strife-riven land, with one or other small State, Dukedom or Tyranny for ever at loggerheads with its neighbour, there was small fear of lack of employment for a body of troops as sternly disciplined as they were thoroughly experienced and technically efficient.

Hawkswood, indeed, may almost be dubbed the grandsire of that system of hard but far-sighted regimental discipline which did not leave out of account the psychological effect of brightly burnished armour and meticulously cared-for weapons, and regarded a full belly as an essential prerequisite to any form of military enterprise. For full thirty years "the Sharp'un" maintained his command over as tough a following of veteran fighting men as ever twanged a bow or couched a lance. If he permitted them to get out of hand after the successful reduction of a city, that, after all, was a concession to the contemporary "right of pillage" which formed part and parcel of the mediæval mercenary's contract of service.* But when battle-fighting was toward, no more sternly disciplined array ever mustered for the 'fray. Swift and implicit obedience was the unequivocal order of the day; and a rope flung over the

* After all, the scenes in Badajoz, after the fall of that stronghold, demonstrated only too clearly what even the nineteenth-century soldier could do in the way of pillage and rapine.

nearest tree-branch speedily rewarded the slightest deviation from the path of military correctitude.

That with so hard-bitten a following, Hawkswood could impose so unrelenting a regimen was no less a concession to his dominating personality than a tribute to the care and consideration he exercised on behalf of his men. The *Compagnia Bianca* was paid with scrupulous regularity—there was even in existence a Company Fund from which “a little bit on account” could be discreetly negotiated—and every wearer of the white doublet could be sure of being well-found and well fed, and equipped to the very last rivet.

In this particular, it is recorded that Hawkswood, being under contract shortly to transfer his services elsewhere, was faced with the necessity of “tidying-up” the job in hand ’ere taking the line of march for his new *terrain-de-campaign*. A small but obstinately defended town still called for reduction, and time was pressing. But with the best will in the world, the actual assault could not be launched before the coming Friday; and Friday was a day of fast. Convinced that his following would be unlikely to fight their best on an “issue” consisting of nothing more substantial than salted herrings, “the Sharp’un” promptly applied to the nearest dignitary of the Church for a “dispensation” which would permit of an indulgence in a dietary more robustly in keeping with the stern work ahead. Whether the cleric in question was one to subscribe to the belief that “the jingling of the guineas soothes the pain which honour feels,” or whether he bowed to the argument propounded by a gleaming *misericordi* held in close proximity to his short ribs, does not emerge. But the fact remains that the required “dispensation” was unhesitatingly forthcoming and, full-fed on a generous ration of solid beef, the stalwarts of the *Compagnia Bianca* duly overcame the opposition which had threatened to delay them, and proceeded punctually to the fulfilment of their next “engagement.”

Well indeed might a contemporary chronicler affirm of Hawkswood that he was “a grand master of war”; and

the statue erected to his memory by a grateful Florence, in whose service some of his most resounding feats of arms were performed, is proof that the same scribe's verdict that "he showed himself valiant and courageous in his own person, astute in reaping advantage, and a man who could await the results of action without hurrying to obtain fame," was no piece of fulsome flattery but the just estimate of a "character" at once original, engaging and rich in quality.

It is a far cry from "the Sharp'un" to Benedict Arnold, and perhaps the most extraordinary British officer in the whole gallery of the American War of Independence—Major Robert Rogers, of the Rangers, one-time Governor of the important Fort and Trading Post of Michilimackinac. But it is impossible not to feel that, had only some jugglery with the Time Machine permitted the three of them to get their legs under the same table, they would have discovered that they possessed a vast deal in common ere the third bottle had gone to join its predecessors on the floor.

Robert Rogers, born in Massachusetts in 1727, was of that hardy race of born partisans of which Hawkswood was so outstanding an example. A guerilla leader against both the French and the Indians, his fighting technique was as boundlessly irregular as was his way of life and his method of conducting his financial transactions, which last-named, like his sense of property, were characterised by an unfortunate inability to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum* with any particular clarity or exactitude. This robustly supported fallibility was accompanied by a highly imaginative handling of the flat and uninspiring matter of veracity, within whose narrow limitations so soaring a soul was rarely content to confine itself. Amongst less volatile minds this amiable tendency put something of a premium upon scepticism. Thus on one occasion when Rogers solemnly affirmed that his sire had been shot in the backwoods by an enterprising marksman who mistook him for a bear, and thereafter went on to declare that his maternal forebear had been followed through the forest for some miles by hunters who assumed her track to be

that of some lesser known mammal, returning to its lair, his statement was met with an entirely unilluminated incredulity. But in plain fact, for once in a way he had spoken nothing but the truth.

As Commandant of Michilimackinac, Rogers's insouciant disregard for Headquarters' pedantic demand for "returns" and "vouchers" and suchlike tedious accompaniments to the expenditure of official funds, soon brought down upon his head the cold wrath of unsympathetic "Higher Authority." It would appear that Rogers's method—if such it can be called—anticipated that of the Austrian General Galgotzy, entrusted with the hurried construction of a road through Bosnia-Herzegovina, who duly reported, "Road built; twenty thousand florins received, twenty thousand florins spent; nothing remains." Outraged in its tenderest parts, the *Ballplatz* demanded a detailed account of expenditure down to the last *kreutzer*; a command which, when repeated somewhat peremptorily, evoked the terse rejoinder, "Twenty thousand florins received; twenty thousand spent. Whoever doubts it is a fool."*

Not being an Officer of General's rank or a member of the Upper House, the volatile Rogers was not permitted to "get away with it" quite so easily, and he was placed under arrest. But you might just as well try and keep a Dick Turpin under confinement or hope to retain "the darbies" on a Houdini. The Major escaped, as was only to be expected; and, making his way to England, signalized his visit to these shores by getting himself presented (still officially under arrest) to his Sovereign, and by incontinently dragging an intrusive Hounslow Heath highwayman bodily from his horse. Had Rogers, indeed, been able to extend his sojourn in these isles, it is more than probable that the plague of highway robbery would have undergone a sharp decline. But as a visitor in London with

* This is somewhat reminiscent of John Campbell of Glenorthy (1635-1717), 1st Earl of Bredalbane, the main instigator of the Massacre of Glencoe. He had previously been entrusted by the Government of King William with a very large sum for the pacification of the Highlands, and on being asked by the Earl of Nottingham how the money had been distributed, replied tersely, "My lord, the Highlands are quiet, the money has been spent, and that is the only way of accounting between friends."

somewhat lavish notions on the subject of the standard of living desirable for a Field Officer—even an irregular one!—there were far too many mercenary folk “pushing for him to whom he owed money”, and his modest efforts to secure “a Baronetcy with a pension of £600 st’g” having met with chill rebuff, he departed, somewhat precipitously, to North Africa and “fought two battles in Algiers under the Bey.”

The Boston Tea Party, however, brought him scurrying back to America, where he was at small pains to disguise the fact that his services were entirely at the command of the higher bidder. If, as was mentioned in contemporary cold print, it was strongly suspected that “Major Robert Rogers was inimical to the Rights and Libertys of Americans,” his Falstaffian habit of “tarrying at taverns and the next morning telling the landlord he was out of money and could not pay his reckoning” must have struck some sympathetic chord in the bosom of Howe, that most liberal-minded of British Commanders, for he was amiably empowered by that Officer to raise a battalion of Rangers, which he proceeded to do with exemplary promptitude and dispatch. That the ebullient Robert knew all about guerilla fighting goes almost without saying; but his contemporaries’ somewhat sour verdict to the effect that “he was lacking in honesty and wholly untrustworthy in the management of Accounts” goes far to explain why British patronage of his militant activities was ultimately withdrawn. In effect, Requisitioning Ranging Robert Rogers committed the cardinal folly of being born, not so much ahead, as after, his time. With Hawkswood he would have been spaciously at home, although it is not to be gainsaid that, had fortune put his natal day a little later, Colquhoun Grant would doubtless have found him a useful coadjutor, operating at the head of a band of Spanish *guerilleros* on the flank of Napoleon’s Peninsula armies.

2

The American War of Independence can certainly lay a substantial claim towards pre-eminence among campaigns for the number and general all-round fruitiness of the “characters”

produced by both sides in the struggle. Few would question the ripe eighteenth century qualities which made of Howe, the British General sent out to the reinforcement of Gage, a veritable *Squire Western* of military leaders. Although, as we are credibly informed, “Howe hated business and never did any if he could avoid it,” he was by no means lacking in military ability—of the stiff-patterned “Continental” variety, *bien entendu*—or the power of independent judgment.* But, of all men of all times, he could lay his hand upon his heart and cry in chorus of good King Charles II, “I would be easy and have all men about me easy too.”

Howe displayed his wonted personal courage at Bunker Hill engagement, even if anything startlingly original was wanting in his tactical dispositions. But thereafter his rather indolent method of conducting operations evoked from the acid pen of Charles Lee the biting comment, “Howe shut his eyes, fought his battles, drank his bottle, had his little whore, advis’d with his Counsellors, receiv’d his orders from North and Germaine, one more absurd than the other, shut his eyes and fought again.” Unquestionably, “well-natured Billy Howe” was something of a *bon viveur*; a fact which is fully recognized in a set of contemporary verses, from the pen of a Bostonian poetaster:

“Sir Bill, Sir Bill, come quit your Jill,
Your cards and coin, your ribs and loin,
The wine you spill with unctuous will,
And haste to join poor John Burgoyne !
All red with rage he calls his page,
Who’s much engaged upon the stage ;
‘ John André, write Burgoyne to-night,
And tell him I’m too sprung to fight ! ’

* It is not without interest to note that in 1773, Howe had told his Nottingham constituents that he “would not hesitate to refuse if invited to lead English troops against the Colonies.” A twelvemonth later, when he was endowed with the command of the first reinforcements for America, he requested to be informed, very promptly, whether it was “a proposal or an order.” Obviously, a man with his own views as to the equity of the cause in which he was under obligation to lend his sword. It had been a very different story in front of Quebec, where Howe had eagerly and valiantly led the “forlorn hope” up the cliffs to the Plain of Abraham.

Upon a hill near Hudson's rill,
His knuckles gnawin', sits Burgoyne ;
No wine to spill, no food to swill,
No Jill to join, no rum, no coin !

' Oh, tow-row-row,' says General Howe,
' The situation is annoyin' ;
The Fates, and Gates, have got him now,
And that's the end of John Burgoyne ' "

It cannot be denied that genial Billy Howe entertained something more than an ordinary weakness for the sprightly Mrs. Loring (wife of Josiah Loring, Commissary for Prisoners) ; while his partiality for things theatric not only encouraged the Philadelphia Garrison Theatre to continual activity but even countenanced the elaborate pageantry of a *Mischianza* organized in his honour by the enigmatic but unquestionably versatile and engaging Major André.

The versifier scarcely does justice to the resource and enterprise of " Gentleman Johnny " Burgoyne however ; another *bon viveur* not a whit behind his contemporary in his love for a good bottle—or even an accommodating *Madame Commissaire**—but with attributes all his own which undoubtedly qualify him to rank as an indubitable " character." Like Howe, he represented a provincial constituency, and the Mother of Parliaments had listened—and yawned more than a little, it is to be feared—to many a rotund and rolling period from the lips of the honourable and gallant Member for Preston. For " Gentleman Johnny " loved the sound of his own voice almost as much as he delighted in the pompous fulminations that flowed so easily from the tip of his ever-ready pen. As Gage's right hand man, indeed, most of the proclamations and Orders of the Day which bore the Commander in Chief's signature were the work of that tireless quill which formed so important a part of the Second-in-Command's equipage.

* In one book of rather jaundiced contemporary autobiography, the author is very severe on " Gentleman Johnny's " amiable habit of " supping with the beautiful wife of an English Commissary " and " monopolising fourteen waggons to tote his buckskin breeches and his wine."

That Burgoyne's sonorous but prolix lucubrations were less appreciated by his American opponents than by their author would seem to be borne out by the fact that, on signaling his assumption of the independent command which ended so disastrously at Saratoga, by the publication of a particularly turgent appeal “to the hardened enemies of Great Britain,” the satiric Colonial's reply was to endow its fond parent with the absolutely stunning title of “the Chrononhotonthologos* of War.”

But despite the defeat of Burgoyne's force by Schuyler, Arnold and Horatio Gates—attributable as much to faulty “Intelligence” as to any other cause—“Gentleman Johnny” could advance a very fair claim to a high degree of competence as a soldier. With, by way of start, a liberal experience in “how not to do it” in the abortive expedition to St. Cas in 1758, his command, during the Hispano-Portuguese struggle of 1762, of the regiment he had raised under the title of the 16th Light Dragoons, led to his well-deserved promotion, after the successful assault on Valentia d'Alcantara, to the substantive rank of Colonel and, shortly afterwards, to that of Brigadier. That he had a real affection for and understanding of the ordinary man of the rank and file is witnessed by the careful instructions drawn up in his own hand for the guidance of his officers. These included a minatory paragraph forbidding them to swear at, or strike, their men; while “an occasional joke” is recommended as “an encouragement to the well-disposed and at the same time tacit reproof to others.” In his kindness and consideration for “the poor profligate wretch” who provided the raw material for his martial activities, “Gentleman Johnny” was unquestionably ahead of his time; a time wherein the ganteloupe, the wooden horse and the lash played so habitual a part as to earn for the unfortunate British soldier the contemptuous Bostonian epithet of “Bloody Backs.” That the man in the ranks was far from unappreciative of this novel attitude, is

* This was the name of a character in a “burlesque homposa” by Henry Carey, produced at the Little Theatre in the Hay Market in 1734.

borne out by the fact that Burgoyne, upon setting out to England on parole, was followed by fervent cries of "God bless your Honour" from the men in whose interests his activity never faltered whether in peace, war or captivity.

Incidentally, there is no member of the racing fraternity, be he humble or exalted, who should not spare a word of thanks for "that queer schoolmarm," General Horatio Gates. For if "Gentleman Johnny" had not, as a consequence of his defeat at the Americans' hands, found himself in somewhat straitened circumstances through the surrender of his Colonelship of the 16th and his Governorship of Fort William, he would never have been compelled to part with that "snug little shooting box near Epsom" through which Lord Derby laid out the race-course whereon have since been witnessed so many classic contests for "the Blue Ribbon of the Turf."

But although Saratoga virtually put an end to "Gentleman Johnny's" military career, his unquenchable personality was not long in finding other forms of expression. "Friend of Johnson's friend," his niche amongst the wits and *litterati* of late eighteenth century London was assured. Moreover, his assault upon the suffrages of the stage was sufficiently successful to warrant the production, at Old Drury, of his play, "The Maid of the Oaks"*; by no less a personage than Davy Garrick, with Frances Abington, the original "Lady Teazle," in the name-part. This was followed by an artless little effort, entitled "The Lord of the Manor"—rather in the manner of an early George Edwardes' musical comedy—which is at least memorable for having anticipated the immortal "Mr. Jorrocks'" classic description of hunting, in the couplet:

"The chase of Old Britons was ever their care,
Their sinews it braced, 'twas the image of war."

A third effusion, entitled "The Heiress," with the celebrated Miss Farren in the title rôle, earned commendation as "the best new comedy since 'The School for Scandal.'" It is a play which should in any case be honourably remembered for having

* Not a racing play, as might be inferred by the earlier reference to the Derby!

bestowed upon the world the perfect onomatopœia, “nimini-primini, imini minimi.” Altogether, “Gentleman Johnny” proved himself a considerably more adept playwright than his contemporary, Ranger Rogers, who, oddly enough, also tried his hand at the difficult task of dramaturgy. Of his work, “Ponteach, or The Savages of America, A Tragedy,” that mine of theatric information, David Erskine Baker, retains a non-committal attitude, nor is the erudite Izaac Reed any more illuminating. But reading through its rambling periods—it was published in London in 1766—one feels that it is not a dramatic entertainment of which Mr. James Agate would find it possible to approve.

Of members of the Colonial “opposition team,” something has already been written of one who has justly been described as “Washington’s John Moore,” that strangely un-Prussian *Deutschlander*, Baron von Steuben.* But for the officer whom the capable old German drill-master superseded after the battle on Monmouth, to wit Major-General Charles Lee, a place must unquestionably be found in any representative gallery of “characters.”

Lee, fiery, impetuous, turbulent and explosively tempered, had undergone his early soldiering in the British service; after campaigning against the French in Canada, he had, indeed, fought under Burgoyne’s command in Portugal. With a pen almost as industrious as that of “Gentleman Johnny” himself, it was during a period of unemployment in London that the unruly *Onnewaterika*—literally “boiling water,” a nickname which had been bestowed on the tempestuous Charles by the Red Indian tribe of the Bear—gave violent expression to those ultra-republican sentiments, his life-long entertainment of which was to drive him eventually into the ranks of his country’s Colonial antagonists. But despite his democratic professions, Lee was not above accepting service with Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland; thereafter writing, with all a horseman’s lofty scorn for the mere footslogger, to inform a friend that he had been given “a command of Cossacks or Wollacks, a kind of

* CAVALRY JOURNAL for April, 1940.

people I have a good opinion of. I am determined not to serve in the Infantry of the Line ; *one might just as well be a church-warden !* ”

England's difference with the American Colonists brought the headstrong Charles hot-foot to the succour of the Congressional forces, wherein he was given a field command. The battle of Monmouth, however, witnessed a degree of fumbling on the part of Lee—to describe it by no harsher name—which brought down upon the renegade's head the nicely-calculated wrath of no less a person than the American Commander-in-Chief himself. This censure, followed as it was by the adverse verdict of a court martial sitting to enquire into the intractable Charles's conduct, had the effect of setting *Onnewaterika* so violently on the boil that he eventually boiled over. The outcome was a challenge hurled at the head of John Laurens, a relative of Washington and his principal *aide-de-camp*, who would appear to have taken the family honour into his particular keeping.

This by no means constituted the choleric soldier-of-fortune's first “ affair.” At least two meetings, from both of which he had emerged the victor, already stood to his credit ; although, oddly enough, he had brushed aside the challenge of Baron von Steuben, originating out of his supersession by that solid German at the time of the *bouleversement* at Monmouth.

The meeting with Laurens eventually took place in an atmosphere of starchy punctilio ; but on this occasion it was Lee's opponent who obtained such honours as the field can be said to have yielded ; *Onnewaterika* adding to the two fingers he had lost in an earlier affair a flesh wound of some severity. Upon examination, however, the obdurate “ casualty ” insisted that his injury was “ less than he imagined at the first stroke of the ball,” and announced his determination to continue the exchange of shots. Wiser counsels ultimately prevailed, however ; and “ honour being satisfied,” the antagonists went their respective ways.

No great eagerness further to avail itself of his services being manifested by Congress, Lee betook himself to his Virginian estate. From this rural fastness a series of highly provocative

and controversial letters from his pen continued to enliven both the columns of the press and the files of Washington's Headquarters. But with a growing absorption in the delights of hunting claiming more and more of his attention, Lee's stream of acidulous correspondence gradually dried up. And although he never again took the field on behalf of the country of his adoption, there can be no question that the earlier activities of “ this man of great qualities ”—as Washington himself described him—contributed very largely to the success of the cause for which the Colonists had risen so stubbornly in arms.

An engaging flourish of a man, petulant, eccentric and touchy to a degree, but of boundless personal courage and possessed of a by no means negligible degree of military ability. If his flamboyance and turbulent disorderliness would have been more at home in the setting of Richlieu's Guards than in the ranks of an army wherein, in any case, indiscipline had almost achieved the quality of a definite cult, there is no escaping the fact that he struck many a shrewd blow at British arms and contributed in no small degree to that ultimate issue which found its final expression in the surrender of Cornwallis, with the British bands ironically blaring *The World Turned Upside Down* as their comrades marched out to make submission beyond the redoubts and pallisades of Yorktown.

It was Lawrence of Arabia—echoing John, Duke of Marlborough on the same subject—who once affirmed that “ Allies can sometimes be an even greater embarrassment than the enemy.” And there must have been moments when Washington, contemplating the “ mixed grill ” of foreign-born altruists who had hastened to the great Western Continent to offer Liberty the boon of their swords (in senior rank and with accompanying emoluments, *bien entendu* !) must have ruefully reflected upon the awful inadequacy of the proverb which emphasizes the danger of looking a gift horse in the mouth, but is vastly silent upon the equal peril of refraining from this precautionary act.*

* The first fine careless rapture of these *déracinés* wilted somewhat with their arrival on American shores : “ There is a hundred times more enthusiasm for the revolution in any Paris café than in the whole of the United States put together,” wrote M. de Portal to the Comte de St. Germain ; and the sea passage would appear to have evaporated the zeal for revolt with unexampled rapidity.

The posturing Lafayette, the abstruse and pedantic Kosciusko, and the froth of revolutionary-minded but militarily inexperienced gentlemen who swarmed in on the heels of D'Estaing—with native talent of the calibre of Arnold, Dan Morgan, Putnam, Francis Marion (dubbed “The Swamp Fox” and whose favourite tippie was “vinegar and water mixed”!), Nathaniel Greene, John Stark and “Light Horse Harry” Lee, Washington would very possibly have preferred to have been spared so antic a burden. But at least they were “characters” in the most ample and full-blooded meaning of the term.

3

All in all, perhaps the Peninsula campaign brought together as choice a collection of “characters” as military annals can put on record. What a gallery of types, from the proud, handsome, sensitive Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch at one end of the scale to rough old Thomas Picton, with his brewer's drayman face, at the other!

Graham, no more than a quiet Scottish laird until the age of forty-four, with no anterior training of any kind, in arms, provides the perfect example of what heights the man with an inherent genius for soldiering can rise to when accident sets his foot upon the military ladder.

A devoted husband, in 1792 Graham had the misfortune to lose his wife, a victim of tuberculosis, while at sea off Hyères. Graham determined to bring her body home to be buried in Scotland. As he was driving through a town with the coffin, a crowd of half-drunken revolutionaries gathered round the vehicle. “Aristocrat!” they howled. “That coffin will be full of pistols and daggers. Break it open, break it open!” White with fury, Graham tried to prevent the sacrilege, but vainly. When the ruffians saw the decomposing body, they went away laughing.”*

War gave Graham his opportunity to wreak a fitting vengeance. First as a volunteer under Admiral Hood, then as an Honorary Colonel of the 90th (Perthshire Volunteers), and

* From the narrative of Douglas Bell.

eventually as a substantive Major-General on the Regular Establishment, his whole career was a striking demonstration of that high personal courage and resourceful professional acumen which marks a born military leader.

But if the presence of Graham among the Peninsula Generals helps to lend substance to Napier's jibe that “ the British soldier fought in the pale shade of the Aristocracy,” the inclusion of Picton among them indubitably provides strong evidence to the contrary. Born of a modest Pembrokeshire family, without influence or any conspicuous social recommendation, Thomas Picton was tersely summed up by the Iron Duke himself as “ a rough, foul-mouthed devil as ever lived, but one who always behaved extremely well on service.” His powers of invective must, indeed, have been remarkable, since they even exceeded the bounds tolerable to the rough old 88th, hard-swearing sons of Connaught though they might be. Well over six feet in height, Picton's gangling figure was crowned by a mop of untidy hair, sticking out, as often as not, from under the brim of a battered old “ Corinthian ” beaver hat. Indeed, it was in this venerable, if entirely unorthodox headgear that he fought some of his toughest battles ; at Sorauren, for instance, adding an equally faded umbrella, which he clasped stolidly in one hand while, as it were, directing the movements of his troops with the other.*

Wellington undoubtedly entertained a very lively respect for “ Old Tom's ” quality as a leader—indeed the nickname of “ the Fighting Third ” for the Division he commanded offers eloquent proof of it—although socially he found him anything but *commode*. For Picton carried his pithy directness of speech with him into any *milieu*. Wellington, *par example*, complaining that another of his General Officers had applied for leave to go home and get married, and to one widely known as a lady of somewhat uncertain age and of unquestionably dubitable beauty,

* In reference to this *penchant* for rather slovenly civilian dress, Picton and his “ family ” were sometimes dubbed “ the Bear and Ragged Staff,” a somewhat cryptic allusion to the arms of the House of Warwick ; while at Busaco “ Old Tom,” removing his hat to wave the Portuguese forward in the charge, was greeted with a shout of delighted laughter, since the displacement of his headgear revealed a forgotten red cotton nightcap, pressed down tightly over his ears !

was promptly indulged with the comment, in "Old Tom's" deepest growl, "Soldiers haven't any business wiveing; but if ever I come to it, I'll marry the youngest tit I can get."

As a dour, tenacious fighter, "Old Tom's" reputation had spread far beyond the confines of the army in which he served; one of Napoleon's first questions on the morning of Waterloo being, "*Ou est le division de Picton?*" a tribute from the enemy of which the tough old warrior was never destined to be apprised. For, on that momentous June 18th—concealing a wound he had already received at *Quatre Bras*—Picton had just given the order for his redcoats to charge the massed columns of D'Erlon's infantry when a bullet struck him in the temple that killed him instantly.

Robert Craufurd was another Peninsula warrior who yielded nothing to "Old Tom" in eccentricity of behaviour nor yet in the sulphurous quality of his temper. "Black Bob," as he was often termed, will always be associated with his command of the famous "Light Bobs," a formation he ruled with a rod of iron, but which he brought to a pitch of military perfection seldom equalled and never excelled. If Graham represented the clever, steady Scot, Craufurd more nearly approached the fiery, excitable Celtic type, despite the fact that on his father's side he was descended from good Lowland stock. Quite capable of an almost insolent insubordination himself, his disciplining of the troops under his command was ruthless; while at times his temper could only be described as fiendish. The story is well known of the outraged Commissary who complained to Wellington that General Craufurd had threatened, were his supplies not delivered by a certain time, to hang him from the nearest tree.

"He threatened to hang you, did he?" returned the C.-in-C., with an impassive face, disclosing absolutely no clue to his thoughts. "Then I seriously advise you to produce them, for if General Craufurd said he would hang you, by God, he'll do it!" (The story is also told of Picton; but upon reflection it would appear to be more in the *genre* of the explosively menacing "Black Bob." The deeper-grained temper of "Old Tom"

would have hanged the fellow out of hand, if only *pour encourager les autres* !).

Craufurd's talents as a soldier were as uneven as was his temper as a man. Napier sums him up as, "At one time all fire and intelligence, a master spirit of war ; at another, he would madly rush from blunder to blunder, raging in folly !" This verdict may be a little extreme, but there is no disguising the fact that on occasion "Black Bob" could be entirely incalculable and erratic to the point of hazard. At Agueda, for instance, "Black Bob," some sixteen miles away, had been ordered to come up to the support of the hard-pressed Third Division. This would have necessitated a night march, and the "Light Bobs'" Commander, having regard for the nature of the ground, esteemed such a move inadvisable, and did not, therefore, set out until daylight. When he arrived, a good half-day behind time, Wellington remarked tartly, "I'm glad to see you safe, Craufurd." "Oh," came the casual reply, "I was never in any danger, my lord." "No, but owing to your being late," snapped the C.-in-C., "I was." Craufurd's only comment, as the trim figure in the low-crowned cocked hat and plain grey frock coat turned and rode away, was, "He's damned crusty to-day !"

But if Wellington preserved mental reservations as to Craufurd's reliability, none knew better than the C.-in-C. his superb quality as a fighting leader ; and by none was his death in the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo more sincerely mourned.

4

In striking contrast to the dark, tempestuous images of Craufurd and Picton stands the serene, smiling Dickensian figure of Rowland Hill. Not at all unlike the immortal *Mr. Pickwick* in appearance, "Daddy" Hill—as he was universally known—was of Shropshire stock, and had seen his first service in 1793, on the staff of Lord Mulgrave, in the Hispano-British expedition to Toulon. Thereafter, his progress up the military ladder was as steady as the serene, cool spirit of the man who lived to win that place in the affection of his officers and men to which no other of his contemporaries even approximately

F

attained. "Daddy" Hill—or "Farmer" Hill, as he was sometimes called—possessed, in addition to a first-class brain, a faculty for inspiring personal devotion only comparable to that which characterized the great little Corsican against whom he had taken up arms; although there was considerably more warmth of plain human affection in the emotion aroused by the rubicund Britisher, whose appearance invariably suggested "the very picture of an English country gentleman." Captain Warre, writing in 1808, describing him as "a very pleasant, mild man, and much liked," was guilty of a gross understatement. "Daddy" Hill was more than liked, he was loved. A wounded officer, crawling back along the road to Lisbon, would be haled into the General's Headquarters, patched up, regaled with a good meal, and sent hobbling on his way with a basket of tea, sugar, bread and butter, topped off with an enormous venison pasty. A casual "other rank," sent to procure his thirsty Commander a flagon of wine, would be cordially invited to take first swig of the contents. He visited his hospitals regularly and with sympathetic thoroughness, kept a fatherly eye on the destinies of the wretched indigenous inhabitants of the countryside, and treated his prisoners with unvarying courtesy and consideration. At the same time, discipline in the forces under his command was maintained at a level which was the wonder of many of his rougher-tongued contemporaries; looting was punished with exemplary firmness, and the fighting efficiency of all ranks never for a moment permitted to deteriorate from the highest possible pitch of perfection.

"Farmer" Hill was one of the few subordinate Generals whom Wellington could rely upon with absolute confidence. Orders sent to "Daddy" were always obeyed with explicit exactitude; while in action it was said of him that "few men could have conducted the business with more coolness and quietude of manner under a storm of balls such as he was often exposed to."

Hill was with Wellington from the stultified victory of Vimiero to the campaign that ended at Waterloo, during which latter period he was endowed with the somewhat invidious

responsibility of holding in check that dangerously ebullient irresponsibility for which his nominal commander, the Prince of Orange, was distinctly noted. This last-named was a task which demanded the maximum exercise of tact, and it is highly doubtful if any other man could have succeeded in it. But Hill proved as suavely competent as a bear-leader as he had been serenely successful as a commander in the field; even the ghastly retreat on Corunna having failed to ruffle the even imperturbability of his temper.

As became his sound country squire upbringing, “Farmer” Hill held to a firm belief in doing himself well whenever the occasion offered, and maintained, no less, that the occasion should offer as frequently as possible. In which particular, the story is recorded of a young staff officer, recently out from home, on being invited to dine with the C-in-C., manifested a certain amount of confusion and hesitation. Further questioning elicited the fact that he had already accepted an invitation from General Sir Rowland Hill.

“Go, by all means,” quoth Wellington promptly. “You will get a much better feed there than here. As you are a stranger I’ll give you some useful information. Lowry Cole gives the best dinners in the Army, Hill the next; though there are those who put it the other way about. Mine are no great things, and Beresford’s and Picton’s are very bad indeed ! ”*

Coming from a man whose idea of gastronomic heaven was an unvarying diet of roast mutton and plain boiled pudding, and who openly confessed that he did not know the difference between good wine and sour, Bucellas and Collares, “black-strap” and vintage port, good butter and rancid, a fresh egg and one that cried, with the King in Hamlet, “Oh my offence is rank, it stinks aloud to Heaven”—this was advice to be accepted with a certain reservation. But the tribute to Hill’s table was unquestionably deserved.

* Actually, Beresford did himself very well, but he liked his food seasoned *à la Portugese*, a gastronomic trick of which “Old Hookey” found it impossible to approve.

The list is by no means exhausted ; indeed, it could be extended almost indefinitely and well on into the present day ! But to touch lightly only upon a few of the more effulgent highlights—what of such *types originals* as Colquhoun Grant, of the Black Watch, the trusted Intelligence Officer who impudently rode the country behind the enemy lines in all the flaunting bravery of flying plaid and fluttering feather bonnet ? What of dark, wiry, irrepressible Harry Smith, flashing vividly to and fro against the exotic background of his enchanting Juana ? What of the immensely self-important but recklessly courageous Napiers ; the cool and sagacious Murray ; the Light Cavalry leaders, Stapleton Cotton, Vandeleur and Vivian, solid Ned Packenham, and Beresford “with his face like an astonished egg” ? What of Uxbridge, the glittering Cavalry leader struck down at Waterloo but subsequently insistent that his dismembered limb, buried beneath a tree at the side of the Waterloo-Brussels road, should be dignified with the epitaph :

“Here lies the Marquis of Anglesey’s leg ;
Pray for the rest of his body I beg.”*

What of their extraordinary chief himself ; with his stern sense of duty, with his queer laugh “like the whoop of a whooping-cough much prolonged,” his apparent insensibility cloaking a nature so sensitive that the tale of casualties at Waterloo could not be endured uninterrupted ; his laconic, biting comments upon men and on events ; his faculty of throwing off the remoteness and algid dignity of his exalted rank to take share in a day with the hounds like “a gay, merry country gentleman,” who “rode at everything and laughed as loud when he fell himself as when a tumble was suffered by another” ; his epicurean love of music and his entire indifference to æsthetic values in any other form ?

What, to hark back to earlier generations, of Wolfe, reciting Gray’s *Elegy* as the ships’ boats stole down beneath the shadow of the frowning heights crowned by the Plain of Abraham ?

* The Marquis of Anglesey fought at Waterloo as Lord Uxbridge and earlier still as Lord Paget.

What of that foster-parent of so many cosy “publics,” the celebrated Marquis of Granby, with bald head shining like an oriflame of victory in the forefront of that mad helter-skelter swirl of triumphant horsemen at Warburg; or the gay insouciant young “Guardee” who raised his “pocket-pistol”—full, it is to be hoped, of sound usquebaugh—in salutation of his Gallic “opposite number” at Fontenoy?

As Mr. Daniel Quilp would have put it, “Here’s richness for you!”

Aye, richness that your sniggering, myopic lampoonist would lack the eye to see or the power to understand or even dimly to appreciate, even if his very limited intelligence extended to a knowledge of the personalities that compose the galaxy here no more than roughly sketched.

But what matter? They are part of our Army’s imperishable legacy; and it may well be said of them, as Shakespeare wrote of the Serpent of Old Nile, that time cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. And where lesser men are concerned, may it be given to them to ponder awhile the wisdom of the apothegm, *Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.*

“The knights are dust
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the Saints, we trust.”



THE ROYAL CREAMS

By "INVICTA"

THE announcement that the last true pure-blood descendants of the famous stud of cream horses bred by the sovereigns of Britain from George I to George V had now been housed in Whipsnade Zoo, afforded the paragraphist of the popular press much on which to let his imagination run.

We have been told that the Creams were an innovation of Queen Victoria ; a presentation from the King of Prussia, or the Showmen of England ; sold off as too expensive by King Edward VII to his friends and tradesmen ; and, tit-bit of all, and an omen as to the fate of the British Empire, they refused to draw the mortal remains of Queen Victoria on her funeral day. All of which is wrong.

The Royal Creams have also been referred to as ponies, and the animals now housed on the slopes of the Chiltern Hills may give that impression, two being grass-fed mares ; whereas the Royal Coach was drawn by corn-fed stallions of great size. And they had to be, considering that the gold-ornamented red morocco harness weighed over a hundredweight, and the nearside horses carried a postillion, while the total weight behind the team of eight was something like six tons.

Nor were the Royal Creams exactly docile creatures ; they may have been stupid, but the stallions were greatly inclined to *savage*, and the grooms were not really sorry when the stud departed from the Royal Mews.

The origin of the cream-coloured horse is shrouded in obscurity, and nothing definite is now known as to its history. According to tradition the original cream horses from which sprang the teams that for many generations drew the state chariots of the royal houses of Hanover, Schaumberg-Lippe, and Gotha were presented in the fifteenth century to various German



From the Painting by G. Amato. Reproduced by kind permission of "The Horse."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE, JUNE 22nd, 1897
THE PICTURE SHOWS THE EIGHT CREAM-COLOURED HORSES AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

knights of the Thuringenwald by Queen Isabella of Spain as a reward for military prowess whilst in her service. Some German authorities, however, assert that the Hanoverian Creams are descendants of "*Die gelbe pferd von Vonarch*," the white-and-cream-coloured breed held sacred from the dawn of history by the Germanic tribes. The Roman historian Tacitus has recorded the tribal peculiarity to seek omens and monitions from equines, and how white horses "pure from the taint of earthly labour" were kept in wooded groves at the public expense, and, when propitious, yoked to a sacred chariot from which the priest and the chief noted their neighings and snortings. The White Horse of Hanover, now part of the badge of some English line regiments, and the first mark of the British Grenadier, was originally a religious emblem of royalty.

Cream horses were certainly the most celebrated breed of Germany. Considered as sacred to royalty, they were cultivated exclusively for the pomp and grandeur of their appearance. Of great size, the beasts were likened to prize oxen by a contemporary writer who describes them as being showy, rotund, and possessing long tails and manes, with great knee-action but no go, well adapted for the purpose of state parade and ceremony for which they are only used. In many ways they were like Belgium Blacks, but with better quarters and hind leg action.

The origin of the Royal Creams of England is not definite. The Landgrave of Hesse presented some tiger-coloured horses to King William III in 1695, and it is possible that these, which were creams with dark spots, were crossed with the nutmeg-coloured horses used by Queen Anne, and their produce bred with later Hanoverian importations brought over by King George I. It was in his reign that began the custom of drawing the royal equipage on occasions of great state by a team of gaily caparisoned creams, horses being imported from the stud of five hundred at Hanover as and when required.

The great Napoleon raided the Hanover stables in 1803, and when crowned as Emperor the next year had his state carriage drawn through Paris by eight "*chevaux cafe au lait*." This so annoyed King George III that for the next eleven years,

until the victory of Waterloo, the British Royal State Coach was horsed by a team of blacks.

The manes of the Royal Creams were most elaborately and artistically plaited with purple ribbons, an operation which took considerable time to effect. In 1831 this ribbon-plaiting assumed the importance of a political incident. Lords Grey and Brougham had waited upon King William IV with a request that he should forthwith dissolve in person the Whig Parliament that had all but rejected the first Reform Bill in order to circumvent the House of Lords from taking a course which might prevent a General Election, and thus delay the passage of a measure which the country greatly desired. The bluff old sailor had some scruples in the matter, which took some time to overcome. At last he agreed, whereupon the Master of the Horse—a Whig, Lord Albemarle—protested that there would be no time to plait the manes of the state carriage horses. “Then,” said the King, “I’ll go down to the House in a damn’d hackney coach,” a retort which when it reached the enthusiastic electorate made him the most popular of monarchs.

The Creams were, however, made ready in time, and with the customary ceremony the procession started for Westminster. But the horses had not had their usual exercise, or else were imbued with Hanoverian prejudices for, as the State Coach containing the King passed the Guard of Honour, the usually passive team took umbrage at the lowering of the Colour, swerved and broke into a most undignified trot which was not brought under control until reaching the Horse Guards. Then, Mr. Roberts, the coachman—the State Coach was then driven from the box, the postillions being an innovation of Edward VII—who had been much put off his balance by the hurry of the morning, now amplified by the insubordination of his steeds, completely forgot himself that, in entire disregard of the presence of his Sovereign, commenced loudly to anathematize the Brigade of Guards in general, and the Ensign in particular. We are told that the choice and opprobrious epithets soon winged their way to the ears of the General, with a consequence that after the

pageant was over, the rotund and otherwise jovial Mr. Roberts was compelled to make an apology to the specially paraded Guard of Honour.

On the accession of Queen Victoria a stud of cream horses was founded at Hampton Court. But although after the death of the Prince Consort the State Coach and its team of eight gigantic stallions was never used, the breed was carefully fostered in the Royal Paddocks. Colonel G. A. Maude, C.B., the Crown Equerry, in giving evidence before a Select Committee of Parliament presided over by Lord Rosebery in 1873 on the supply of horses in the British Isles, stated that since the separation of the thrones of Hanover and Britain no stallions had been imported and the consanguinity method had been adopted in the Royal Stud ; and that contrary to expectations the produce of the mares was getting larger whilst none showed any traces of white. The "in-and-in" breeding was shortly afterwards stopped and stallions again imported from Germany where, from 1897 onwards, only the Hanoverian Stud remained, Prince Schaumberg-Lippe's small stud being sold off that year.

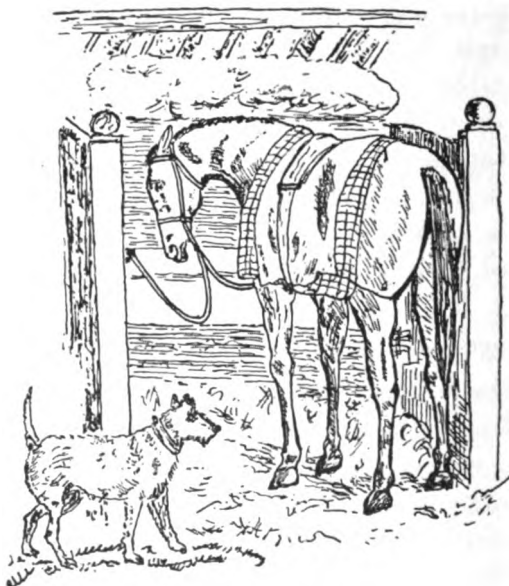
Queen Victoria used the Creams for the later State appearances of her reign, but always in a state landau ; she could not stand the peculiar motion of the State Coach. The Creams complacently drew her funeral gun-carriage across London to Paddington Station on her last journey to Windsor ; it was here that the horses of W Battery, R.H.A., cold through the long wait on a snowy day, behaved so badly that the Royal Naval Guard of Honour was fallen in to take their place, with the result that H.M.S. *Excellent* became possessed of a horse gunner's carriage, one of the treasures of the Senior Service.

Owing to the impossibility during and after the Great War of obtaining fresh blood from Germany, the Hampton Court Stud began to deteriorate and King George V gave orders in 1920 for its entire disposal. Expense, too, was also a deciding factor. To maintain the team of eight stallions, used not more than two or three times a year, necessitated the keeping of twelve stallions, as well as brood mares, and young horses to

follow in the steps of the aged. Some of the horses were destroyed; most went to the Household and other cavalry regiments as drum horses, some to the King of Spain, a mare and colt to "Lord" George Sanger, the Circus King, some to selected purchasers; none appear to have been sold to tradesmen as has been stated.

And so at the first State opening of Parliament in 1921, at which the age-long pomp and ceremony were re-introduced, King George V and his Queen proceeded to the Palace of Westminster in the century-and-a-half old State Coach drawn by a team of blacks. The Windsor Greys—a stud formed when the Prince Regent made popular the use of the grey carriage-horse—were not used for the most superb carriage ever built until the Coronation of King George VI in 1937.

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THE WAR FROM JULY TO SEPTEMBER, 1941

By "OBSERVER"

THE course of the war during the late summer and early autumn of 1941 naturally had as its main feature the campaign in Russia, begun by the sudden and powerful invasion of the German army and air force on June 22nd. But there have been many other events of importance to record. The growing failure of the hostile attempts to sever our sea communications and the increasing toll taken of Axis shipping; the bloodless but highly successful little campaign in Persia; the continued stalemate of the enemy offensive in Libya; Germany's almost complete cessation of hostile air attacks on Britain and her continued postponement of any attempt at invasion, and the growing and spreading unrest in enemy-occupied Europe, including Italy—these taken together form the general framework of a picture which though still full of shadow, is on the whole more favourable than could have been expected four months ago.

The involvement of Russia in the war has made all the difference to the prospects of an Allied victory and brought it far more clearly within measurable sight, distant though it still must be. The Axis Powers now have to reckon with an adverse factor with which since the end of France's resistance they have been untroubled—a military adversary in Europe of more or less equal strength to themselves. As they have brought about this state of things by their own deliberate action, it is of some interest to discuss what could have induced them to do so, though of course no definite or final answer can be given in the absence of evidence from the enemy side.

Two hypotheses might account for Hitler's decision to attack Russia—the first that he expected her to attack him

at her own chosen time, and preferred to anticipate such a move on her part—the second that he believed himself assured of an easy and quick success, which would leave his hands fully free to deal with Britain at his leisure. As regards the first, he may or may not have been right—ever since August, 1939, Russia had scrupulously adhered to the terms of the Treaty with Germany, but an eventual Russo-German conflict was to be expected sooner or later, because of the radical differences of the political and ideological aims of the two countries. Yet Soviet Russia could certainly not have had the power—even if she had the will—to attack Germany with any hope of success for many months to come, and it seems that if the German assault on her is to be regarded as a preventive war, Hitler was concerned to parry a very remote, if not a purely imaginary danger.

Even so, he would hardly have engaged in the campaign had it not been that he had very sanguine hopes of bringing it quickly to a successful conclusion. Russia had great material prizes to offer, but Germany was likely to be called on to pay too high a price for them unless she could put through another *blitzkrieg* after the model of the Polish, French and Greek campaigns. But Russia, provided she could and would use the tremendous resources at her disposal, was a foe of very different calibre to any Germany had yet encountered, and there was a distinct risk that the latter might find herself enmeshed in an endless war of vast proportions, which might lead her to the fate of Charles XII and Napoleon. It is known that the German General Staff had no very high opinion of the Russian army or air force, and that Russia, by keeping strictly secret her best weapons and aircraft models, was able to spring more than one unpleasant surprise on her enemy in the opening phase of the campaign. It may also be that Hitler, following on his usual practice of initiating following up by armed force only an offensive already well prepared beforehand by propaganda within the victim's territory, aimed at fatally weakening his resistance before the blow

fell, may have supposed that this preparatory work had been fully carried out in Russia, and that all his armies would have to do would be to pluck its ripe fruits. If so, he suffered a rude disillusion.

Whatever the motives of the German offensive, it began with the usual lightning suddenness on June 22nd, when the invading armies, which included Finnish, Hungarian and Rumanian divisions, crossed the frontier all along the 20,000 mile line from the Arctic to the Black Seas. What forces were engaged in this initial advance cannot be accurately estimated, but they were in any case far superior in every way to their immediate opponents, for Russia, though for some time her western frontiers had been strongly garrisoned, apparently failed till a very late hour to realize the full extent and imminence of her danger. All the buffer territories she had secured, in the Baltic States, in Poland, and in Bessarabia, were quickly overrun; only the area taken over from Finland at the end of the recent war could be held for any length of time, though most of this had finally to be surrendered. Russian mobilization was inevitably a slow process, and it was not fully completed till the end of August; until this date the forces opposed to the German advance had to fight desperately against heavy odds. But their resistance, though it could not check this advance, at least made it slower and more costly than was expected by either the Germans or the outside world, both of whom soon realized that the Russian armed power had been gravely underestimated. The Soviet tanks fully matched those of the enemy on the ground, and the air duel never went decisively in favour of the *Luftwaffe*. The German armoured divisions, thrusting forward deeply and resolutely through the weak points of the hostile fronts, found that the foes they had passed by refused either to fall back or to surrender. Instead, they closed the gaps behind the German tanks to hold up or delay the slower-moving forces behind, without whose help the armoured forces' spectacular gains could not be made permanent. Further in rear of the battle area still, the Russian peasants formed guerilla bands to harass and harry the invaders' back areas, where

the retiring defenders, in pursuance of the policy of devastation known as that of "scorched earth," had prior to their going destroyed or carried off almost everything of value, leaving behind nothing but deserts and hornets' nests. It was an imposing looking but barren career of conquest that brought the German armies in their first rush, lasting some three weeks, to a line running from the Gulf of Riga along the Dvina and the Beresina to the western border of the Russian Ukraine and of Bessarabia, which represented a general advance to a depth of 150-200 miles. But their tenure of the conquered territory was anything but complete or assured, and the Russian resistance in their front was slowly strengthening.

In mid-July, after a short pause for refitment and regrouping of forces, the second German offensive began. It comprised three main thrusts in the directions of Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev. All three made considerable, but nowhere decisive progress. The northern thrust came to a standstill in the interior of Estonia, and the central one about Smolensk, 228 miles from Moscow; the third made even less headway, and for some days fighting raged continuously on the Ukrainian border, more than 100 miles west of Kiev. The Russians also carried out withdrawal on the northern flank before the Finns, and in the south Bessarabia was finally abandoned to the enemy. By the second week in August the Germans themselves announced the conclusion of this second offensive, in which they put forward fantastic claims of losses in personnel by the million, and in material and weapons by the thousand, inflicted on the enemy, to disguise the fact that their territorial progress had much slowed down, that the Russian resistance was stiffening, rather than weakening, and that their own casualties were growing alarmingly high.

A brief pause followed, and then the German offensive was renewed with as great violence as before. The main weight was now concentrated on the two wings, the central group of armies under Field-Marshal Bock being content with holding its ground in the area astride the Smolensk-Moscow road, where in the

preceding weeks it had practically been fought to a standstill by the central group of Russian armies under Marshal Timoshenko. Indeed, before many days were passed the latter began to regain some of the lost ground in that sector in a series of well devised local counterstrokes. But the German groups of armies in the north under Field Marshal Leeb, and in the Ukraine under Field Marshal Rundstedt, forged slowly but steadily forward. Marshal Voroshiloff in the north had to evacuate central Estonia and the whole of the south shore of the Gulf of Finland, including the strongly fortified port of Tallinn, and from the south west the enemy closed relentlessly in on Leningrad, where stood a large Russian garrison, holding formidable entrenched lines of great depth. Some relief was afforded by repeated counterstrokes, delivered by the Russians from the east against Leeb's open flank, and it was not till the end of August that the Germans got close up to the forward belt of works in front of Leningrad and were in a position seriously to begin the decisive attack against the city. They had purchased their progress at high cost, for this was sheer hammer and tongs work, with massed infantry and artillery in the leading role and the famed armoured forces reduced to short range operations as an accompanying arm only.

To the south more spectacular successes were achieved by Rundstedt's armies. Marshal Budenny's group, after affording unexpectedly stubborn resistance in the cornland country west of the Dnieper, until nothing of the bumper harvest was left to fall into enemy hands, withdrew in one skilfully organized bound behind the line of that formidable river barrier. The Nikdaiev naval base, with some warships building in the yards, fell into enemy hands, and the great fortress of Odessa, left to its own resources, but with its sea communications open and secured by the powerful Russian Black Sea fleet, was invested by Roumanian troops, who soon found it far too hard a nut for them to crack, despite their repeated efforts. Equally serious was the loss of the iron ore basin of Krivol Rog, from which the south Russian heavy industries drew most of their

raw materials, and the destruction by the Russians of one of their proudest national possessions, the great Dnieper dam, which deprived these industries of the chief source of their electric power. Never could the firm will and resolution of the Soviet be better exemplified than in this tragic deed of self-sacrifice. At the end of August there ensued a new pause in the German offensive here while preparations were being completed for the forcing of the Dnieper line.

Meanwhile in the centre Marshal Timoshenko was steadily and with unbroken but limited success pursuing his policy of counter-attacking both north-east and south-east of Smolensk, towards which the Germans were being slowly pressed back. Nevertheless Bock was able to initiate with his right wing in the Gomel area a movement which threatened Budenny's right flank and made his tenure of Kiev and the course of the middle Dnieper increasingly precarious. So matters stood at the beginning of September, when the third German offensive may be said to have ended.

After the shortest of intervals the fourth phase of the great battle began, to continue almost without cessation to the end of October. It followed the same main lines as that immediately preceding it. In the centre the Russians remained on the offensive, but their gains of ground, though constant and increasingly important, still stopped short of Smolensk, and were only of indirect help to their hard pressed comrades on either wing of the battlefield. In the north, Voroshiloff was forced to concentrate his forces closely around Leningrad itself; all the territory secured from the Finns in the recent war had to be abandoned, with the exception of the island fortress of Hango, at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland; the Baltic fleet was forced back to the vicinity of Kronstadt, and Leeb's men began to nibble painfully and with many a local setback at the defences of the old capital of Russia. All the railways from it to the south-east were cut or threatened, and at one time the enemy announced, prematurely, it appears, that the last of them was in his hands. If it ever really was so, it was

regained, and as the days wore on, bringing with them autumn weather and deteriorating conditions for campaigning, German progress slowed down almost to vanishing point, while the losses mounted steadily to a total which at last gave even the ruthless Nazi leaders pause. As these words are being penned, it appears that stabilized warfare has begun to set in on the Leningrad front, though every day still sees fighting of at least local intensity and to the south-east of the city the battle still sways to and fro undecided. The first German attempt to storm Leningrad has failed badly; indeed it seems to have made no serious impression on the main defences of the city, around which thousands of attackers have been sacrificed to little purpose. It is hard to see how it can be renewed this year, at any rate, with any better prospects of success.

In the south, unfortunately, things have gone less well for the Russians. Early in September the enemy pressure heavily applied on both wings of Budenny's group of armies compelled the abandonment of the whole of the Dnieper Line. The thrust from Gomel penetrated as far as Chernigov, well to the north-east of Kiev; at the same time Cherkassy and Kremenching to the south-east in the middle course of the river were captured and bridgeheads formed there. Finally a crossing was forced at the extreme angle of the great eastern bend taken by the lower course of the river. Once again Budenny had to show his well-trying skill in retirement, and once again, despite the German claim to vast captures of men and material as the fruits of this undoubted success, he seems to have successfully extracted the bulk of his sorely battered armies. Kiev, the first of the three main objectives which Hitler, it is said, planned to reach in a six weeks' campaign, Moscow and Leningrad being the other two, fell, a ruined and barren trophy, into German hands only after more than twice the allotted time had elapsed. The new enemy advance cut off the garrison of the Crimean peninsula, with its naval base at Sebastopol, from its direct land communication with Budenny's main body across the Perekop isthmus. German attempts to get a footing there

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have so far been repulsed, but still continue in great force. The Don and Donetz industrial basin was the next hostile objective, though with the loss of its main sources of supply of raw material and power it had already lost much of its immediate value for the Russians.

The latest news in mid-October shows the enemy here trying to advance in the direction of Kharkov and also pressing forward beyond the Crimea to the east along the north shore of the Sea of Azov. In the former direction his initial progress has been small; in the latter he has gone ahead fast and is already closing in on the lower Don, the next Russian line of defence east of the Dnieper.

In the centre, Hitler, at the beginning of October, launched a great offensive towards Moscow, into which, for the purpose of securing the great prize before the winter came to make large-scale operations impossible, he threw everything he had. The narration of this mighty battle, which, as we write in mid-October is still raging in full fury and has slowly surged forward to within less than 100 miles from the west and south-west of Moscow, must be left to a future article. If Hitler fails to win the city he will have suffered a severe defeat, for he has staked his personal reputation on it, but he is sparing no effort to do so, and the Russian armies are undergoing their sternest test of the war. More than this cannot at present be usefully said.

The future prospects of any campaign are notoriously hard to estimate, particularly when details such as forces engaged on either side and the losses each has suffered, are so uncertain as in the case of the Russo-German war. It is clear as regards the forces engaged, that Germany has thrown into battle all the best fighting formations of her army, including all but one, or perhaps two, of her thirty or more armoured divisions. Assuming her to have 250 infantry divisions in all—probably an under- rather than an over-estimate—she has now employed in Russia at least 200 of these. In addition, 4 Italian, 2 Hungarian,

21 Rumanian and 16 Finnish divisions are said to have fought as auxiliary troops—these are certainly maximum figures, and one would be inclined to think that those for Rumania and Finland have been over-estimated. Against this total of some 250 Axis infantry divisions plus 30 armoured divisions the Russians are said to have put into line rather over 300 divisions since the start of the war. All these figures are, of course, estimates only, and rough ones at that.

As regards losses, we are even more confined to guesswork, for the totals officially given by the belligerents are clearly meant mainly for propaganda purposes and can hardly be considered reliable. Mr. Churchill, some weeks back, gave the German losses at a million and a half, perhaps more; by this time they must be well over the two million mark. The casualties of the Axis auxiliary forces, which have been particularly heavy among the Rumanians, may have added a quarter of a million to this figure, making a total of at least two and a half millions, possibly more. It would be surprising if the Russian casualty roll was much less than this, and hardly surprising if it were somewhat, but not much, more. As regards material losses, large numbers of aircraft, tanks, guns and lorries have been destroyed or disabled on both sides, but the German net losses in ground weapons must have been the smaller, if only because of their greater facilities for repair and recovery of material temporarily abandoned on the many battlefields from which the Russians have retired. On the other hand, Germany's air losses, both in machines and personnel, have been very serious—probably heavier than those of the enemy—and so much so indeed as to incapacitate the Luftwaffe for any but purely defensive activity elsewhere.

It is difficult to forecast the state of affairs when the great battle now raging finally ends, but it is fairly certain, probably though Russia's power to continue the war indefinitely will be seriously impaired, that Germany will not be able to achieve the decisive and annihilating victory which alone could have justified her venture. How far the Russians' war effort will be

weakened depends as much on the success of the Allied efforts to make her losses good in the ensuing winter as on the events of the great final battle of this year's campaign. These efforts have already begun, and will shortly be in full swing. The fact that not only we, but the United States, are undertaking vast programmes of aid to Russia should remove any doubt that may still be felt anywhere as to our ally's will and ability to fight on and fight effectively, no matter what losses of men, material, territory and industrial power she may yet have to endure before Germany's huge onslaught is brought to its final halt. It appears from the reports of the meetings between British, American and Russian representatives in Moscow at the end of September, that the Russian requirements, which were there stated exactly and in detail, were less extensive than had been expected. It may be deduced from this that our ally's own large reserves and great industrial resources have been less seriously depleted than had at one time been feared. But though she may have enough for defence, only aid from outside, and on a great scale, can quickly equip her for victory.

We may expect then to see Russia still a prominent factor in the war and a potential peril to the enemy by the time next year's spring campaign opens. That will mean that Germany's Eastern campaign has involved her in a serious and permanent military liability, which will fully engage at least half of her available land and air forces, even if employed for defensive purposes only. The effects of this new development on the course of the war and its results are bound to be very great and probably decisive ; they will be seen ever increasingly as the months pass.

There is no space here to deal with the military lessons of the campaign, for which purpose, moreover, sufficient and accurate information is as yet not available. But it seems that the deductions drawn, perhaps over-hastily, from recent events in Poland and France and the Balkans as to the invincibility of mechanized forces and the decreasing value of

national mass armies may have to be reconsidered in the light of events in Russia. Here the German armoured divisions also played a prominent part, especially in the initial stage of the operations, when the invaders were meeting with only weak and spasmodic resistance, and few tanks were available to oppose them. Later, as the progress of the Russian mobilization arrayed larger and more formidable armies across the German path, the famous panzer divisions began to meet their match; their tanks were still able to effect their favourite deep penetrations, but these could no longer be firmly held nor securely consolidated as before; nor had they any longer the widespread moral effects of the day when they were a terrifying novelty. The Russians, letting them go forward, concentrated on stopping the troops behind, without whose support the tanks could not maintain their progress or secure their gains; so that the tide of battle instead of flowing forward with the speed of a torrent, began to take the form of a widespread whirlpool, swirling hither and thither over immense areas with fronts and flanks bewilderingly interlocked and confused. Before long the Germans, finding the methods that had served them so well in Poland and France were no longer giving good enough results to compensate for the heavy losses caused to their crack tank troops, reverted to tactics more like those employed in the last war, with masses of infantry and artillery in the leading roles, and the tanks reduced to act as infantry accompanying weapons. This change of course put a severe brake on their initially rapid rate of progress, which was further slowed up by the ceaseless and daring activity of enemy guerilla bands, reinforced from time to time by parachute troops, over the whole immense area in rear of their lines. They still succeeded in forging slowly ahead, but the day of breathless and spectacular victories was over. The Russians had found in their own methods, and had been able to apply in their own peculiar circumstances, the answer to the armoured *blitzkrieg*. These methods cannot of course be used everywhere, but here at least they have proved effective.

We must now turn our attention from Russia to the other theatres of war, in which there has been little spectacular change, but that little to our decided advantage.

The invasion of Britain has not been attempted and it cannot now be possible for some months to come. Whether it will again become a serious danger in the spring will largely depend on what may happen in Russia between now and then. So long as we maintain our vigilance and our control of the sea and the air around these islands, the threat of invasion can hardly become a reality.

That our control of the sea is increasing is shown by the surprising fall in Allied shipping losses in the third quarter of the year to a third of what they had been in the previous quarter, and by the equally surprising rise in our toll of Axis shipping—all the more surprising in view of the far smaller amount of Axis tonnage serving as targets for our attack. We may have indeed be said, not perhaps to have definitely won the battle of the seas, but at least to have victory fairly in our grasp. The increasing share taken by American ships of war in patrolling the Atlantic, and the more vigorous measures these ships have now been authorized to adopt against any German raiders there, has appreciably lightened our task. Nothing but a revolution in naval war methods, of which there is no sign and little more likelihood, could now avail to prevent our domination of the seas growing fuller and more widespread until it becomes virtually absolute.

In the air the preoccupation of the Luftwaffe and its heavy losses in Russia has prevented it doing more than attempting against Britain occasional sharp and local attacks by night. There is a general expectation that these will considerably increase as the nights grow longer and operations in Russia lessen in intensity. If so, these raids will probably be more expensive to the enemy, and are unlikely to have any more serious effect either on our industrial war output or on our morale, than those of last winter, though we must expect damage and

casualties on a heavy, though hardly on a heavier, scale. Meanwhile our own raids continue nightly and daily to strike at Germany and German occupied territory and at Italy. It is difficult to estimate accurately the weight of these blows or to say how far they have diminished our enemies' power to make war. That in themselves they have seriously crippled that power we can hardly suppose; but that their effect, combined with that of the heavy expenditure of material in Russia, has been very considerable and will continue to increase, we may safely be assured. The Axis armies and peoples are in for a hard, uncomfortable and cheerless winter, of that there is no doubt; but we should be foolishly optimistic to assume that it will be beyond their power to endure it, or that the spring of 1942 will not see them still formidable, determined and resourceful, though definitely less so than heretofore.

If from home we turn to the Middle East, the situation is definitely better now than at the beginning of the summer. The Axis armies in Libya are still inactive. Of late they have been getting considerable shipments of men and material by the roundabout and unsafe sea routes across the Mediterranean from Sicily to Tripoli and Benghazi. Of this traffic our submarine and aircraft have taken a steady toll, but much of it must have got safely through, and the Germans and Italians may therefore be expected to be even stronger and better supplied now than at the time when they swept us so unceremoniously out of our recent Libyan conquests last spring. But if they are stronger, we are probably still more so, and they have to fear an attack by us more than we have to fear one by them. It is virtually certain that the southern horn of the long-trumpeted Axis drive to the East on both shores of the Mediterranean is now stuck fast for good, and is indeed in growing danger of being broken off short and perhaps even destroyed before the spring of 1942 is ended. In this theatre of war the anxieties of the Axis leaders for the future must be greater than either their hopes or their confidence.

Meanwhile, the long-threatened advance of the northern horn of the Axis attack has been rendered more difficult even

than it has been hitherto by the joint Russo-British occupation of Persia. By mid-August it had become clear that the Persian Government was either unable or unwilling to deal effectively with the growing influx of Nazi "tourists" and "technicians," whose arrival in any country has usually proved the prelude to a sudden armed attack in force. Persian oil is important for our war machine, and as it was vital, with the closing of the Arctic Sea route through ice or enemy action becoming imminent, to open up and keep open this shorter line for our own and American supplies to Russia through Persia, it was decided that we must take the matter into our own hands. Accordingly, on August 25th, British forces from India landed at the head of the Persian Gulf and took rapid possession of the oil areas there. Three columns from Iraq crossed the mountain frontier to secure the other great oil centre about Kermanshah. The Russians simultaneously pushed a strong column down from the Caucasus along the Tabriz-Teheran main road, while other forces landed on the south coast of the Caspian Sea, and yet others advanced from the Turkestan border into the north-east corner of the country. Before this overwhelming display of force converging on Teheran, the Persian Government threw in its hand after a mere show of resistance. A new Government took office, pledged to agreement with the Allies, and the army and air force were ordered to cease fighting. Although the Russian forces and our own reached the neighbourhood of the capital quickly and without trouble, the elimination of the Axis agents was delayed by obstruction, partly from the autocratic Shah and his adherents in high office, and partly from the Germans' diplomatic representatives. As soon as the Allies made it clear that they were prepared, if necessary, to handle the business themselves, these obstacles disappeared, as did the Shah, who for some years had exercised a hateful and corrupt personal rule over his people. He was replaced by his son, and the power in Persia passed to those who were pledged to full co-operation with the Allies and the introduction of a more constitutional regime. The first-fruits of this were the swift removal from the country, not only of all Germans and Italians,

but of their satellites, the Hungarians, Rumanians and Bulgarians as well. Persia thus passed completely into the Allied orbit.

Its potential value as a line of supply to Russia is clear from a glance at the map, but its actual potentialities are at present limited by the poverty of its road and rail communications. These are being taken in hand and improved, and supplies for Russia are already going through by all the facilities available. Their flow will become fuller as these facilities increase. Meanwhile, the purely strategic importance of our occupation of the country is considerable, for it completes the barrier across the Axis route to India, secures the Persian and Iraquian oilfields, and allows of more rapid aid being brought to Turkey, in case that staunch friend of ours should become, after much German threat and blandishment, the object of attack.

Summing up the position, then, in the beginning of October, we can say that it is more favourable than it has every really been since the beginning of the war. Germany's own action has now brought Russia into the fight on our side, and when Russia fights, she does so with all her heart and with all her immense resources—provided the battle be one in which she realizes, as she fully does here, that her vital interests are at stake. She has survived her worst and most dangerous crisis, and for any future one she should be adequately armed, and prepared, provided that her Allies use the next six months to the utmost to replenish her lost arms and industrial resources. At the same time, America is coming out more and more wholeheartedly and openly on our side, and her arms output, nothing like at full power as yet, is growing daily ; her ships of war are helping us to clear the seas of Axis vessels and aircraft, and her economic weapons are being wielded on our behalf with great and increasing effect. For some time now it has been clear—logically and not merely morally clear—to most of us and to much of the world outside that victory was beyond the powers of the Axis to achieve. We can now see before us the definite possibility of inflicting on our enemies the complete military defeat which

alone can enable us to realize the vision of a better world which has inspired us in the stern struggle so far and which we and our allies are now committed to bringing about. The historian of the future will probably say that the balance of the war, tipped all but decisively in favour of the Axis powers by the fall of France last year, but since then steadily but slowly rising against them, took a permanent upward swing to our side with the failure this summer of Hitler's first onslaught on Russia and of his attempt to starve Britain out by air and sea blockade. The Allies may be far from the end of their long and toilsome road still, but we now know for certain that it will have an end and what that end will be.



HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

THE July "Army Quarterly" is as usual full of interesting matter. As regards the present war there are the three regular articles describing events of the early summer on land, on sea, and in the air, and a sketch by Mr. D. Cowie of the military leaders of our Empire forces; included among these are Generals Wavell, MacNaughton of Canada, Blamey of Australia, Smuts and Van Ryneveld of South Africa and Freyberg of New Zealand, and Air-Marshal Brooke-Popham. Some of these are, of course, well known to us all, others hardly at all, but about each of them Mr. Cowie has something new and vivid and interesting to say.

There are three more general articles, in the first of which Major-General McCulloch discusses morale in the last war and this. He indicates ways and means of morale-raising, and the adverse effect on an army's spirits of strained physical and mental ill-health and bad discipline. Discipline may be that of fear or of goodwill; the first is, of course, far the stronger and more enduring of the two, but the latter can seldom be altogether dispensed with. He considers that all the above lessons, drawn from the last world war at the time, have only been confirmed in this. In an article reprinted from the U.S.A. Infantry Journal on "Traditionalism and Military Defeat," Lieut.-Colonel Phillips declares that this is one of the principal weaknesses of armies, and that open minds, ready to learn of and profit by all the possibilities of new or embryo weapons, are an essential of victory. To-day, he thinks, the offensive is momentarily in the ascendant and the changes in tactical methods called for by recent developments are discussed in full. Lieut.-Col. Hutchison, emphasizing the importance of what he calls "training the mind's eye," also advocates greater personal study of war and more independent thought among army officers, and appends a useful list of books suitable for individual reading. In "The Protection of Vehicles Against A.F.Vs.," Major Houchen, taking a leaf out of General Swinton's "Defence of

Duffor's Drift," outlines six "dreams," in which he tackles, with varying but increasing success as the dreams go by, a single problem of the defence of a convoy against hostile armoured car attack. For the historically minded there are four articles: the "Letters of Sir L. Cavagnari from the Army in Afghanistan just before the Second Afghan War," "The Soldier as Empire Builder," "Two Famous Brigadiers" (Kempt and Pack), and "A French Division in the March 1918 Retreat." The usual book reviews conclude the number.

"The Fighting Forces" for August includes the usual periodical articles on the progress of the war on land and in the air; the naval item appears to be missing. Major-General Rowan Robinson deals with the campaigns in the Middle East down to the commencement of the Russo-German war, of which an account to the end of the first month of fighting is given separately. Both the author of the Air Notes and another anonymous writer put forward pleas for an Army Air Arm, and both believe that unless and until we get one, we shall have no chance of meeting the Germans on land on equal terms. Lord Davies in an article entitled "Our Finest Hour," discusses the settlement after the war; this he thinks should only be arrived at on permanent lines by a peace conference assembling some time after the end of hostilities, when belligerent passions have had time to cool off, and before that only the temporary restriction of political and economic law and order, general disarmament and drawing of provisional boundaries, should be undertaken. In "Parliament and the War," Lieut.-Col. Macnamara takes a rather more pessimistic view of the situation than subsequent events have justified, but as usual he is interesting and thought-provoking. The Editor has some reforms to propose in our present A.A. defence system, which he considers to be suffering from the divided responsibility of the Army and the Air Force for the task, and the undue belittlement of its importance, in his view a vital one.

"The Journal of the Royal Artillery" for July opens with an interesting anonymous article on the experiences of a field artillery regiment during the invasion of France in May, 1940.

Lieut.-Col. de Watteville narrates in brief compass the history of Poland and her relations with Germany and Russia from the earliest times down to her recent invasion and temporary conquest. The distant past is also dealt with by Major-Gen. Sir J. Headlam in a paper on English artillery in the Middle Ages, and in a further instalment of Gen. Adye's letters from the Crimea. Another anonymous article describes the Lofoten Islands operation, of which the author gives a vivid personal account and which appears to have been as smooth and successful an affair as any combined operation on record, though it did not of course encounter any sort of opposition. There are one or two lighter items to complete the number.

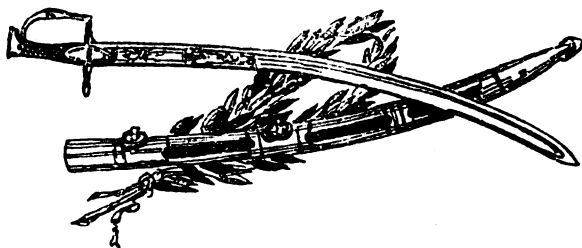
Technical articles fill much of the "Royal Engineers Journal" for September, though the account of the bridging of a large bomb crater in the City of London by an R.E. unit last January is of general interest. The two articles to which the non-skilled reader will probably turn most readily are those on "The Oil Situation in the Middle East" and the "Battle of Sedan, 1940," when the Germans forced the wide gap in the French front which they were able subsequently to exploit with such disastrous results to the Allied cause. The author of the former paper concludes that, though there is much crude oil in the Middle East on which the enemy may succeed in laying his hands, it would be no easy matter for him either to refine it on the spot or to transport it to refineries elsewhere, without which it will be of little use to him. The account of the German break through at Sedan is very full and detailed, and well worth careful study, though the author refrains from critical comment. "Barrier Tactics" are discussed in some detail by Lieut.-Col. Seeman of the U.S. Army; the use of obstacles and weapons in combination requires more thought and training and closer co-operation between arms than is given to it at present, and only a system of barriers of great depth and strength can be relied on to stop a powerful modern armoured attack. A paper on Australia's war effort gives details and figures, but down to April 1941 only; it has, of course, received considerable amplification and extension since then.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"The Artillery Clerk." By Captain E. J. Smith, R.A. 141 pages. (Gale and Polden, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d.)

IN view of the magnitude of the subject and the limited extent of the book, all that can be dealt with satisfactorily is method. The author does not attempt to give full and authoritative answers to the questions that an Artillery Clerk has to deal with—these, after all, can be found in K.R.s and other official publications—but by means of a few well-chosen examples he shows what has to be done and gives useful indications of how to do it. The first few pages deal with the management of an R.H.Q. office: division of work and organization; this might well be left to the discretion of each A.C. and is the weakest part of the work. The rest of the book is devoted to examples of common problems, such as procedure and methods of a court martial and disciplinary action to be taken in the case of certain offences, and the treatment of certain routine matters. There is no room for much discussion or subtle argument, but by means of these examples the author brings out clearly and well a number of the points most to be observed, and avoided.

The book, although not indispensable, is a very useful possession.



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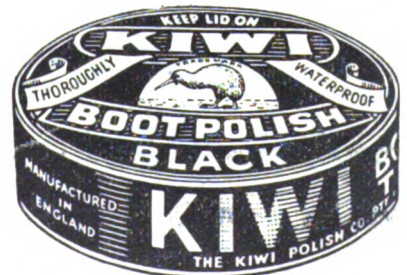
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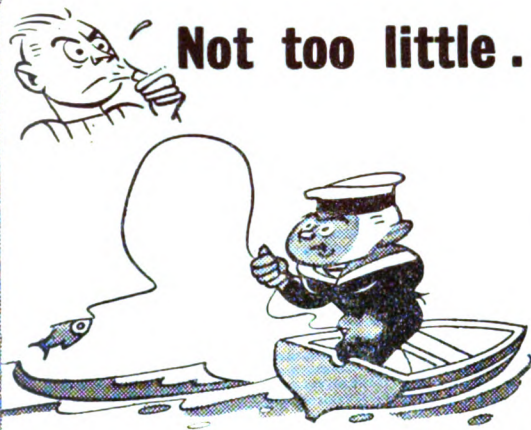


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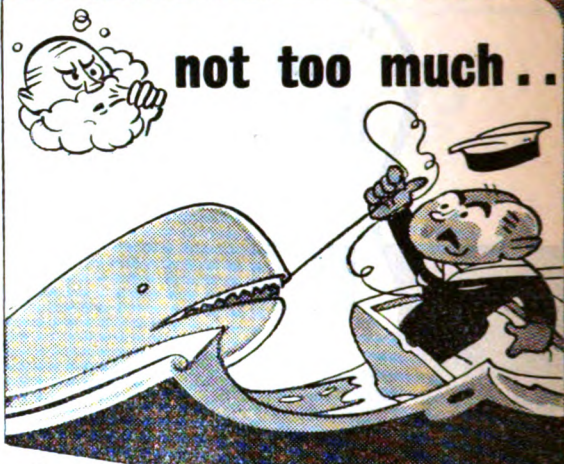
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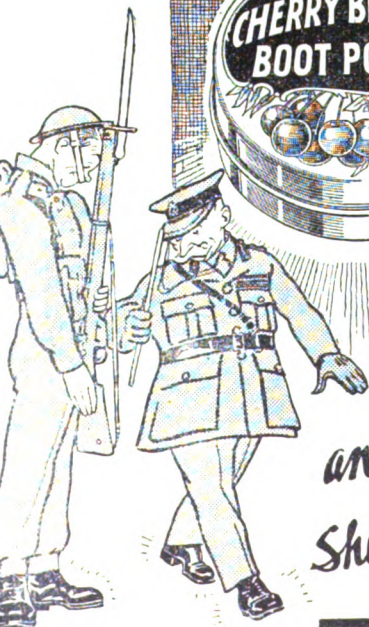
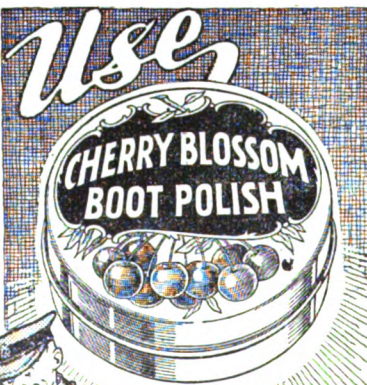


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